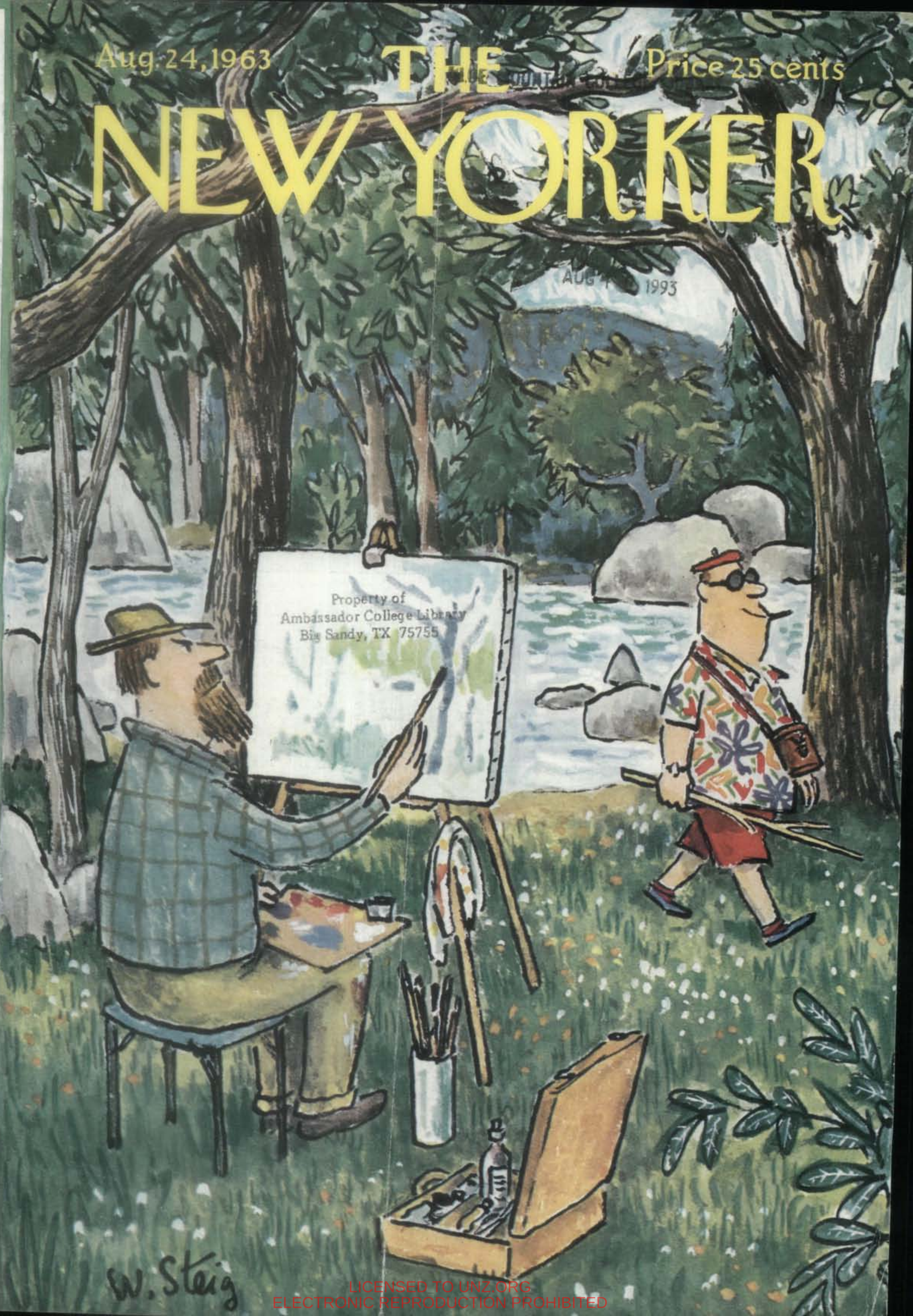
Aug. 24, 1963

# THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents



AUG 1993

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

*This is* R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth. *She has a crew of 1200, including 10 captains.*

# Idea for top executives: enjoy your trip to Europe this summer—on a giant Cunard Queen

**A sensible way of combining business with pleasure: go to your meetings by sea. Or why not start your European holiday this way? Your doctor would approve five days of sun, sea and salt air on a great Cunarder.**

Some people have to *rush* to Europe. Luckier travelers can regard their trip as something to be *enjoyed*. On a Cunarder, you can rest, think in peace, swim, strike up rewarding friendships.

People who once travel on a Cunard Queen tend to *want to do it again*. Mr. Herbert Hess, of Long Island, New York, has crossed the Atlantic *108 times*. He writes:

**"Cunard not only gives the unexcelled service and cuisine we would expect on these superb liners, but above all, the expert seamanship is an outstanding achievement, and the record speaks for itself."**

The same letter also mentions the "comfort and well-being" derived from a Cunard voyage. Now read what else you may expect on those great sister-ships, the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary*.

First, these are British ships. Part of the *comfort* provided comes from the deferential but friendly service of twelve hundred British seamen and servants.

On the promenade deck of a giant Queen you can stretch your legs for *400 yards*—then turn about and do it again.

### International cuisine

The British have also been *international* for longer than most other people. So on the Cunard menus you will find: Supreme of game hen Rembrandt, Maine lobster, fresh beluga caviar, enormous white asparagus from Holland, Danish ham—and ten different kinds of *hot* bread.

"One secret of good service," says Cunard's Head Chef, "is enough *space*." The Queens' kitchens are exceptionally large. They are staffed by 163 cooks, butchers and bakers working around the clock. The bake shop makes 4,000 rolls a day.

You *relax:* swim, take a Turkish bath, employ a masseur and physiotherapist.

There is a gracious library to browse in. Up to 40 new books are added monthly.

### Staff of 9 secretaries

If you have work to do, you have all the time and all the help you need. There is a staff of nine secretaries at your disposal. And you are within a second's reach of anyone, anywhere, by telephone.

Cunard people make this claim: "There are ten captains on the bridge of a Queen." *Ten* officers assigned to bridge duty hold master's certificates. Each one is fully qualified to command a vessel at sea.

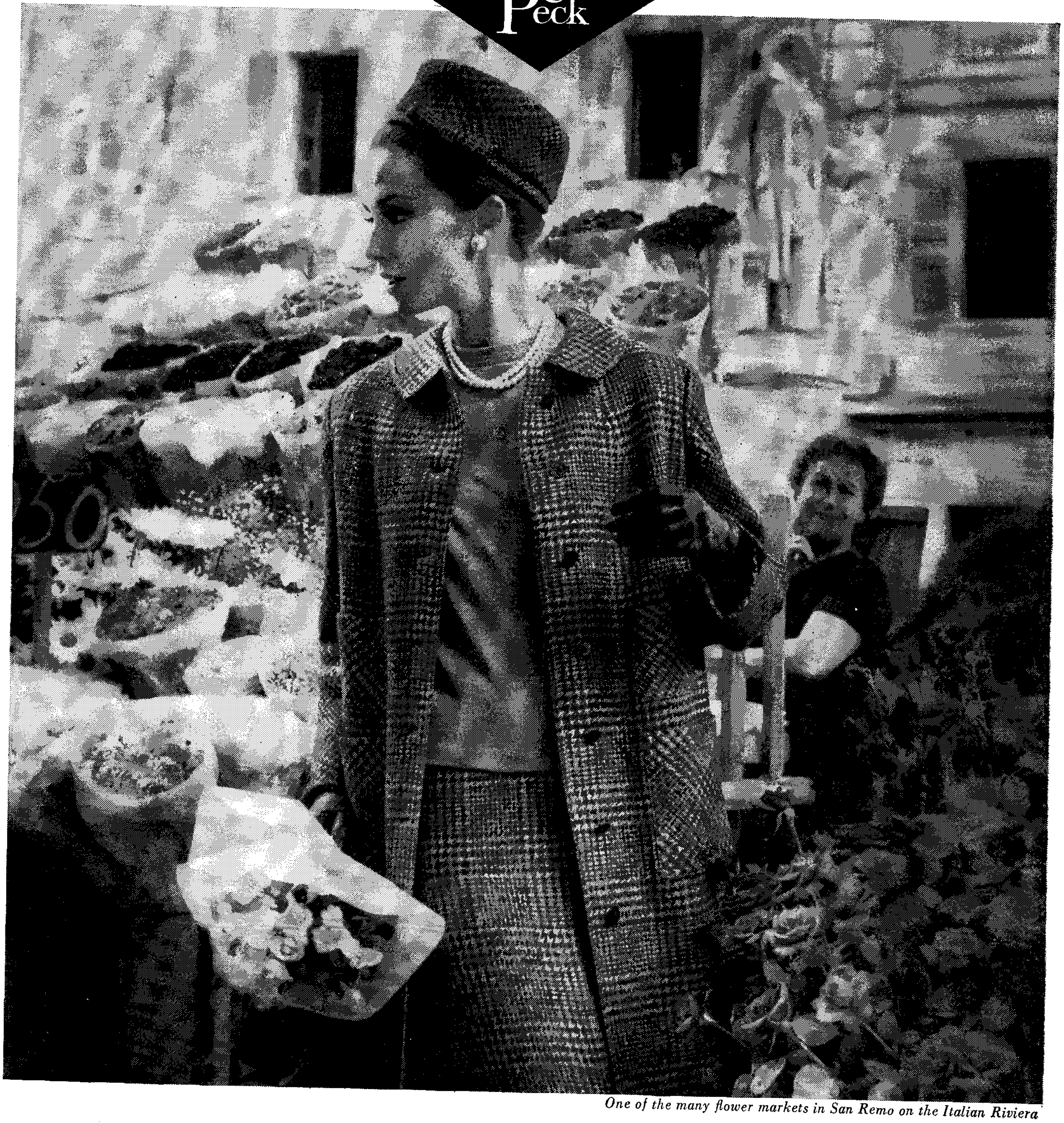
The man who arrives in the conference room fresh from a Cunard voyage stands out from the others. He is refreshed, more alert and efficient. On top of the world. And on top of the job.

### 12% Thrift Season saving

Beginning August 8, Cunard's Thrift Season rates are in effect. You can save *up to 12%* off Summer Season fares.

*For details about Cunard sailings, see your travel agent or local Cunard office: Main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, New York 4, New York.*

Peck & Peck



*One of the many flower markets in San Remo on the Italian Riviera*

## The versatile three-piece costume: all things to the Peck & Peck Girl for fall travel

Ours alone. The new sportive look in a whole stunning ensemble—equal to many solo parts. The long lined coat (goes over *everything*) and slim skirt of wool/rayon...plus a wool jersey overblouse. New glen plaid colourings of brown/aqua with aqua blouse, or olive/pink with olive. 8 to 16, *100.00* Matching toque, *13.00*

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • *CHICAGO* • *BOSTON* • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS
TWIN CITIES • INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Enter Laughing**—Adapted by Joseph Stein from a novel by Carl Reiner, this comedy is made of pretty thin material, but it's funny nevertheless. It's about a Jewish boy, wonderfully portrayed by Alan Arkin, who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles are effective in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Never Too Late**—Maybe there's only one joke in this play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life, but it is a good one, and Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon tell it with spirit. The direction, by George Abbott, is brisk, and the author, Sumner Arthur Long, has supplied some highly diverting dialogue. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Long Runs—beyond the fringe:** Four English wits (Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook) in a revue. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)... **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Biff McGuire, Patricia Smith, and Michael Evans are now in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Nancy Kelly, Shepperd Strudwick, Ken Kercheval, and Barbara Dana; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

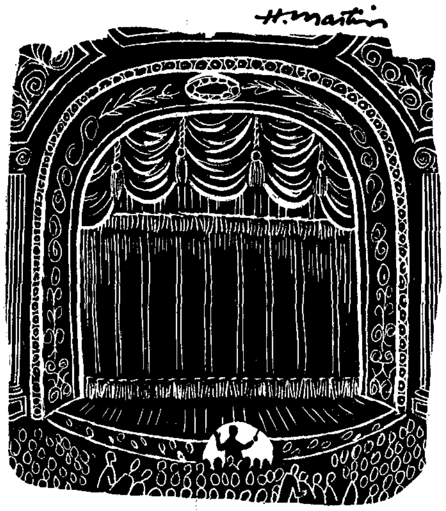
### MUSICALS

**Oliver!**—Dickens' "Oliver Twist" in a loose adaptation for the stage by Lionel Bart, who also did the music and lyrics. The result is by no means as moving as the Master's novel, but there are several good production numbers. Clive Revill, as Fagin; Georgia Brown, as Nancy, the beloved of Bill Sikes; Paul O'Keefe, as Oliver; and David Jones, as the Artful Dodger, are all fine people to have around. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**She Loves Me**—An adaptation of a romantic Hungarian comedy that first appeared here in 1940 as a movie called "The Shop Around the Corner." The songs (Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick), dances (Carol Haney), and book (Joe Masteroff) are pleasing, though not especially distinguished, but the performance, as directed by Harold Prince, is a model of style and taste. Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, and Jack Cassidy head the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Tovarich**—The Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, Red and White, reworked into a musical that hasn't much to recommend it except the performance of Vivien Leigh as a grand duchess. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs—a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **stop the world—i want to get off:** Anthony Newley and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad**—A six-week return engagement of the Arthur Kopit play, with Hermione Gingold at the head of a cast directed by Jerome Robbins. The producers are Roger L. Stevens and T. Edward Hambleton. Opens Tuesday, Aug. 27, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

| | Page |
|---|---|
| BOOKS | 90 |
| THE CURRENT CINEMA | 64 |
| MUSICAL EVENTS: | |
| JAZZ RECORDS | 86 |
| THE RACE TRACK | 80 |

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**The American Dream and The Zoo Story**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**American Savoyards**—The final performances of a season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 22-23: "Patience."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 24: "The Mikado."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Aug. 25, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Aug. 27-28: "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 29-30: "The Mikado."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 31: "Ruddigore."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 1: "The Gondoliers." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

**Best Foot Forward**—A revival of the 1941 musical. The book, which has to do with a movie actress at a prep-school dance, is sappy but cheerful; the songs still sound pleasant; and the boys and girls who play the scholars and their dates are generally appealing and sporadically talented. With Karin Wolfe, Edmund Gaynes, and Liza Minnelli. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Blacks**—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1.)

**The Boys from Syracuse**—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather a nuisance but no more pesky than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

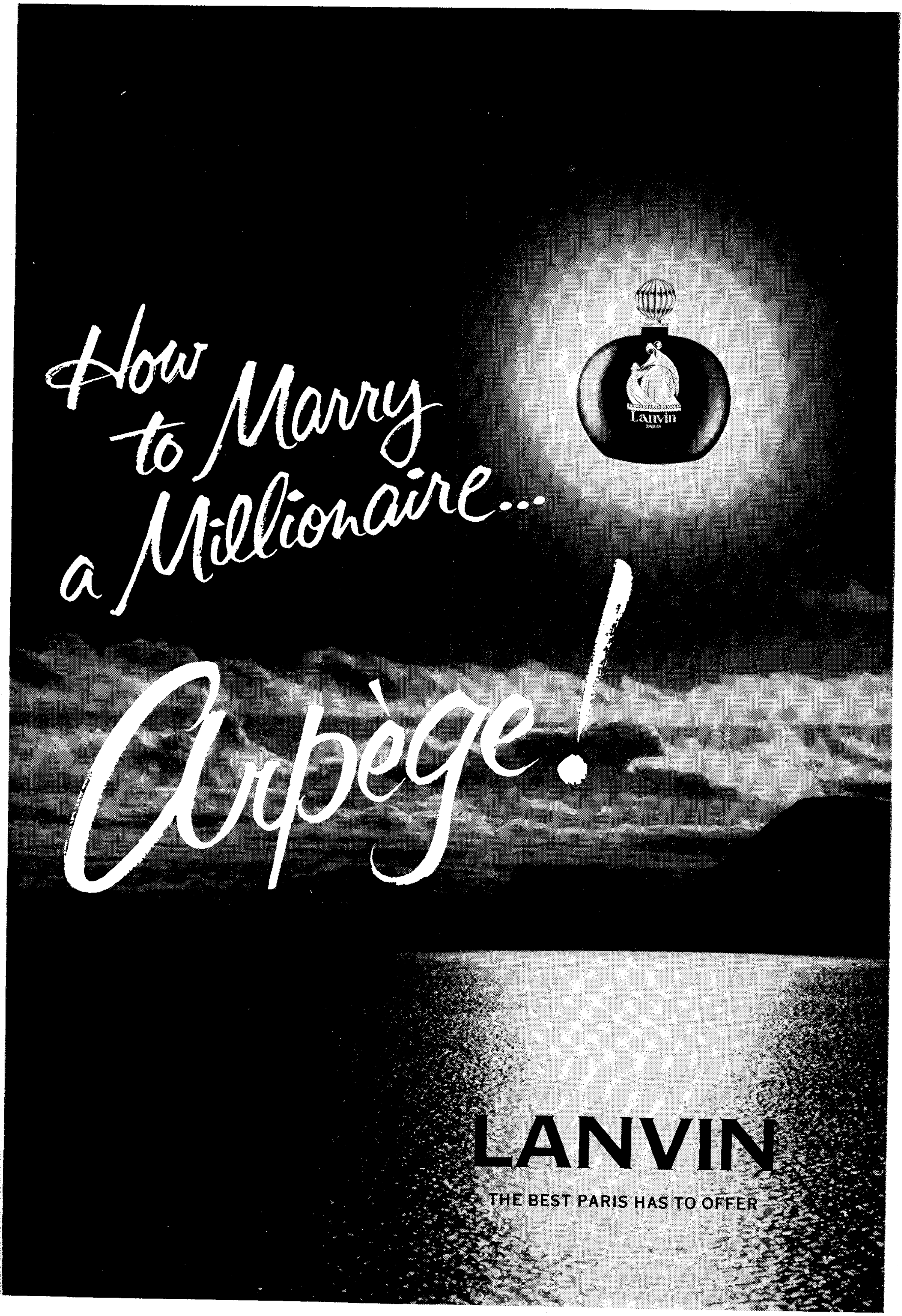
**The Brig**—This dramatization of one day in a U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Cages**—Two one-acters with Mercedes McCambridge and Jack Warden. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Desire Under the Elms**—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays,

---

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W.1. Vol. XXXIX, No. 27, August 24, 1963. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1963 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.


How to Marry a Millionaire...
Arpège!
Lanvin
PARIS
LANVIN
THE BEST PARIS HAS TO OFFER

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |

and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Fantasticks**—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Pinter Plays**—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Riverwind**—A brisk and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too, and the setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Six Characters in Search of an Author**—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**This Was Burlesque**—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

### BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**New York City Ballet**—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Sept. 29—Tuesday evening, Aug. 27: "Donizetti Variations," "Concerto Barocco," "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Wednesday evening, Aug. 28: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Allegro Brillante," and "Bourrée Fantasque."...¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 29: "Apollo," "Bugaku," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque."...¶ Friday evening, Aug. 30, and Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 31: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

**Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival**—The third in a series of six free programs, this one by Paul Taylor and his company and Katherine Litz. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Monday, Aug. 26, at 8:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—Free performances of "The Winter's Tale," with Salome Jens and Mitchell Ryan. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 31.)

**Ice Show**—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Cathy Machado. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 28, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 15. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**Jones Beach Marine Theatre**—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by Fritz Weaver, Robert Clary, and Elaine Malbin. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 1. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Anyone who doesn't know the troubles Phyllis Diller has seen can acquire a graphic and first-person outline of the whole awful situation from the lady in question at nine-thirty and midnight in the Royal Box, where there is dance music, too, in between. Closed Sundays.

**El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—So many holders of commissions in the Foreign Legion that garrisons this territory are now on pension that at times you'd hardly recognize the old place, but it's still operating as before, with the same sort of conversational dance music, which is rolled forth by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Closed Sundays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's small band makes small talk in the dignified Café Pierre. Renato Rossini, whose guitar always skirts the shores of the Mediterranean, is also on tap. Mondays, another band is the entire deal.

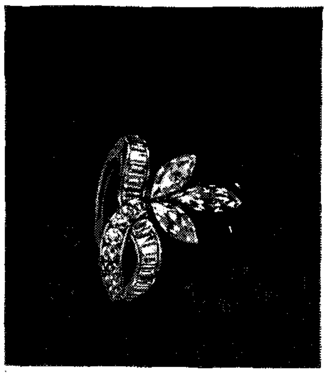
**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Enzo Stuarti, who adds a lot to the night life of the party in the Persian Room, surrounds his ballads *con amore* instead of with pomp and circumstance—these days a novelty much to be appreciated. He sings at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, Mark Monte's let's-have-fun band and Milt Shaw's sonorous one provide the action. Mr. Stuarti appears at ten during the week, twice a night Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays....¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court (which is silent Mondays and closed Sundays) from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room (which is silent Mondays) from seven to nine.

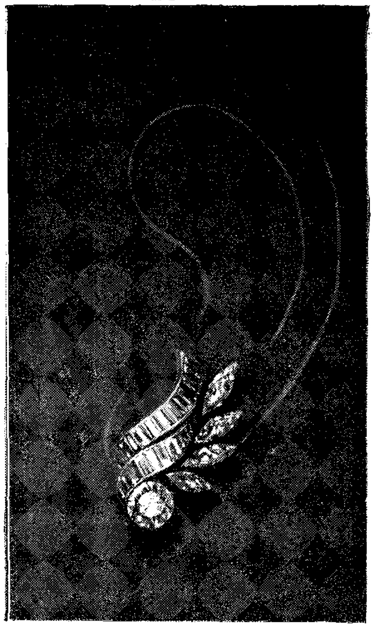
**St. Regis Roof,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A vault of heaven, pink as can be, beneath which the band of Charles Turecamo, who usually estivates in the Hamptons, and the small group of Walter Kay keep their minds on their work (dance music) the whole evening long. Closed Sundays.

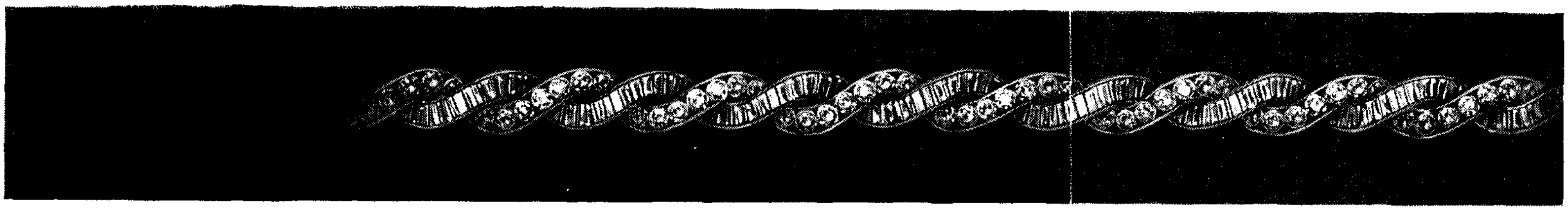
### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

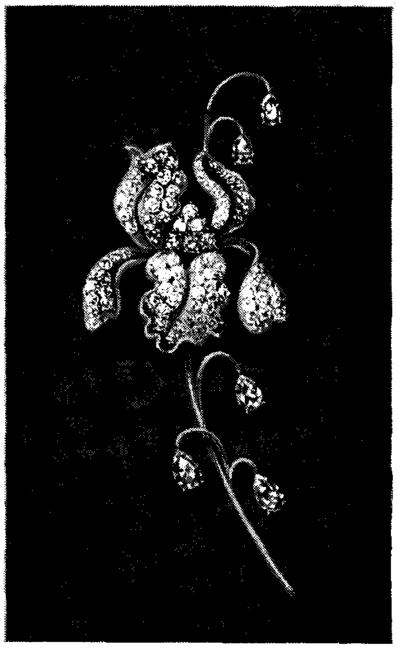
(No dancing, unless noted.)

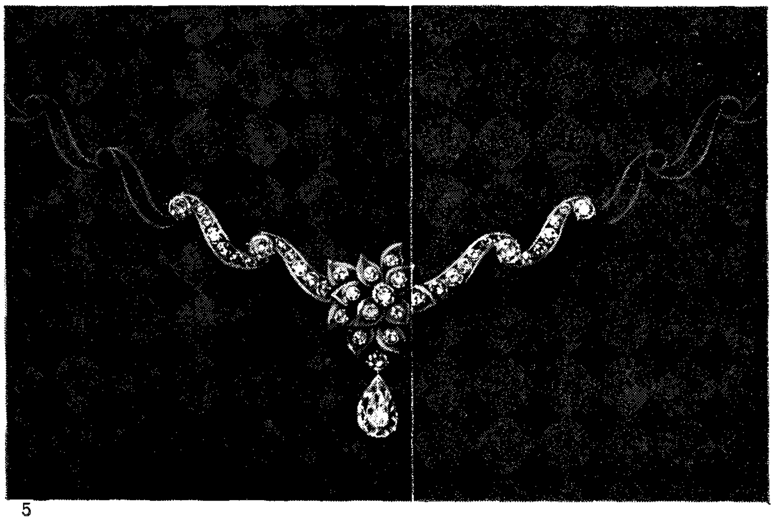
**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is usually as follows: Goldie Hawkins is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Wayne Sanders takes over until suppertime, when the pair of them converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Fridays through Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Cloak-and-dagger drama once or twice a night by such well-known villains as Scarpia, with more than incidental music by Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al. The maestro is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Sunday, he expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Wizard of Oz had something to do with the interior decoration of this castle keep. Around the castle courtyard strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. Through it drifts George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays.... **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six every night but Saturday in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes life seem considerably more than bearable. Class dismissed at one.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little throne room, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays.... **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Ship of state is the mood. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano converses from five until one every evening but Sunday.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with the bit in its teeth; the music (guitar) and its maker (José Luis Franco) are unequivocally Spanish. No music Mondays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apart-


1


2


3


4


5

**FASCINATING FLOWERS**—*new ideas for starting, or adding to, your diamond wardrobe*

(1) ring that poises a shimmering diamond flower on your finger (2) earclips with slender diamond leaves, dainty diamond buds (3) lovely vine of diamonds in a bracelet destined to give perennial pleasure (4) fanciful flower pin, an orchid, for example, to be your personality piece (5) pendant of diamond blossoms that grows into a brilliant necklace with the addition of diamond scrolls. You'll find ideas like these (illustrated here by designer's sketches), and many more, at your jeweler's. Visit him soon. Most treasured of gifts, most personal of adornments, there are diamond jewel pieces for every taste, every occasion, and in every price range.

**A DIAMOND IS FOREVER**

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

*Money mover*

The recommendations of financial analysts move more capital around this country than a fleet of armored cars. Naturally, companies who want these influential chaps on their side advertise to them. But what magazines do financial analysts read?

Well, not one, not two, but *three* surveys asked that question of U.S. members of the National Federation of Financial Analysts Societies. One was sponsored by Time and conducted by Erdos & Morgan Research in 1961. The others were sponsored by BUSINESS WEEK and conducted by Crossley, S-D Surveys, Inc. in 1961 and 1963.

In every case, the majority of financial analysts said they read BUSINESS WEEK. When asked which magazine they found most useful in their work, most named BUSINESS WEEK. When asked in which magazine they placed the most confidence, most answered: BUSINESS WEEK.

There are only about seven thousand financial analysts in America. Is it odd to get excited about being their favorite? Maybe. But we wouldn't trade them for seven million barbers, bakers, and baseball players. Neither would our advertisers.

You advertise in

BUSINESS WEEK

when you want
to inform
management

*A McGraw-Hill Magazine*

BUSINESS WEEK

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ment. They also find a robust jazz trio every night but Sunday, when solo piano fills in. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin is making one of his infrequent pilgrimages to New York. He's in the Regency Room cocktail lounge from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday, carefully constructing his own special fugues for piano.

## BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Harry Richman, one of the thirteen original colonies, is on display with top hat, walking stick, and all; i.e., all dressed up and no place to go—unless he wishes to go native with the dozens of tropical dryads who live here. The hall is also occupied by the duets of François Szony and Nancy Claire, which remind one that ballet can be beautiful; and by Dominique, an all-in-fun pickpocket who's happy to prove to any volunteers that his hand is quicker than their eyes. Dancing.

## CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless *indicated.)*

**PLAZA 9–,** Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," Julius Monk's revue, is a game of darts that wing their way to the designated targets lightly but accurately. Our winged friends are Gordon Connell, Jane Connell, Gerry Matthews, Carol Morley, Susan Browning, and Rex Robbins, and the game begins at nine and midnight every night but Sunday. The pit band is Steinways in the hands of William Roy and Robert Colston; supplementary piano issues from Carl Norman in the lounge. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "To the Water Tower," which could just as well be called "To the Four Winds," is like its predecessors here in spirit (mockery) and scope (the whole U.S.A.), but it contains a new departure—a whoop-de-do play-within-byplay that can obligingly mean anything that one wishes it to. Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, Barbara Harris, and MacIntyre Dixon are the members of the cast. Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on the harp, is the accompaniment. Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): A couple of pressing public problems are ironed out, sometimes with an exceedingly hot iron, by a cluster of players who are glib but earnest. All this comes across a set of footlights, and nothing harder than coffee is served the occupants of the half-dozen rows of theatre seats. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight and ten-thirty, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The entertainment is a minute musical comedy that's the complete antithesis of musical comedy as we know it—all about how a fool and his honey are soon parted. Honey is the delectable Barbara Quaney, the fool is tripartitely played by David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The quaint quadrille was written by David Axlerod and Tom Whedon, the music was composed by Sam Pottle, and the wry direction is the work of Ronny Graham. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Vacation time for Mabel Mercer and her special bittersweet ballads arrives late in the evening of Saturday, Aug. 24. Her base of operations is the **DOWNSTAIRS.** Sam Hamilton, her accompanist, departs the same night. During her holiday, Mr. Graham will (beginning on Monday, Aug. 26) fill in with his homemade ditties, most of them possessed by demons. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Jonas Moura, an astonishing Brazilian carnival dancer whose patron saint must be Vitus, is by far the most noticeable part of a South American floor show that has just come to call. Dinner and supper are the post times. Emilio Reyes' band, which gives the customers, too, a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances, which go on for hours, are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): The considerable virtues of the protean Kurt Weill are the entire substance of the evening. Will Holt, a folk singer and folk composer of considerable virtues himself, and Martha Schlamme, whose ventures into Weill are already inscribed on wax, are his interpreters. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The quartet of Roland Kirk, a jazz buff hung like a Christmas tree with instruments both probable and improbable, moves in on Friday, Aug. 23, to join Mose Allison's latter-day threesome. The Allisons depart on Sunday, Aug. 25, and on Tuesday, Aug. 27 (to complete the round of musical chairs), in comes the trio of Bill Evans, whose piano can get down to the seventh level of introspection. Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The finale of the weekends-only seminars takes place on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-24. Carmen McRae's wily soprano will call upon the heavens to witness that she's in love, or something; Herbie Mann's sextet will deliver a quantity of nervous sets; Ahmad Jamal's threesome will do jam sessions, mostly strawberry. On Thursday, Aug. 29, the establishment will resume its every-day-but-Sunday schedule. Present for the kickoff: Miriam Makeba, Her Royal African Highness, a dazzling sight and sound as she strides through her tribal folk songs; the quartet presided over by Stan Getz, a sentimentalist in a cool, cool vein; and the Chad Mitchell trio, a keeping-up-with-the-times group. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): An extremely accurate facsimile of a jazz festival is being put on by a quartet run by Coleman Hawkins (a long life and a merry one) and by the team of Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan, a faculty specializing in let-the-chips-fall scat. The festival will be enlarged on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-24, by the addition of a quintet in the charge of Charlie Mingus, a man of ideas at times almost beyond mere human perception. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Leon Bibb and his rich

mahogany voice deal fluently with folk airs. and Lenny Maxwell, still in his formative years, tells the jokes. The setting is the best of the Village coffeehouses. On Wednesday, Aug. 28, a new crew is due; it will probably be headed by the Tarriers, whose attack on country music is frontal. The regulars are always off Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Rant-and-roll music prevails from three until eight-thirty. After that, there's Woody Herman's latest Herd, which, on Friday, Aug. 30, will be succeeded by Gene Krupa's clattering band. Sundays, visiting outfits have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Gerry Mulligan, in an expansive mood (he's up to thirteen sidemen again), is blowing his valiant best, and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers are engaged in another of their crash programs. Catch-as-catch-can sessions Mondays, when the regular army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Ben Webster, heart of oak, is making one of his regrettably rare appearances at the head of a foursome. On Tuesday, Aug. 27, the Roy Haynes quartet will replace them. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): An old Village meetinghouse given over to forward-looking musings. So many vanishing acts are booked that there's no use forecasting, but Thelonious Monk's quartet is presumably on hand every night but Monday. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Tyree Glenn's brassiness is soothing during mealtimes, rather more strutting late in the night. He has a quartet in tow. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds, now graduated from solo piano to leader of a band, runs a trio in the very modern manner. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the old 52nd Street rifle range. On Fridays and Saturdays he is joined by Danny Barker's trio. No music Sundays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**AMERICAN SOCIETY OF CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS**—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Helen Gerardia, Lily Ente, John von Wicht, and other members of a group formerly known as the Brooklyn Society of Artists; starting Saturday, Aug. 24. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Open Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Leonard DeLonga, Robert Laurent, Tom Hardy, and Humbert Albrizio; through Sept. 6. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as William Palmer, Siegfried Reinhardt, and Jason Schoener; through Friday, Aug. 30. . . . **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a display of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Friday, Aug. 30.

**AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS,** 41 E. 65th St.: An exhibition of paintings and sculptures lent by Mr. and Mrs. Allan Emil. The paintings range from Monet to Marin and the sculptures from Cycladic pieces to Chadwick. Through Friday, Aug. 30. . . . **GALLERY 63,** 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by the gallery artists, including Fausto Pirandello, Stefano Cusumano, and Philip Evergood; through Friday, Aug. 30. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Will Barnet, Tadé, Joseph Konzal, and other painters and sculptors; through Sept. 13. . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and Bernard Reder; through Sept. 21.

**EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **BIANCHINI,** 16 E. 78th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by André François, Gérard Koch, and Ronald Searle (to name a few); through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **FINDLAY,** 11 E. 57th St.: Oils by Roger Mühl, Maurice Brianchon, Gabriel Godard, and

ESTABLISHED 1818

**OUR UNIVERSITY SHOP**
**good-looking clothing in sizes 35 to 42**
**for college men and prep schoolers**

We have a comprehensive and distinctive selection of clothing and furnishings in our University Shop, specially designed for the younger man. Included among our 3-piece suits are worsted flannels, sport models in worsted cheviot, unfinished worsteds in herringbones, stripes and Glenurquhart plaids . . . and interesting new designs and colorings in tweed sport jackets . . . all reflecting Brooks styling and good taste.

*Suits, $75 to $85 · Tweed Sport Jackets, $55*
*Tweed Topcoats, $85 · Wool Flannel Blazers, $50*
*Our "346" Cotton Oxford Shirts, $6 and $6.50*

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

**ESTABLISHED 1818**

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

I. MAGNIN & CO

SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • CARMEL
FRESNO • SACRAMENTO • PORTLAND • SEATTLE
LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • LA JOLLA
SAN FERNANDO VALLEY • SANTA BARBARA • SANTA ANA

a new view of velvet . . .
lean and easy with long
sleeves that end in cuffs,
a mist of white chiffon that
fills the neckline . . . designed
by Miss Elliette in black rayon
velvet bound and belted in back
with black satin . . .
8 to 16 sizes 40.00

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN & CO. STORE

other School of Paris artists; through Friday, Aug. 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by leading exponents of figurative art in France, among them Bernard Buffet, Bernard Lorjou, and Paul Belmondo; through Friday, Aug. 30.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, composed chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures by Renoir, Monet, van Gogh, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by forty-six American and European artists, including Henry Moore, Jules Pascin, and Henri Matisse; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain (1880-1954); through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 7.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern Parkway—Paintings by eleven Spanish Old Masters—El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, for example—from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**ASIA HOUSE,** 112 E. 64th St.—Contemporary Japanese calligraphy; through Friday, Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS,** 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

**MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART,** 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 22 W. 54th St.—"Twenty-six American Artists from the Collections of the Whitney Museum and Its Friends," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Charles Burchfield, Jackson Pollock, Alexander Calder, and others; through Sept. 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

**CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS**—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Young Uck Kim, violin. The last in a series of concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Joseph Eger conducting the New York Orchestral Society, with Miriam Burton, soprano, and Millard Williams, bass-baritone. (Tuesday, Aug. 27, at 8:30.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC IN WASHINGTON SQUARE**—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber orchestra in the last in a series of concerts. (Monday, Aug. 26, at 9.)

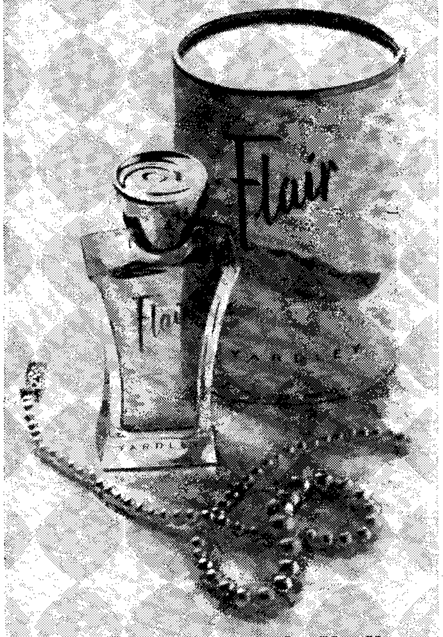
**JAZZ CONCERT**—George Russell's band and Jimmy Giuffre's trio. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Thursday, Aug. 22, at 8:30.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

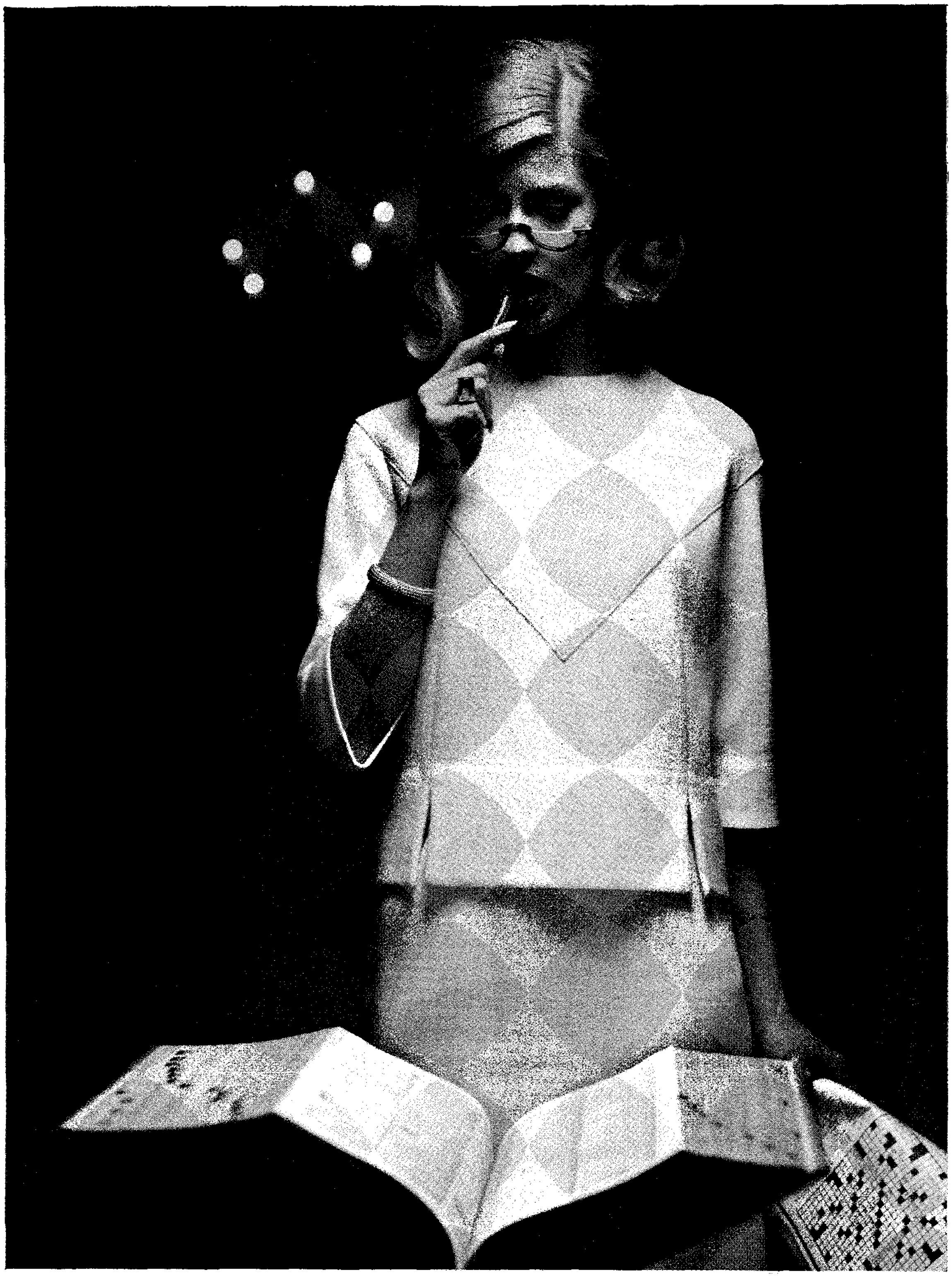
**BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL**—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in the final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 23, at 8: A Beethoven-Wagner program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8: A Prokofieff-Brahms program, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 25, at 2:30: A Prokofieff-Tchaikovsky program, with Lili Chookasian,

Whatever you wear,

wear it with

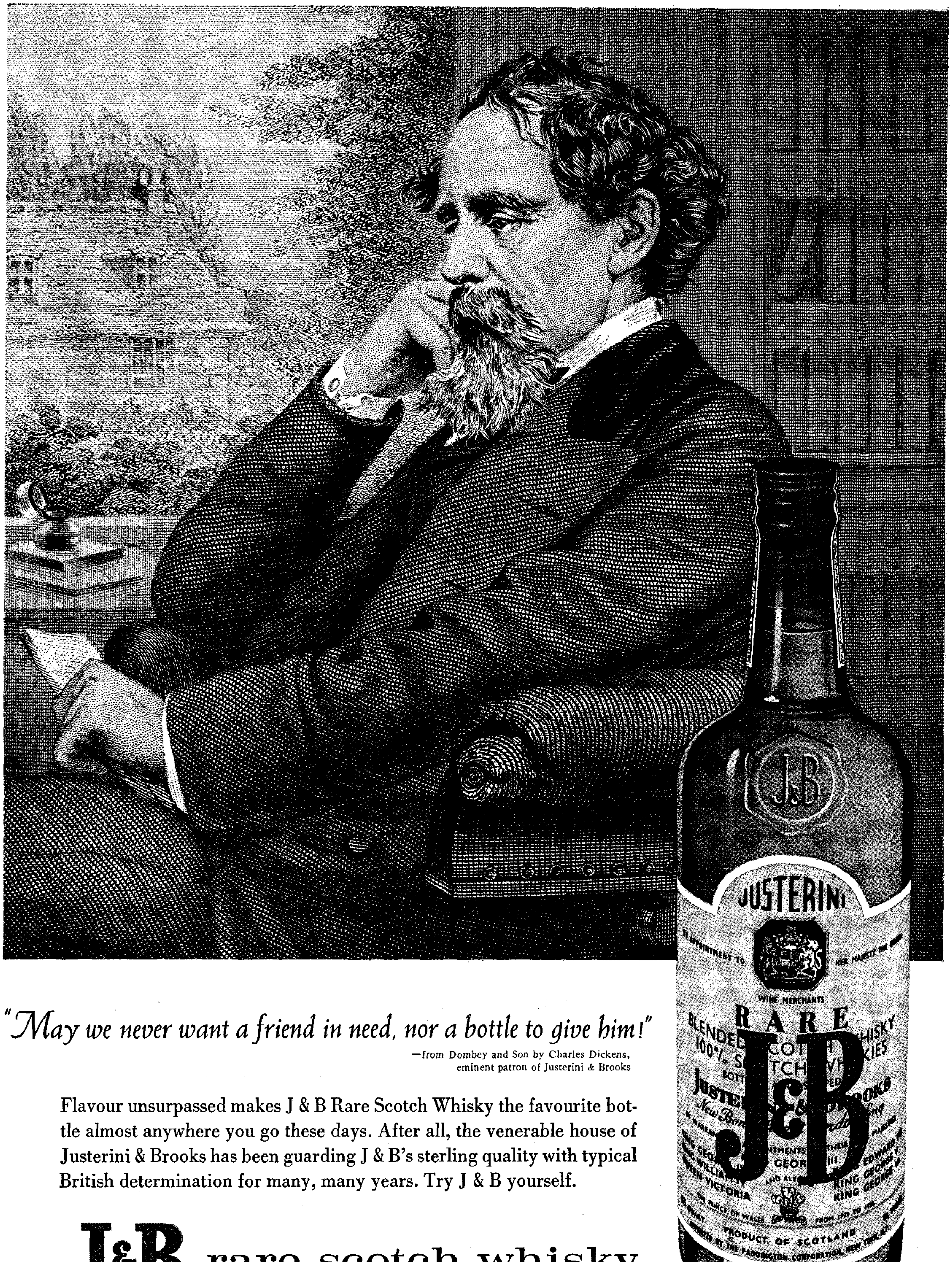


The new fragrance by Yardley



Pure line, pure wool knit two piece dress. About $60. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.
Bergdorf Goodman, Marshall Field, I. Magnin.

Kimberly



*"May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!"*

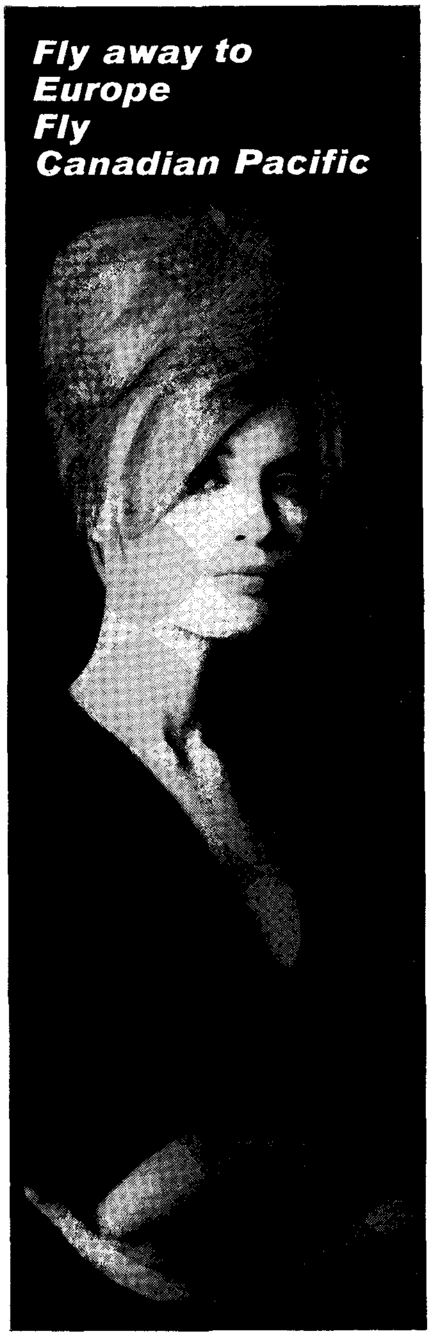
—*from* Dombey and Son by Charles Dickens,
eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks

Flavour unsurpassed makes J & B Rare Scotch Whisky the favourite bottle almost anywhere you go these days. After all, the venerable house of Justerini & Brooks has been guarding J & B's sterling quality with typical British determination for many, many years. Try J & B yourself.

**J&B rare scotch whisky**

**Pennies more in cost...worlds apart in quality**

"WORLD'S FINEST" SOLE IMPORTERS: THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY • 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



**You can choose from two swift Canadian Pacific air routes to Europe. Fly the sunny Southern Route from Canada's major cities to Lisbon, Madrid, Rome. Or take the shortest, fastest Polar Route from the Pacific Northwest to Amsterdam. Either way you enjoy comfort, care, famed Empress service when you fly Canadian Pacific. For details on connecting carriers, reservations and our tours of Europe, see your travel agent or Canadian Pacific.**

FLY Canadian Pacific

Trains / Trucks / Ships / Planes / Hotels / Telecommunications
WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mezzo-soprano, and the Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

**Berkshire Music Barn**—Final concerts of the season—Saturday, Aug. 24, at 3:30: Josh White. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 1, at 8:30: Miriam Makeba. (Lenox, Mass.)

**Note**—Final performances of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 24: Violette Verdy and Edward Villella, Pauline Koner and her company (with Norman Walker), and Bella Reine. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 29-31: Claudia Cravey and Hans Meister, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and Shanta Rao and her company of dancers and musicians of South India. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 1: Shanta Rao and her company. (Lee, Mass. Evenings, except Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8:40. Matinées daily, except Thursday, Aug. 22, at 3.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Aug. 22, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 23, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 24, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 25, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday, Aug. 27, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader), and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 28-29, at 2. . . . **polo grounds:** Mets vs. Milwaukee, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31, at 8.

**Boxing**—José Gonzalez vs. Juan (Rocky) Rivero, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, Aug. 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**Golf**—U.S.G.A. Women's Amateur Championship. (Taconic Golf Club, Williamstown, Mass. Through Saturday, Aug. 24.)

**Horse Show**—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

**Polo**—Sundays at 3:30—At **blind brook polo club,** Purchase. . . . **bethpage polo fields,** Farmingdale, L. I.

**Racing**—At **saratoga:** Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 24. . . . **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 26, through Saturday, Sept. 28. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 26. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 1. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia. Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 9:30 and 11:30.) . . . **laurel-pimlico,** Laurel, Md.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24.

**Sports-Car Racing**—At Watkins Glen, N.Y.: Saturday, Aug. 24, at 10 A.M.

**Tennis**—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.) . . . ¶ National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Starting Wednesday, Aug. 28. Tickets may be obtained at the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the West Side Tennis Club.)

**Trotting**—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8:15; through Monday, Sept. 23. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

**Yachting**—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

*For on or off campus—S.F.A's new shirt-costuming in Dacron® and cotton, 35.00*

*We do the jacket on a young shirt line, briskly saddle-stitched. Underneath is a sleeveless dress to complete the costume or go it alone. First item for the coming semester or to wear from this moment on—it's of easy-care Dacron® polyester and cotton. In green or khaki with beige; 5 to 15 sizes. College Shop.*

Saks Fifth Avenue

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**Cleopatra**—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

**David and Lisa**—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Two troubled children are affectingly portrayed by Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva is the doctor who helps. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 27.)

**Divorce—Italian Style**—An exceedingly funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**Dr. No**—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. Wonderful nonsense, with Sean Connery as Bond, and Ursula Andress as his sullen blond plaything. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 27.)

**8½**—A very successful, if curious, work of art—an *apologia pro vita sua* by the brilliant Italian director Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo, among many others. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

**The Four Days of Naples**—A vivid re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy, and the cast consists mostly of unnamed Neapolitans. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 28.)

**Heavens Above!**—Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael play disrespectful but not at all dangerous ducks and drakes with the Church of England. Produced and directed by the Boulting brothers, who are funny and bright. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339. . . . ¶ 57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Aug. 28, tentative.)

**Lawrence of Arabia**—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, et al.) in this stirring account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikable and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**Love at Twenty**—The sufferings of youth are perennially fascinating to those who survive them. Here are five separate comments on the good old subject, by French, Italian, German, Japanese, and Polish investigators. The French study was directed by François Truffaut, and is up to his very high standard. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 23.)

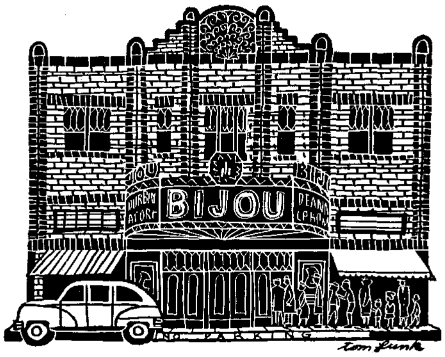
**The L-Shaped Room**—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell as a couple of lonely young people in London who find that love is more trouble than they expected, though not more trouble than it's worth. Sad and funny and well worth seeing. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

**Sparrows Can't Sing**—Joan Littlewood's first crack at directing a movie, and it's a triumph. Comic carryings-on in the lower depths of London, with James Booth and Barbara Windsor as a couple of Cockney lovers who are more or less husband and wife. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

**Sundays and Cybèle**—A young French war veteran who has lost his memory and a child who has lost her family become friends and might someday be more than friends, but the world blunderingly intervenes, to the ruin of all their hopes. Sad and beautiful, and more beautiful than sad. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 27.)

**This Sporting Life**—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player for whom everything goes wrong, and Rachel Roberts is just as good as the woman who cannot love him. This brutal, tragic picture, which could have been first-rate, is slightly spoiled by Lindsay Anderson's obtrusive direction. The setting is a city in the North of England. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, LE 2-6533; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

## MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**The Trial**—The horror of Kafka's novel springs from the matter-of-factness with which everyone, including the hero, accepts an outrageous fate. Orson Welles couldn't be matter-of-fact if he tried, and his brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to Kafka; to make things worse, the hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 23.)

**Two Daughters**—Satyajit Ray has directed a couple of trifling tales of Indian village life with such loving attention to the look of things that what takes place, or fails to, scarcely matters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Aug. 24-27.)

**The Ugly American**—Marlon Brando in perfect control of his great talent, in a robust and successful melodrama about diplomatic difficulties somewhere East of Suez. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 27, tentative.)

## REVIVALS

**L'Avventura** (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 22.)

**Robert Benchley One-Reelers**—The master bumbler in "A Night at the Movies" (1937), "How to Sleep" (1935), and four other short films. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

**The Big Store** (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 24-26.)

**Breakfast at Tiffany's** (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Aug. 23-27.)

**Breathless** (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 22.)

**Camille** (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 23-26.)

**Chaplin Comedy**—"The Immigrant," a memento from the silent past. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 24-26.)

**The Devil's Eye** (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 26.)

**Dinner at Eight** (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 27-28.)

**Gate of Hell** (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 27.)

**Gilbert and Sullivan** (1953)—Robert Morley and Maurice Evans as G. and S., with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company rendering excerpts from the operettas in the background. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

**Go West** (1941)—The Marx Brothers again, this time interpreting life on the wild plains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 24-26.)

**Henry V** (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 28.)

**Hiroshima, Mon Amour** (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

**Jules and Jim** (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 27, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

**The Magician** (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 25.)

**Martin Luther** (1953)—Niall Mac Ginnis plays the monk from Wittenberg. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

**Mata Hari** (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 23-26.)

**On the Town** (1949)—Gene Kelly, Vera Ellen, and Frank Sinatra singing and dancing to some music by Leonard Bernstein. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 27.)

**Requiem for a Heavyweight** (1962)—Anthony Quinn, Julie Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney in a tale of an athlete who has outlived the only trade he knows. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 28, evening performances only.)

**Roman Holiday** (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 23.)

**The Seventh Seal** (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 23.)

**Shoot the Piano Player** (1962)—François Truffaut wrote and directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 27.)

**A Slight Case of Murder** (1938)—Edward G. Robinson burlesquing the underworld. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 27-28.)

**Through a Glass Darkly** (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 26.)

**Wild Strawberries** (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 24.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Three programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Aug. 22: "Notorious" (1946), with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ Aug. 23-24: "The Paradine Case" (1948), with Gregory Peck and Ann Todd. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 25: "Rope" (1948), with James Stewart. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | | | |

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**Astor,** B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Caretakers," Robert Stack, Polly Bergen.

**Cinerama,** B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)

**Criterion,** B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

**DeMille,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.

**New Embassy,** B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
**8½** (in Italian).

**Palace,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

**Paramount,** B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"A Ticklish Affair," Shirley Jones, Gig Young.

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
**CLEOPATRA.**

**State,** B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Aug. 27: "Jason and the Argonauts," Todd Armstrong, Nancy Kovack.
From Aug. 28: "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.

**Toho Cinema,** 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Life of the Country Doctor" (in Japanese), Hisaya Morishige.

**Victoria,** B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

## EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**SPARROWS CAN'T SING.**

**New Charles,** Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Aug. 27: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
From Aug. 28: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT,** revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

**Academy of Music,** 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 27: **ON THE TOWN,** revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.
From Aug. 28: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian); and "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.

**Kips Bay,** 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 27 (tentative): "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Caretakers," Robert Stack, Polly Bergen.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (LE 2-6533)
**THIS SPORTING LIFE.**

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.,** Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley, Julia Foster.

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 27: "The Burning Court," Nadja Tiller, Jean-Claude Brialy.
From Aug. 28: "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.

**R.K.O. 58th St.,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 27: "Summer Magic," Hayley Mills, Burl Ives; and "40 Pounds of Trouble," Tony Curtis, Phil Silvers.
From Aug. 28: "PT 109," Cliff Robertson.

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
**THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French).

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 27: **DR. NO.**
From Aug. 28: "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.

**Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Lord of the Flies," with a cast of children.

**72nd St. Playhouse,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 27 (tentative): **THE UGLY AMERICAN.**
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 27: "Summer Magic," Hayley Mills, Burl Ives; and "First Spaceship on Venus," Yoko Tani.
From Aug. 28: "PT 109," Cliff Robertson.

**Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 27: "Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen; and "East of Kilimanjaro," Marshall Thompson, Mala Powers.
From Aug. 28: "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb; and "Paris Pickup," Robert Hossein, Lea Massari.

## WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 22: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.
Aug. 23-26: **CAMILLE,** revival; and **MATA HARI,** revival.
From Aug. 27: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "Othello," revival, Orson Welles.

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 23: **THE TRIAL;** and **LOVE AT TWENTY** (five episodes, five languages).
Aug. 24-27: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali); and "The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna.
From Aug. 28: "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Aug. 22: "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck.
Aug. 23: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.
Aug. 24: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish), revival; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.
Aug. 25: **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
Aug. 26: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** and **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
From Aug. 27: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French); and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.

**5th Ave. Cinema,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
**HEAVENS ABOVE!**

**Sheridan,** 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 27: "Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen; and "East of Kilimanjaro," Marshall Thompson, Mala Powers.
From Aug. 28: "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb; and "Paris Pickup," Robert Hossein, Lea Massari.

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
To be announced.

**R.K.O. 23rd St.,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 27: "Summer Magic," Hayley Mills, Burl Ives; and "40 Pounds of Trouble," Tony Curtis, Phil Silvers.
From Aug. 28: "PT 109," Cliff Robertson.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
From Aug. 27: "La Poupée" (in French).

**55th St. Playhouse,** 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Flamboyant Sex" (in French), Anita Lindoff.

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
**8½** (in Italian).

**57th St. Normandie,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 28 (tentative): **HEAVENS ABOVE!**

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
**THIS SPORTING LIFE.**

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
**DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).

**Loew's 83rd St.,** B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 27: "Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen; and "East of Kilimanjaro," Marshall Thompson, Mala Powers.
From Aug. 28: "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb; and "Paris Pickup," Robert Hossein, Lea Massari.

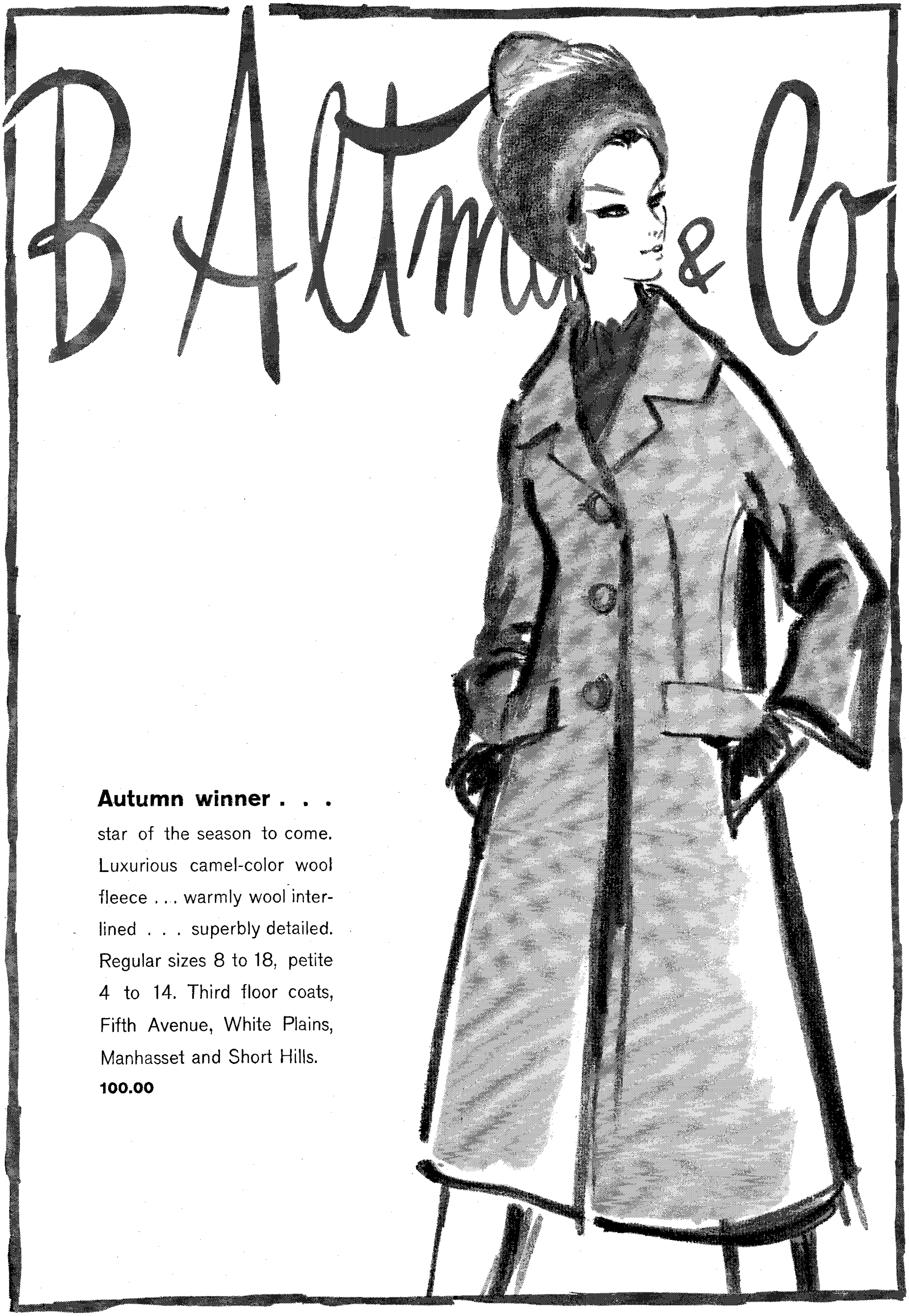
**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 23: **ROMAN HOLIDAY,** revival; and "Red Dust," revival, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.
Aug. 24-26: **GO WEST,** revival; **THE BIG STORE,** revival; and **CHAPLIN COMEDY** (silent).
Aug. 27-28: **DINNER AT EIGHT,** revival; and **A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER,** revival.

**Symphony,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 27: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian); and "My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson.
From Aug. 28: **HENRY V,** revival; and another feature, to be announced.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 22: "The Third Sex" (in German), revival, Paula Wessely; and "The Eighth Day of the Week" (in German), revival, Sonja Ziemann.
Aug. 23: "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players; and "Concert of Stars" (in Russian), revival, a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets.
Aug. 24: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a documentary on Mexico.
Aug. 25: "Tosca" (in Italian), revival; and "La Forza del Destino" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi, Nelli Corradi.
Aug. 26: **ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS,** revivals; and "Animal Farm," revival, a full-length animated cartoon.
Aug. 27: **MARTIN LUTHER,** revival; and "Life Begins Tomorrow" (in French), revival, an episodic film, with Jean Pierre Aumont, Jean-Paul Sartre, and André Gide.
Aug. 28: **GILBERT AND SULLIVAN,** revival.

**Riverside,** B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Aug. 22: "A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor; and "Prisoner of the Iron Mask," Michel Lemoine.
Aug. 23-27: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival; and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," revival, William Holden, Grace Kelly.
From Aug. 28: "PT 109," Cliff Robertson.

**Midtown,** B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 27: **DAVID AND LISA.**
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

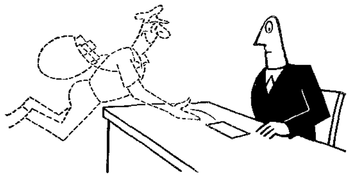


**Autumn winner . . .**
star of the season to come. Luxurious camel-color wool fleece . . . warmly wool interlined . . . superbly detailed. Regular sizes 8 to 18, petite 4 to 14. Third floor coats, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills.
**100.00**

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*



FOR the past several weeks, we have been trying to come to terms with the Post Office's new address-by-number system, called, with somewhat unnerving cajolery, the Zip Code. We first heard about the code back in June, when an official but deceptively pal-to-pal communiqué from a fictional postman by the name of Mr. Zip reached our desk, and since then we have been weighing the pros and cons of the government's seeming intention to compound—indeed, to one-up—the digital woes inflicted a while ago by the Telephone Company, with its all-number dialling plan, by neatly doing away with the bother of neighborhoods, towns, cities, and even states. Our inquiry into Zip Code logic ultimately led us a few blocks downtown to the main Manhattan post office—that is, from Z.C. 10036 down to Z.C. 10001—where, after an afternoon of rapid calculus, we divined only that Zip Code numbers will be a uniform five digits long, owing to the fact that the postal powers have systematically divided up the country into major distribution areas to give us the first digit, each of the major distribution areas into minor distribution areas to give us the second and third digits, and each of the minor distribution areas into postal-delivery zones to give us the more intimate fourth and fifth. For the time being, according to our informant down at 10001, we will be asked to address our mail in both the old way *and* the new, but eventually, he assured us, when every postman and clerk has the first three digits down pat, the mere drop of a Zip Code onto an envelope not only will make for speedy delivery all the way from 97230 (in Portland, Oregon) to 04101 (in Portland, Maine) but will obviate the tiresome and inefficiently human business of writing down long, difficult names like Schenectady, Philadelphia, and Kalamazoo. By the time Butterfield 8 and Plaza 9 are anachronisms, then, Beekman Place, Greenwich Village, and Morningside Heights (not to mention North Dakota, Minnesota, and Vermont) may be just exotic recollections, too, having given way to Z.C. 10022, 10014, and 10027, respectively. By that time, though, we may each have been assigned a private number of our own—possibly one that, to be useful in case of accident, emergency, or sudden death, incorporates our Zip Code number and our A.T. & T. area code. We can only hope that by then there will be some agency around to codify the codes—some large, electronically foolproof archives handy to 20260 (the Post Office Department, in Washington, D.C.), where, should our digital-retention powers, already strained, fail, we would be able to locate, catalogued in the order of their importance under this private number of ours, our telephone number, our Zip Code number, our Social Security number, our bank-account number, our credit-card number, our health-insurance number, and, of course, our number's number.

WE are in receipt of a leaflet from Pease & Elliman, the object of which is to persuade us to "enjoy the graciousness of a bygone era" by buying an apartment in a coöperative that is going up at 10 East Seventieth Street. The leaflet is headed by a photograph of the new fifteen-story-and-penthouse building and by one of the old five-story Myron C. Taylor mansion, at 16 East Seventieth Street, which, together with a couple of adjacent houses, the 1963 edifice is supplanting, and as we read its text, entitled "The 10 East 70th Story," we became lost in admiration:

> The quiet dignity of the 47-cooperative apartment residential structure emanates from its close proximity to Central Park; its location opposite the famous Frick Museum; its place diagonally across from the home of noted sportsman George D. Widener; and from its very foundation, the site of the period-styled home of the late Myron Taylor, long time United States Steel Board Chairman, and later United States Ambassador to the Vatican.
>
> The Taylor real estate at the East 70th Street location began in 1924 with the acquisition of three contiguous brownstone properties. In 1926, the Boston architectural firm of Richardson, Barott and Richardson was retained by Mr. Taylor to design the Spanish-styled, four-story [*sic*] residence, aristocratically embellished with protruding wrought-iron bays, leaded, filigreed, stain-glass windows, and red Spanish tile roof. And to complete the setting of privacy and prevent any undesirable bordering redevelopment, Mr. Taylor purchased, a few years later, the brownstones immediately to the east and west of his home, which he subsequently remodelled and rented.

How masterly it is for a real-estate agent to make the most, ambiencewise, of the gracious structures that have been torn down! How sporting to give a plug to the architects whose aristocratic, filigreed work has been consigned to demolition squads! And how broad-minded to commiserate, by implication and retrospectively, with the fear of an "undesirable bordering redevelopment" after a redevelopment has been consummated on the spot! Let the mourners of Penn Station's imminent demise take heart. Surely some real-estate man, blinded by tears, is already composing a tribute to its period-styled attractions.

## *Trade*

WHO says that the Age of Heroes is past? If it is true (as some economists tell us) that a slowdown in consumer spending may trigger a recession, or even a depression, then today's heroes are the men who toil to keep the dollar in circulation by expanding the frontiers of merchandising. We recently found three floors of such dedicated men at the Mid-Year National Notion & Novelty Show, in the New York Trade Show Building, on Eighth Avenue. The theme of the show—and of the entire one-and-a-quarter-billion-dollar industry—was well summed up by a spokesman for the I. B. Kleinert Rubber Company, who handed us a bundle of pastel-colored nylon netting arranged like a frozen charlotte russe and explained, "That's a shower cap. Would you believe it? We've traded up our shower caps by stressing fashion. So instead of a simple white cap selling for thirty-nine cents, you now have this high-fashion item that sells for two dollars. What difference does it make if it's only worn a few minutes a day? The rest of the time it hangs on the wall and beautifies the bathroom." A similar pioneering spirit was in evidence in the showroom of Trina, a firm that specializes in "coördinated boudoir-accessory groups." A Trina salesman showed us an ensemble of pin-curl bonnet, curler bag, high-fashion shower cap, and tissue dispenser, all covered in pink tricot printed with blossoms. "Flower blossoms are hot this year. Especially in cranberry. Cranberry is the hot color this year."

With visions of steaming cranberries dancing in our head, we wandered down the hall to the Triangle Sales Corporation, where we were told that clear-plastic furniture covers are "very big" now. We gathered that plastic-furniture-cover people shy away from the word "hot," because of a prevailing misconception that polished plastics are hot to sit on. "Not if you wear clothes," the salesman confided. When we expressed astonishment that anyone, even fully clothed, should want to sit on plastic seat covers, the Triangle man assured us that newlyweds often keep their plastic covers on for several years, until they can afford fabric ones. "And even then, if you buy a two-hundred-dollar set of custom-made fabric covers to protect your furniture, you don't want to see them ruined after a few cleanings. So you buy a set of plastic covers to protect the fabric covers."

We were still mulling over the implications of this theoretically endless chain of merchandising when we passed the showroom of Joe Carbe Promotions and were greeted from inside by a young lady in black mesh tights, who was lying flat on her back on what looked like a slanted diving board. Her feet were raised fifteen inches above her head, and she told us that she felt wonderful. "This is the Olympic Slant Board, which allows you to exercise passively," she said. "All you have to do is lie this way fifteen minutes each morning and evening, and the board's built-in slant does the rest. It reverses the flow of gravity, lets the blood circulate to the cheeks and bosom, restores firmness to the midriff, and folds up like a suitcase for easy carrying. The six-foot steel frame supports a wooden board, which is padded with comfortable foam rubber, and it's ideal for busy housewives and executives. The tension just drains away. You never get dizzy, or red in the face, either. And if you want to alternate with active exercises, they're even more effective in this position." Joe Carbe, whose firm manufactures and distributes the Slant Board ($29.95), handed us a book by Gayelord Hauser and pointed out a passage documenting the relation of the slant concept to the ancient, health-giving yoga headstand, popularized earlier in this century by the redoubtable Lady Mendl.

We asked the reclining young lady whether genuine yoga headstands—done without any equipment whatever—might not be even more firming and gravity-reversing.

"They can be very injurious to neck and shoulder muscles," she told us.

"Lady Mendl did them until she was eighty," we said, quoting Hauser.

"Lady Mendl was crazy," she said.

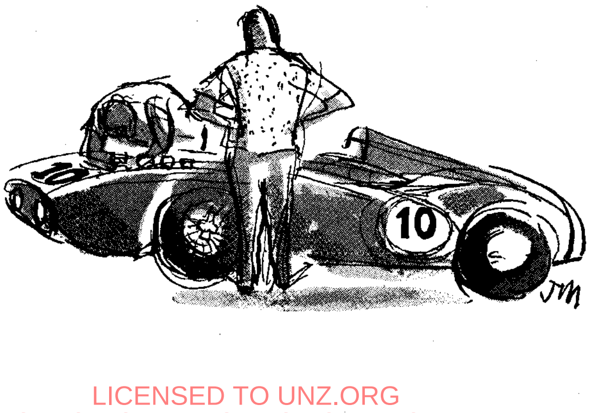
•

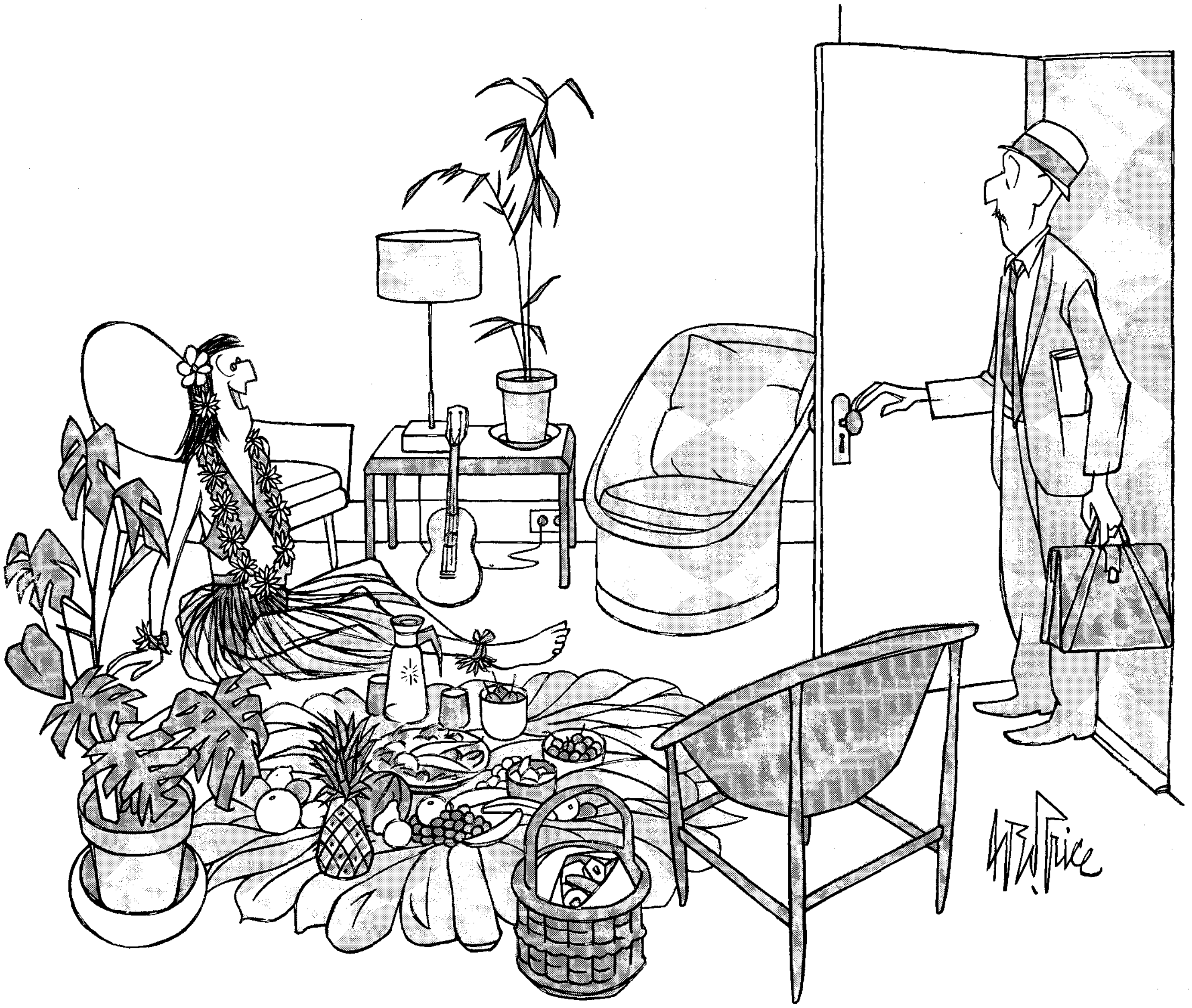
**Ameliorative Intelligence:** *Noise Control*, the magazine of the Acoustical Society of America, has changed its name to *Sound*.

## *Big Game*

On the theory that a reëxamination of old attitudes from time to time is good for the soul, we decided the other day to reëxamine our old attitude toward the game of soccer, which, along with most of our countrymen, we have always found resistible—a position that puts us at odds with the Europeans, the South Americans, and the bulk of the rest of the world's population, who think soccer is the greatest. As a laboratory in which to reëxplore our feeling about the game we selected Randalls Island Stadium, whither we journeyed on a bright Sunday to watch a contest between two professional teams—the Dukla Soccer Club, of Czechoslovakia, and West Ham United, of Great Britain—for the International Soccer League's American Challenge Cup. The International Soccer League, we learned from its publicity representative, Bob Harding, whom we sought out in the stadium's press box, was founded in 1958 by a forty-nine-year-old Yale man (class of 1930) named William D. Cox, who had made previous excursions into sports promotion as the owner, for a short time, of the Philadelphia Phillies baseball club and of the now defunct Brooklyn Football Dodgers. Having seen an exhibition game at Ebbets Field between two foreign soccer teams and noted the number and enthusiasm of the spectators, Cox went away convinced that a potential audience for soccer existed in this country, and after two years of spadework he launched the I.S.L., which consists of fourteen professional teams, all of them imported. The I.S.L. schedules its games during the summer months, which is the off season for soccer abroad. This year, Mr. Harding said, the league's paid attendance will be in excess of two hundred and eighty thousand—an increase of more than sixty-six per cent over that of its first season.

At the approach of game time, which was set for four o'clock (the object of the late start was to spare the players some of the midday heat), the stadium, whose capacity is twenty-two thousand, was about three-quarters filled with men and boys and, as we remarked to Mr. Harding, what seemed to us a surprisingly large number of women. "Females like this game, because it's so damned simple," he said. "There are only seventeen rules—or laws, as they are officially called—in soccer, and only ten of them apply to the actual playing of the game. The others explain about the field of play, the duration of the game, and so forth. Out of the ten rules pertaining to the action, the only fairly tough one is the off-side rule. This is a sport that nobody, male or female, has any trouble understanding." However simple the rules, we learned, their interpretation on the field not infrequently causes profound differences of opinion among the



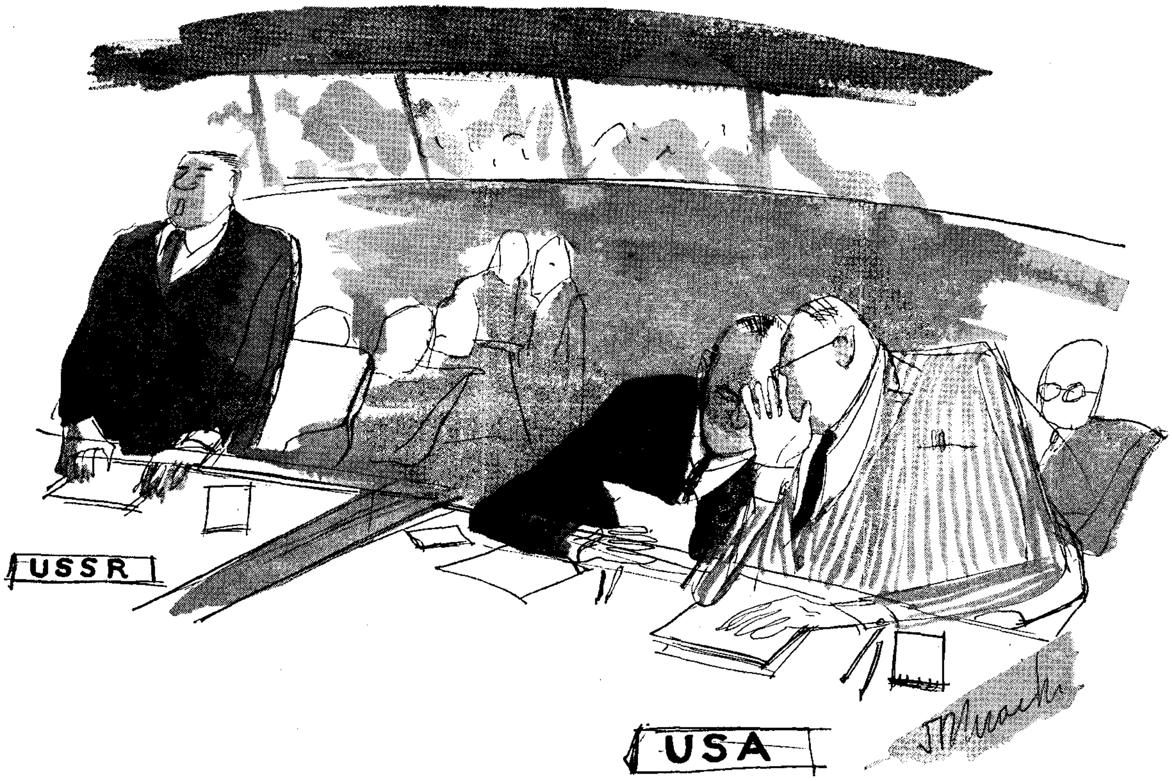


*"Aloha!"*

• •

spectators, who tend to be a volatile crowd by nature. The Sunday before, during a game between West Ham and Gornik, a Polish team, more than two hundred Gornik fans got so worked up when the referee called two offsides against Gornik, each depriving the team of a goal, that they took out after him, roughed him up, and nearly tore his jersey off his back before he was able to race off the field to safety. Other I.S.L. games have been enlivened by riots and by frequent fist fights among the fans, one of whom recently sought to make his point by breaking a cane over his adversary's head. In an effort to keep a certain amount of order during this Sunday's game, the management had erected wire fencing between the field and the general-admission seats, though no similar barrier had been placed in front of the reserved section. "As it happens, that's where some of our worst fights have broken out," Harding remarked.

At four-fifteen, the two teams, of eleven players each, filed onto the field, and during their introduction and the other preliminaries we had a word with a tall, composed British sportswriter named Dennis Signy, who told us that he had come over to cover the cup series, a two-game affair, for the London *Daily Mail*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Express*, and *Daily Herald*. He said that Dukla, which draws its players from the Czechoslovakian Army and probably ranks among the world's top half-dozen soccer teams, had won the cup the two previous years and had taken the first step toward winning it again by beating West Ham, 1–0, in the first game of the present series. Since the winner is decided on the basis of total goals scored in the series, Dukla could walk off with the prize if it got nothing better than a tie in the game that was about to begin. "West Ham is about halfway up in the major league," Mr. Signy informed us. "They're young. Their starting lineup averages less than twenty-three years of age. They have plenty of potential, and they recently bought two capable players, Peter Brabrook and Johnny Byrne, for whom the club paid the equivalent of eighty-nine thousand and one hundred and eighty-two thousand dollars, respectively. Of course, the players don't see any of that money, or only a very, very little of it. Their pay ranges from sixty to three hundred dollars a week. That's year-round, though the regular season is nine months." In England, he added, a soccer game between top teams draws about a hundred thousand spectators, and in various cities on the Continent the attendance is even higher. "Somehow, Americans think the game a bit quaint," he continued. "However, those who do come out are very knowledgeable. I don't mean to sound condescending,



*"Just for kicks, I'd like to propose the admission of Red China and watch his reaction."*

• •

but they know the game well enough to cheer in the right places and to register their adverse feelings in the right places as well. Soccer games do tend to create a great deal of fervor, but in England we never see anything faintly resembling what happened here last Sunday. At home, any spectator who assaulted a referee or a player would be collared straightaway by the police, prosecuted, and fined. As for throwing things onto the field (beer-can throwing is very prevalent here, you know), at home, if a single bottle lands on the field—well, that *is* a story for us."

After the game, consisting of two periods of forty-five minutes each, had started, the play moved fast and practically without interruption. There were no substitutions (they are not allowed under international soccer rules, but I.S.L. teams generally agree to permit the substitution of a goalkeeper and one player), and the penalties were few and quickly administered. What impressed us most was the players' stunningly skillful footwork and balletlike grace in moving and in controlling the ball. For the first fifteen minutes or so, the spectators were almost as quiet as people at Forest Hills, breaking the prevailing stillness to applaud politely and, it seemed, without partisanship when either goalkeeper made a good save. However, as it became plain that West Ham was outplaying Dukla, the crowd became more vocal. "Come on, Englishmen!" a fan shouted. "One for the Queen!" After forty minutes of play, the Englishmen obliged, and they led by one goal at the half. In the second period, however, Dukla came on strong to tie the score, and that's the way the game ended. As the crowd departed, the loudspeakers broke out with "Auld Lang Syne," which served as a reminder that there would be no more professional soccer games in New York until next year. We think we can wait.

•

OVERHEARD in the lobby of the Billy Rose Theatre, where "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" is playing: "Who *is* Virginia Woolf?"

## *Inspector*

WE spent a morning and part of an afternoon last week in the company of Gloria Peters, an attractive young matron who recently completed her first year of law study at Seton Hall on a full scholarship, who bakes her own bread and grows her own stringbeans, and who, in the summertime, works as an inspector of hotels, motels, and restaurants for the Mobil Travel Guide. This summer, Mrs. Peters' beat includes the Jersey shore and Manhattan, where we joined her in a cab headed for Essex House. Mrs. Peters lit a cigarette, informed us that her children—she has five, all under sixteen—keep begging her to give up smoking, and remarked on what a relief it was to have her law-school scholarship, how difficult Chinese restaurants are about letting an inspector talk to the boss, what an effort it is for her to visit new places, because someone always asks, "What's the catch?," and how the weather, her mood, and the clothes she is wearing determine her daily itinerary. "On hot days, I do the East Side, where I can just go out one door and in the next," she said as we both left the cab and entered the Essex House lobby.

Marching up to the desk, Mrs. Peters introduced herself, was recognized because of a visit she had made last year, was told that there was a message for her to call a number in New Jersey, called it, returned to the desk, and asked to see the manager, the assistant manager, or the sales manager. An assistant manager named William Shearn, a neat young man in a dark suit, offered his services.

"I'd like to see an average double and a rate sheet," Mrs. Peters said. "A really average double. Not the bridal suite." She gave Mr. Shearn a disarming smile, and he nodded and led us to an elevator.

"I'm being very honest," Mr. Shearn said. "This room I'm going to show you is what the average businessman, the average couple from Waukegan—"

"Great!" said Mrs. Peters. "Marvellous!"

Mr. Shearn, looking pleased, unlocked the door to what seemed to be a really average room, and Mrs. Peters walked over to the window to satisfy herself that it afforded an average view across Fifty-eighth Street. Then she opened all the drawers, bounced on a bed, examined the mattresses, peered into the closet, and looked at the bathroom. "Washcloths!" she exclaimed with delight. “I’m so glad you provide washcloths, *and* large cakes of soap.” Sitting down at the dressing table to note these features on her inspector’s form, Mrs. Peters discussed washcloths (“They have great red washcloths at the Greenbrier”), direct dial phones, Mary Martin (“Great!”), pets, Perry Como (who, Mr. Shearn said, not only empties but washes the ashtrays when he stays in a hotel room), female hotel guests who blot their lipstick on sixty-dollar bedspreads, and the advantages of night service (“Night service is a charming thing,” she said).

For the next hour or so, we trailed Mrs. Peters and Mr. Shearn as they made their way to the administrative offices to check some facts; through the Essex House kitchen, where, finding that the head chef was on vacation, Mrs. Peters questioned his harried replacement closely on their use of fresh vegetables; in and out of the meat, fruit, and vegetable refrigerators; in and out of the wine cellar (“Have you ever been in the wine cellar at ‘21’? Great!”), where she made a note of the temperatures of the red and the white wines; in and out of the bakery, where we sampled two cookies; in and out of a bar about to be transformed into the New York branch of something called the Bombay Bicycle Club; into a corner of a dining room, where Mrs. Peters appropriated a lunch and a dinner menu, and had Mr. Shearn sign an inspector’s form and promise to correct a carbon copy of the Mobil Guide’s Essex House entry, which will be sent to him in the fall; and, when Mrs. Peters had inspected the ladies’ room, back to the lobby, where she said goodbye to Mr. Shearn. Then, with us still in tow, she took a cab to a restaurant called Giovanni, where we paused for a drink and lunch.

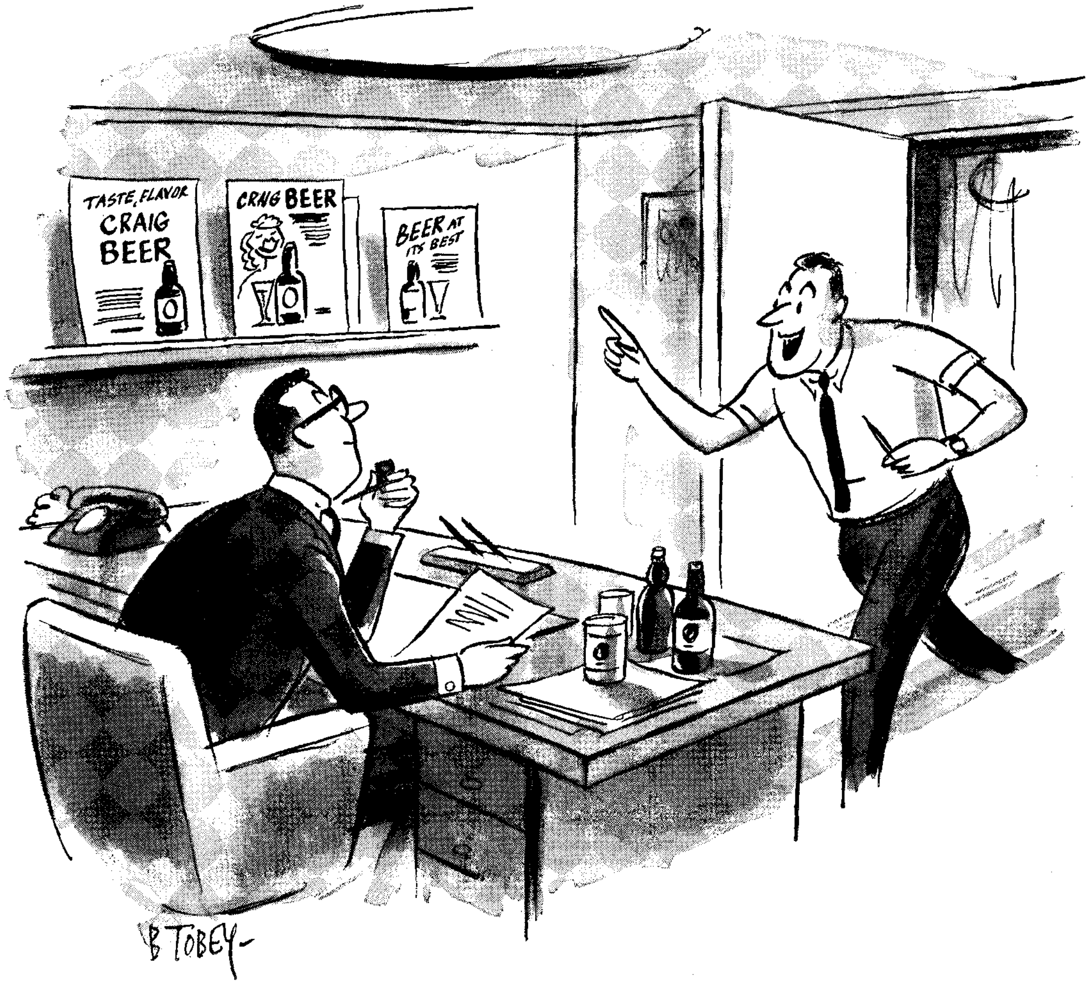
In the course of a resolute but polite struggle over the check with Giovanni, a courtly Italian, Mrs. Peters succeeded in convincing him that it was against Mobil Travel Guide rules for her to accept anything. “Isn’t it awful?” she asked us. “I just hate to have to go through this, because it looks as though I thought he was trying to bribe me, and of course he’s not. But if I didn’t pay, if he really didn’t let me, Mobil would just have to send him a check later.”

Recovering from her moment of melancholy, Mrs. Peters said, “Let me see your kitchen, Giovanni.” When she had looked into the fresh-vegetable situation, asked about the shrimp, studied the wine cellar and the ladies’ room, and obtained lunch and dinner menus, she excused herself to make a phone call, said goodbye to Giovanni, and led us outside and into another cab.

“The restaurant we’re going to now was recommended to us by a reader,” Mrs. Peters told us. “These reader-report places can be pretty bad, but we try to check them all, and sometimes they do get listed. Here we are, aren’t we?” It turned out that an apartment building was going up where the reader’s favorite restaurant had been, so, following up the recommendation of another reader, we took the cab a few blocks farther, to a Japanese restaurant called Suehiro, which was closed. Undaunted, Mrs. Peters rang the bell and, when a sleepy-looking girl answered the door, urged her to call out one of the owners. In response to this request, an unhappy-looking Japanese woman appeared, and explained that she had just returned from the dentist and was waiting for the Novocain to wear off. Having been persuaded by Mrs. Peters that there was no catch to the visit, the woman invited us in, answered Mrs. Peters’ questions, showed her through the kitchen, brought her a glass of water, and told her about her nineteen-year-old son, who, though allergic to whiskey, is planning to open his own bar. “Wonderful!” said Mrs. Peters, filling out her inspector’s form. “Great!”

## Same Wave Length

A FRIEND of ours recently saw a young lady of about twelve emerge from an East Side subway station clutching what looked like the kind of transistor radio that is so much in fashion on the streets these days. However, this girl lost no time in drawing a chrome antenna from its interior and announcing to the instrument, “I’m at the corner of Eighty-sixth and Lexington, Ma. I’ll be right home.” Our friend reports that a woman’s voice squawked back, “All right, Joanie. Hurry up now. And don’t speak to strangers.”



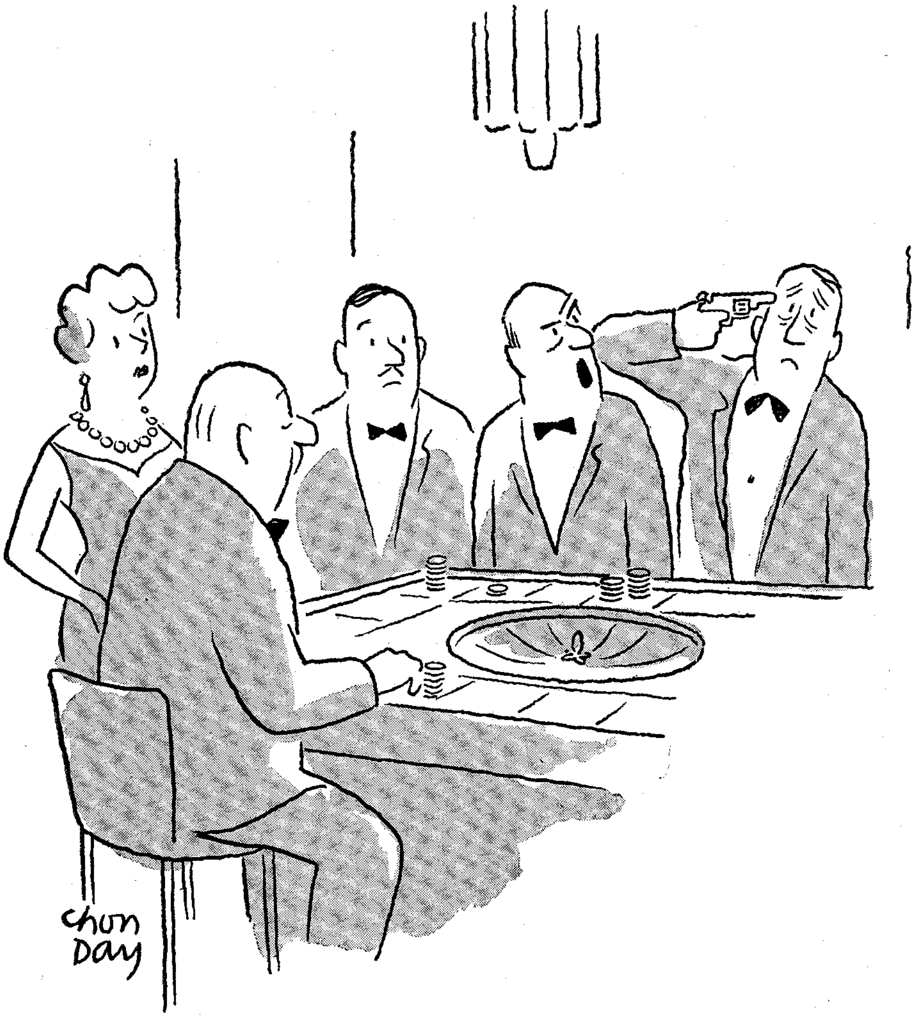
*“I’ve got it, Charlie! Guess what rhymes with ‘Unisphere’!”*

# A TRIP INTO THE BLUE

WE were sitting at a little round table outside the Café Marignan on the Champs-Elysées, drinking white wine. The German armies were approaching Paris—it was 1940—and the best apéritifs had gone underground. My companions were Bruno and Otto, two brothers, refugees, like me, from Austria—they from Eisenstadt, I from Mattersburg, twelve miles away, where I had been a country doctor. Now I was living as best I could in Paris, which would not issue medical licenses to refugees. I had run into them one day. Otto was selling tickets for the Loterie Nationale; Bruno was working in a shooting gallery. We had known each other back in Eisenstadt. The "*feschen Brüder*," they were called—the dashing brothers—because of their jet-black eyes and strikingly handsome appearance. Through that spring, we would meet every Sunday and talk of home. The warmth of the spring afternoons, the lazy shuffle of the passersby, the sense of danger, all were reminiscent of pre-Anschluss Vienna, and we talked and talked.

Of course, we got around to the *Reisen ins Blaue*, the trips into the blue. These had been the rage of Vienna for a brief time in the early thirties—a scheme cooked up during the depression by the near-bankrupt Austrian railroads to stimulate passenger traffic. They were Sunday excursions, departing from the Western Railroad Station in Vienna. One bought a ticket not knowing the destination or the entertainment to be provided, and a day of delight and surprise unfolded. People came from as far as Bischofshofen, three hundred miles away, just to take the ride. The brothers and I, it seemed, had all taken a trip into the blue.

Tickets were hard to come by, and I still recall the excitement I felt when I managed to obtain a pair. On a clear June morning, Mutzi, my fiancée, and I showed up at the station and fought our way through the crowd waiting for cancellations, which rarely came. Mutzi was dressed in a blue cotton dress and red shoes; her ribboned hair swung at her shoulders in nervous arcs as departure time approached. On the train, we found standing room in the corridor. The locomotive whistle tooted. The conductor entered the carriage, officious and self-important; with a flourish, he pulled down the blinds. We passengers knew we must not ask where we were going—the whole point of the trip into the blue was the surprise ending. The train got under way, and we chatted expectantly, trying to guess our direction from the lurches and motions. We could easily have pulled up the blinds and peeked out, but that would not have been fair; besides, it would have spoiled the excitement.



*"Watch where you're shoving that elbow, Mac!"*

After an hour, the train stopped. Outside, we could hear the blaring of a band, the sound of a large crowd; the conductor rushed in and raised the blinds, and we looked out. We were at Melk an der Danau! We didn't know where to look first. On the station platform, a fifty-piece band in scarlet uniforms was playing a Strauss waltz. Around the band milled over a thousand townspeople dressed in their Sunday best. On the mountaintop overlooking the station loomed the Stift von Melk, the world-famous twin-towered cloisters. Below—easily twenty-five hundred feet below—the waters of the Danube glittered. Before we could catch our breath, we were hustled out of the train, and the round of festivities began: lunch on the lawn under a striped awning at the Gasthaus zu den Drei Schwarzen Katzen, the band still playing; dancing on the great platform; a trip in a horse-drawn carriage to the castle; a speech by the Bürgermeister; a serenade by the children's choir of the abbey; dinner in the cellar of the Stift; more dancing and singing. Exhilarated, I had leaped to the top of a table to lead the singing:

*"Wien, Wien, nur Du allein,*
*Sollst stets die Stadt meiner Träume sein . . ."*
("Vienna, Vienna, only you,
You are the city of my dreams . . .")

It was past midnight when we were reluctantly shepherded back to the train—exhausted, happy, and fulfilled.

I described it all to Bruno and Otto.

"Trips into the blue, pfah!" Bruno said. "They were a disgrace, a phony."

Otto agreed.

"Why do you say that?" I protested. "I had a wonderful time!"

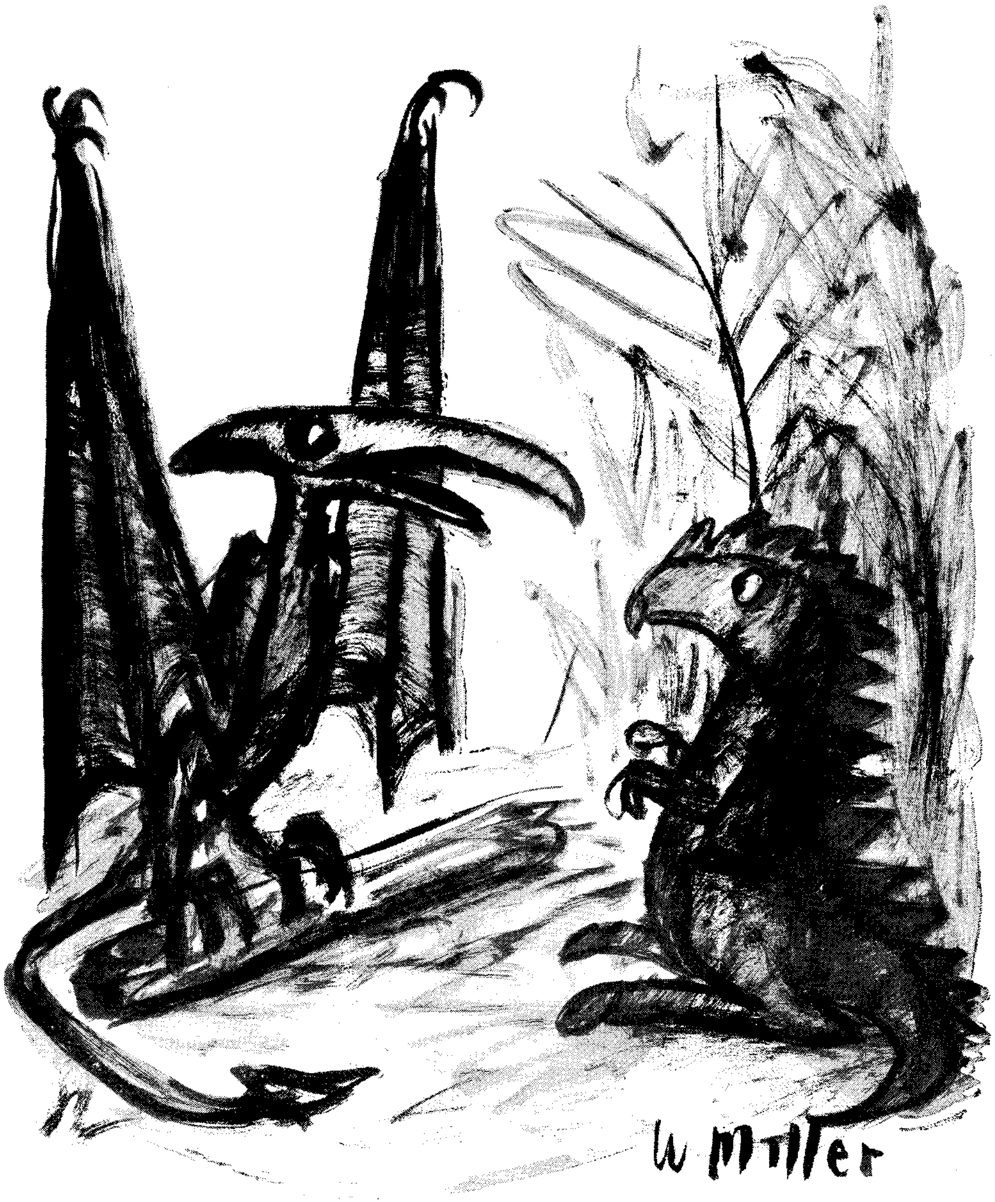
Bruno swallowed his wine. "They were a swindle. Only the gullible could fall for it. We had a terrible time."

It took some prying to get the story, but I got it finally. Otto and Bruno had saved their money for over six months for a trip into the blue. They were the talk of the old ghetto in Eisenstadt as they left one Saturday afternoon, dressed in new black suits and white silk shirts, for the forty-mile ride to Vienna. They were taking no chance of being late and had left a day early; they spent the night sleeping on benches in the Vienna railroad station. On Sunday morning, they boarded the train; the blinds were pulled down; the departure was on time. An hour and a half later, they heard the sounds of a band; the blinds were pulled up, and they looked out. They were in Eisenstadt!

Their mortification was not to be private. On the platform was the usual crowd, and in the crowd were their friends, who were not slow in spotting them. Of course, the word spread rapidly all over town; Otto and Bruno became the center of a great wave of hilarity. They heard the mayor welcome the visitors to the home of Haydn, and then depart from his prepared text to say a special word to those who were returning to get a fresh view of their own home town. They revisited the ancient baroque château of the Esterházy princes, where in the *Musiksaal* the Haydn piano still stood; they followed the crowd to the grave of the Maestro in the Bergkirche, which they had seen many times before. They ate at the now crowded Hotel zur Weissen Rose; on any ordinary Sunday, they could quietly and happily drink the afternoon away there. A stone's throw from the château stood the old ghetto where the brothers lived: dozens of narrow buildings that mirrored the changing architecture of the centuries—a courtyard with Renaissance arches and Gothic columns, a medieval synagogue, Renaissance doors with baroque locks. The crushing blow came when the guides led the group to the brothers' own house to call attention to a baroque angel over the doorway and a particularly fine gargoyle perched above the second-story eaves.

It was at this point that their old *Mutter* came out to look at the crowd. She saw her sons standing there, red-faced. Her astonishment turned to glee, and she sang out, loud enough to be heard by everyone, "You see, Bruno, Otto, there is no place like your own home. That's what I have always said, and now you can see for yourself."

The brothers were entitled to the return trip to Vienna, but they didn't take it.



*"I know what I am, but I can't pronounce it."*

• •

AFTER the Germans entered Paris, I managed to get to the United States. The last word I had of Otto and Bruno was that they were in a labor camp at Montauban, in the South of France. There was much for me to do trying to get adjusted to a new life in New York, and the brothers slipped from my mind.

One day, I was seeing patients in the clinic at Beth Israel Hospital. It was a year after the end of the war. A new group of refugees had just arrived in New York, and my job was examinations and general health screening. An emaciated old man spoke to me. "You're Dr. Berczeller, aren't you?"

"Why, yes," I said. I didn't recognize him.

"From Mattersburg?"

"Yes."

He had been a haberdasher in Eisenstadt. Although we hadn't known each other, we found we had a number of friends in common, and we talked about them. Inevitably, I got around to asking for Bruno and Otto, the *feschen Brüder*—had he seen them?

He had. He was in the labor camp with them at Montauban. He even knew what had happened to them. One day, he saw them herded into a freight car headed for Auschwitz. As the S.S. troops lowered the sliding panels to lock them in, he heard Bruno say to Otto, "Well, another trip into the blue."

—RICHARD BERCZELLER

•

### UNSPOKEN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Montreal Gazette*]

VANCOUVER—(CP)—George Brancato, 30-year-old defensive half obtained by British Columbia Lions on waivers from Ottawa Rough Riders, had two workouts with the west coast club Friday night—on the field and at the dinner table.

On the field, where he is hoping to beat out rookies Steve Shafer and Bill Munsey, he looked good.

# TEN POEMS

### I

now does our world descend
the path to nothingness
(cruel now cancels kind;
friends turn to enemies)
therefore lament, my dream
and don a doer's doom

create is now contrive;
imagined, merely known
(freedom: what makes a slave)
therefore, my life, lie down
and more by most endure
all that you never were

hide, poor dishonoured mind
who thought yourself so wise;
and much could understand
concerning no and yes:
if they've become the same
it's time you unbecame

where climbing was and bright
is darkness and to fall
(now wrong's the only right
since brave are cowards all)
therefore despair, my heart
and die into the dirt

but from this endless end
of briefer each our bliss—
where seeing eyes go blind
(where lips forget to kiss)
where everything's nothing
—arise, my soul; and sing

### II

the first of all my dreams was of
a lover and his only love,
strolling slowly (mind in mind)
through some green mysterious land

until my second dream begins—
the sky is wild with leaves; which dance
and dancing swoop (and swooping whirl
over a frightened boy and girl)

but that mere fury soon became
silence: in huger always whom
two tiny selves sleep (doll by doll)
motionless under magical

foreverfully falling snow.
And then this dreamer wept: and so
she quickly dreamed a dream of spring
—how you and i are blossoming

### III

white guardians of the universe of sleep

safely may by imperishable your
glory escorted through infinite countries be
my darling (open the very secret of hope
to her eyes, not any longer blinded with
a world; and let her heart's each whisper wear

all never guessed unknowable most joy)

faithfully blossoming beyond to breathe
suns of the night, bring this beautiful
wanderer home to a dream called time: and give
herself into the mercy of that star,
if out of climbing whom begins to spill
such golden blood as makes his moon alive

sing more will wonderfully birds than are

### IV

a great

man
is
gone.

Tall as the truth

was who: and
wore his (mountains
understand

how) life

like a (now
with
one sweet sun

in it, now with a

million
flaming billion kinds
of nameless

silence) sky;

## V

if in beginning twilight of winter will stand

(over a snowstopped silent world)one
spirit serenely truly himself; and

alone only as greatness is alone—

one(above nevermoving all nowhere)
goldenly whole, prodigiously alive
most mercifully glorying keen star

whom she-and-he-like ifs of am perceive

(but believe scarcely may)certainly while
mute each inch of their murdered planet grows
more and enormously more less: until
her-and-his nonexistence vanishes

with also earth's
                    —"dying" the ghost of you
whispers "is very pleasant" my ghost to

## VI

Me up at does

out of the floor
quietly Stare

a poisoned mouse

still who alive

is asking What
have i done that

You wouldn't have

## VII

faithfully tinying at twilight voice
of deathless earth's innumerable doom:
againing(yes by microscopic yes)
acceptance of irrevocable time

particular pure truth of patience heard
above the everywhereing fact of fear;
and under any silence of each bird
who dares to not forsake a failing year

—now, before quite your whisper's whisper is
subtracted from my hope's own hope, receive
(undaunted guest of dark most downwardness
and marvellously self diminutive

whose universe a single leaf may be)
the more than thanks of always merest me

## VIII

who are you, little i

(five or six years old)
peering from some high

window; at the gold

of november sunset

(and feeling: that if day
has to become night

this is a beautiful way)

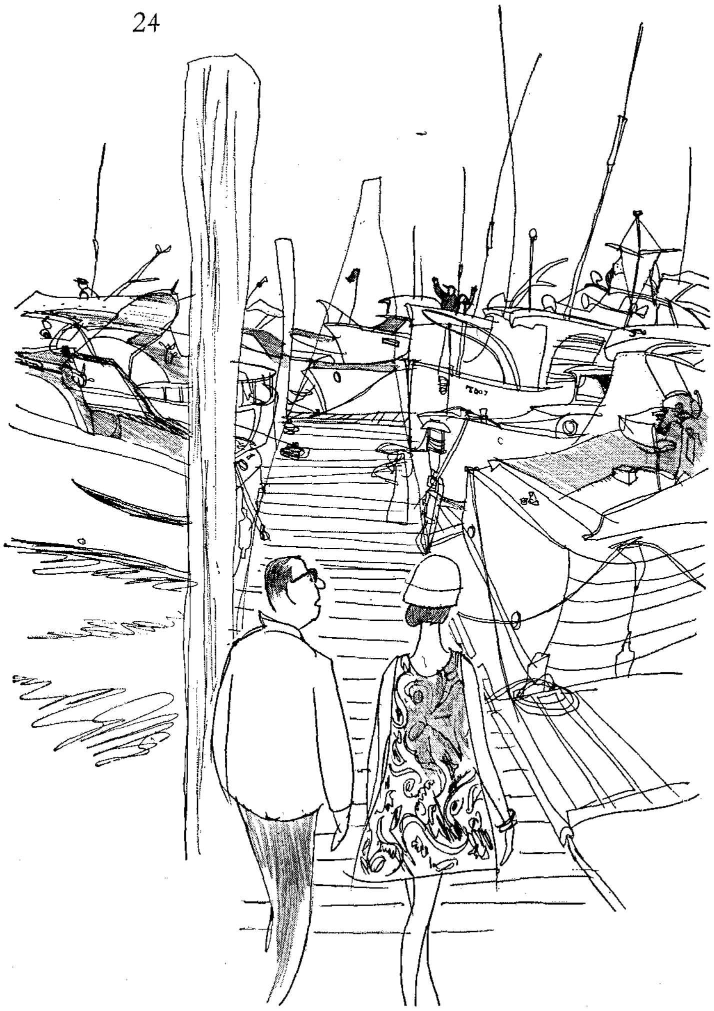
## IX

i
never
guessed any
thing(even a
universe)might be
so not quite believab
ly smallest as perfect this
(almost invisible where of a there of a)here of a
rubythroat's home with its still
ness which really's herself
(and to think that she's
warming three worlds)
who's ama
zingly
Eye

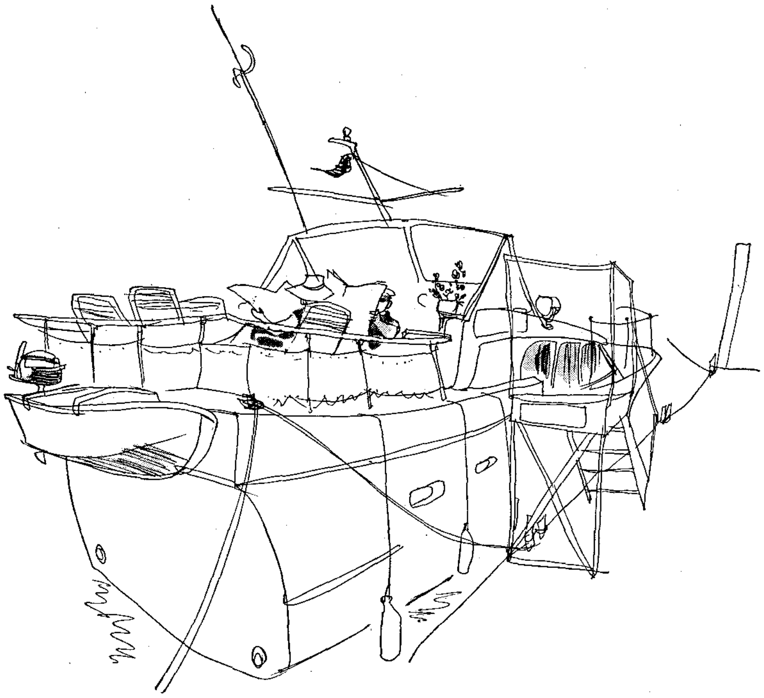
## X

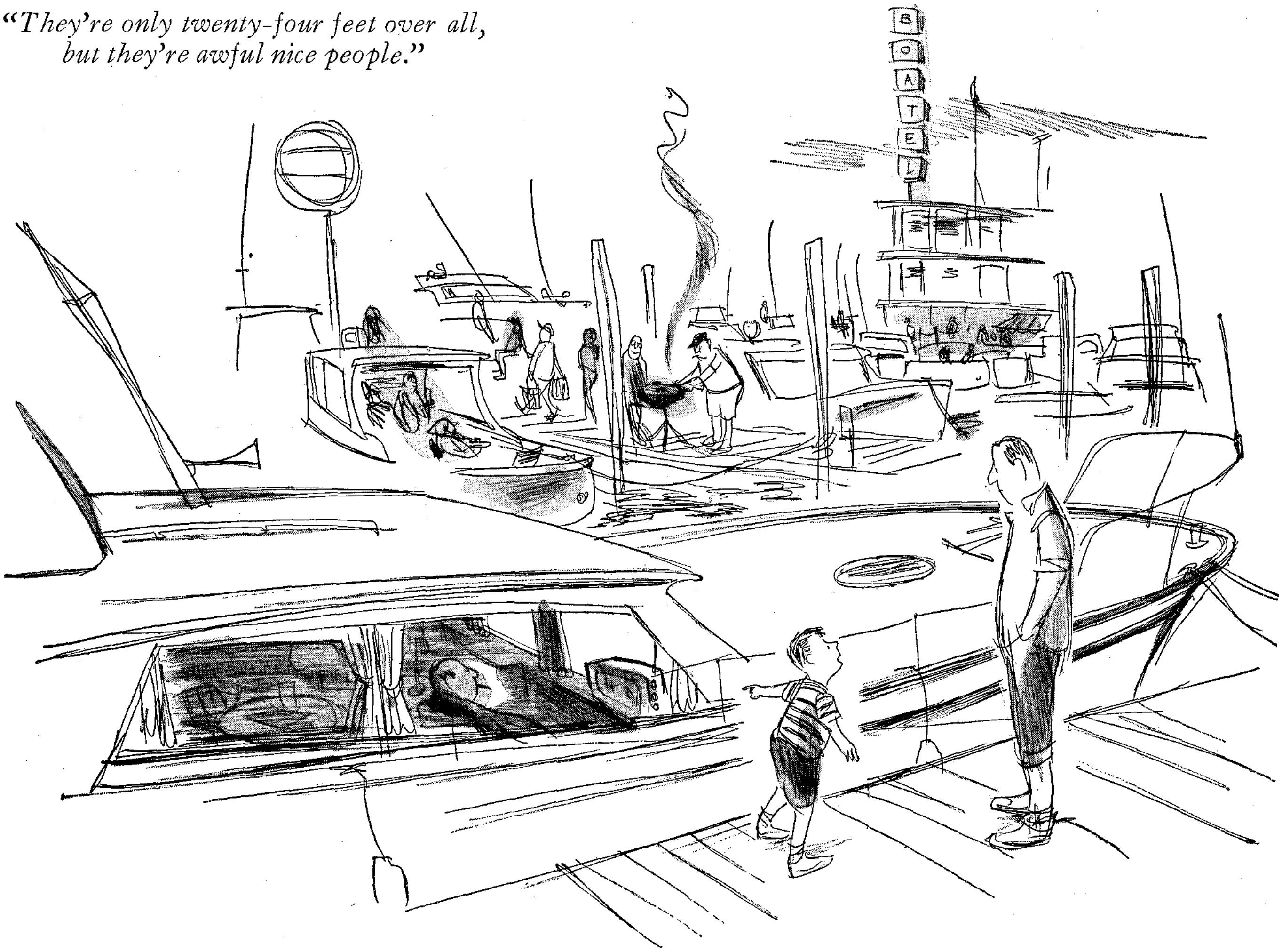
wild(at our first)beasts uttered human words
—our second coming made stones sing like birds—
but o the starhushed silence which our third's
—E. E. Cummings (1894–1962)

# MARINA

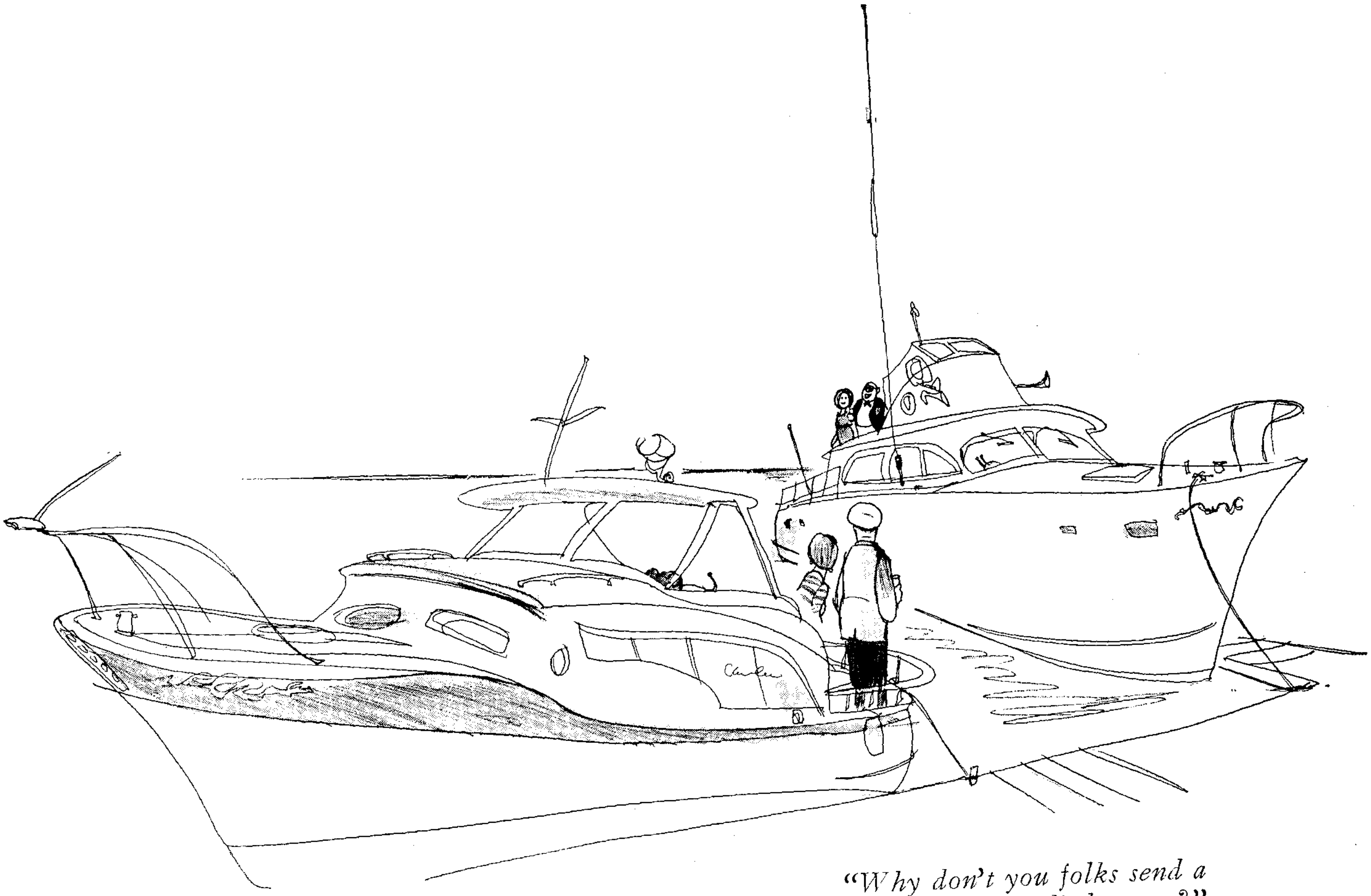


“They’re only twenty-four feet over all, but they’re awful nice people.”

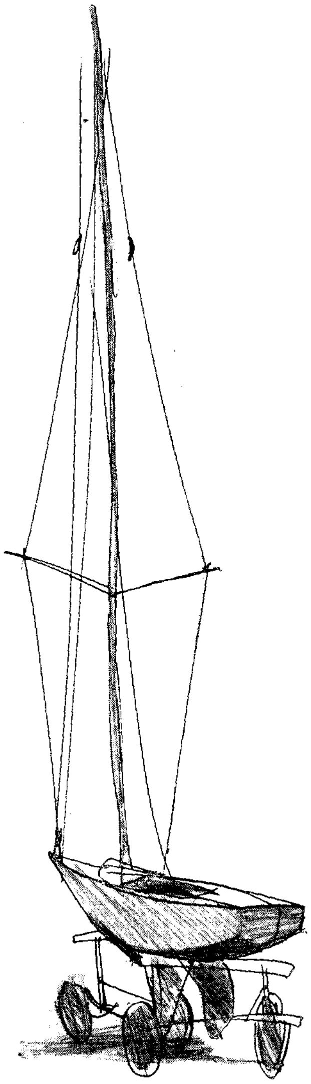


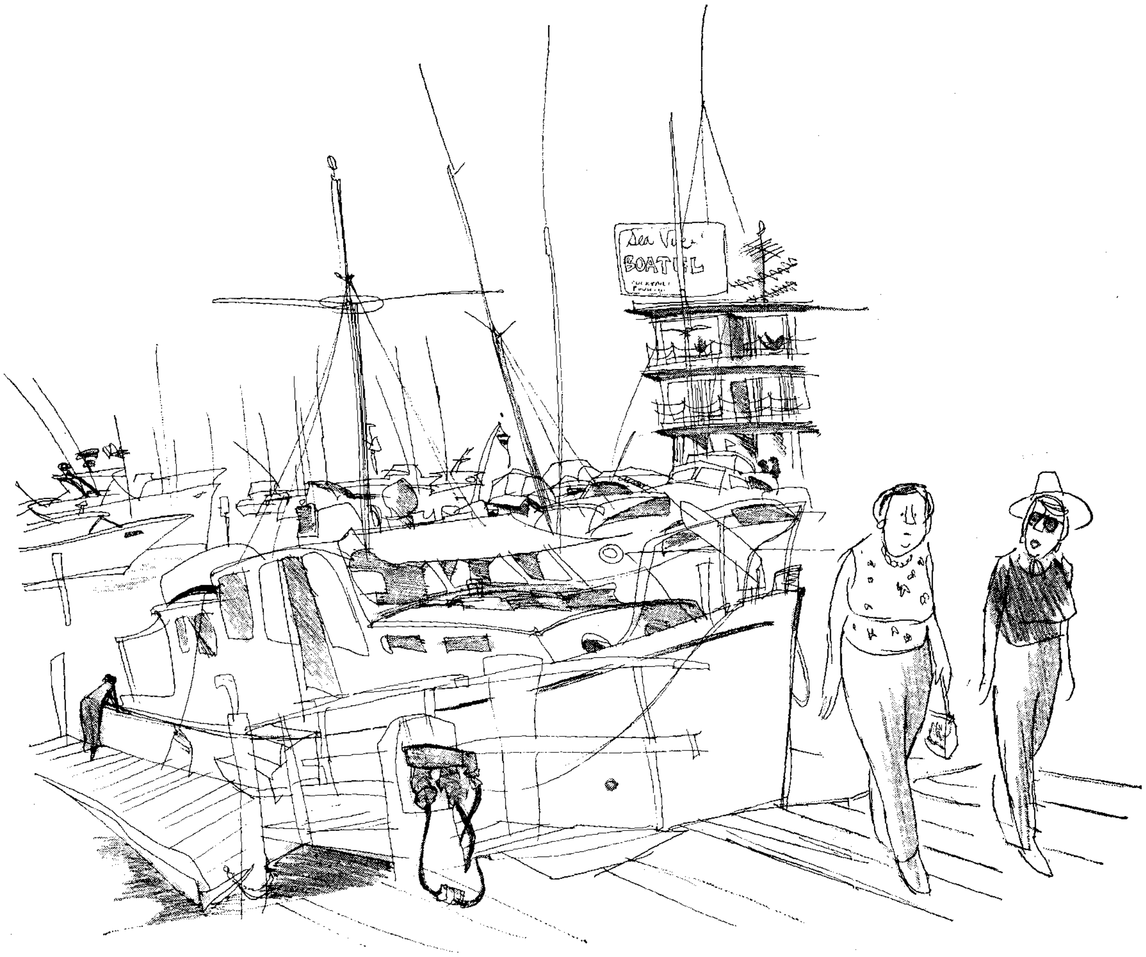


“Daddy! They’ve got television.”

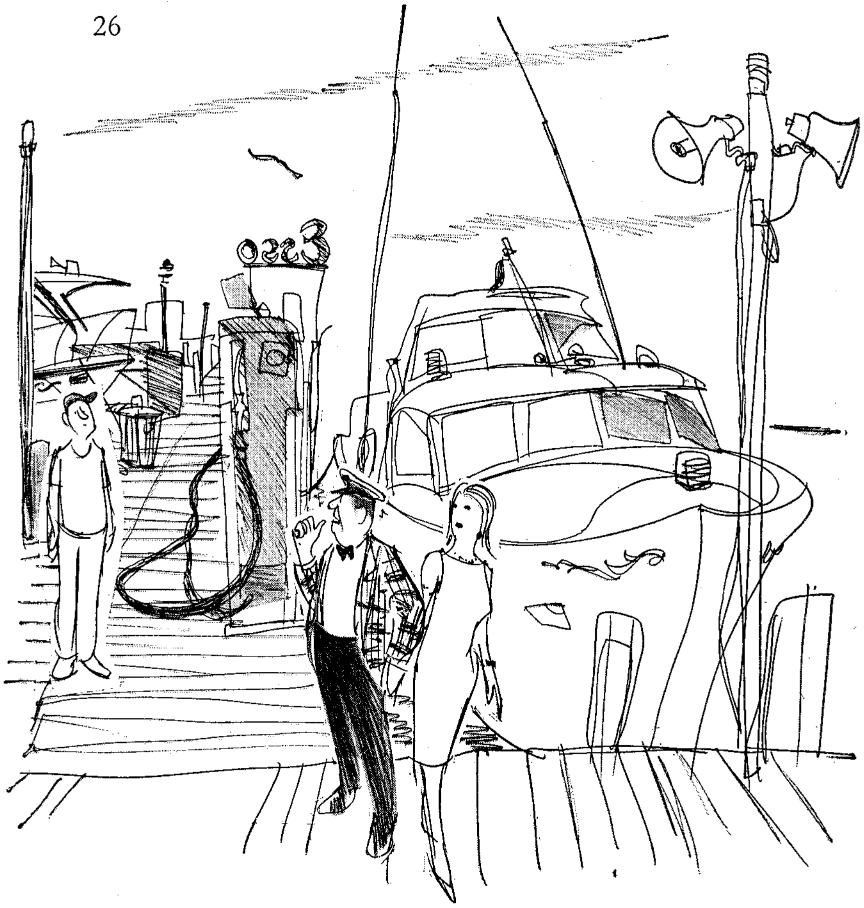


"Why don't you folks send a boarding party over here for a little grog?"

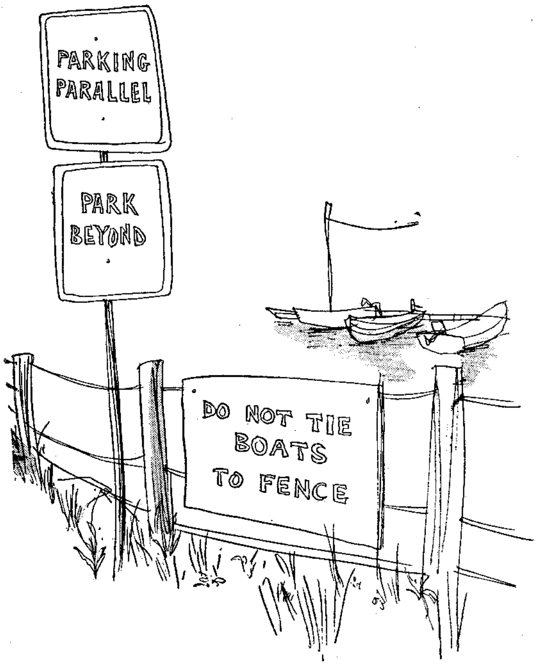


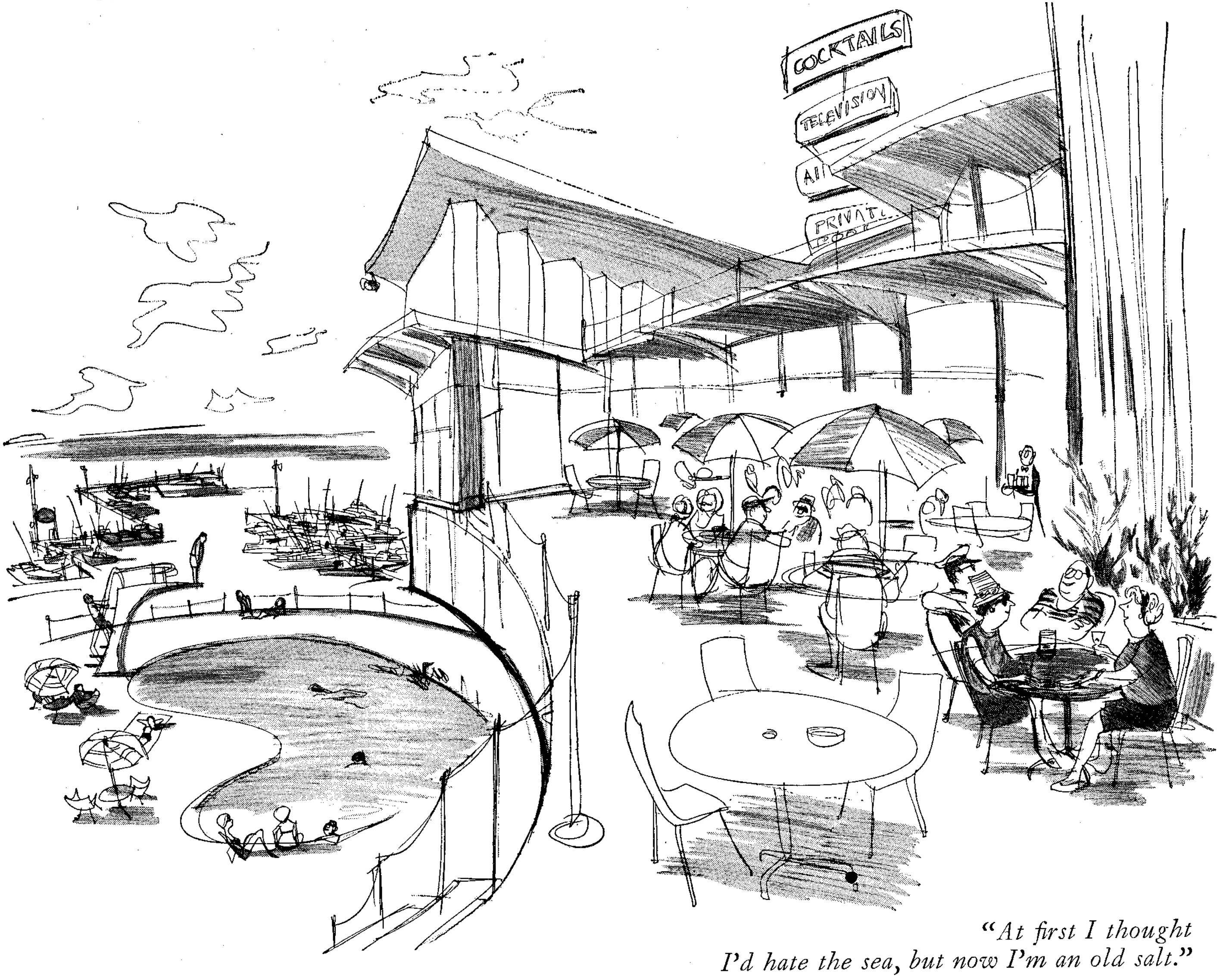


"Don't worry about it, Florence. It takes a while to lose your sea legs."

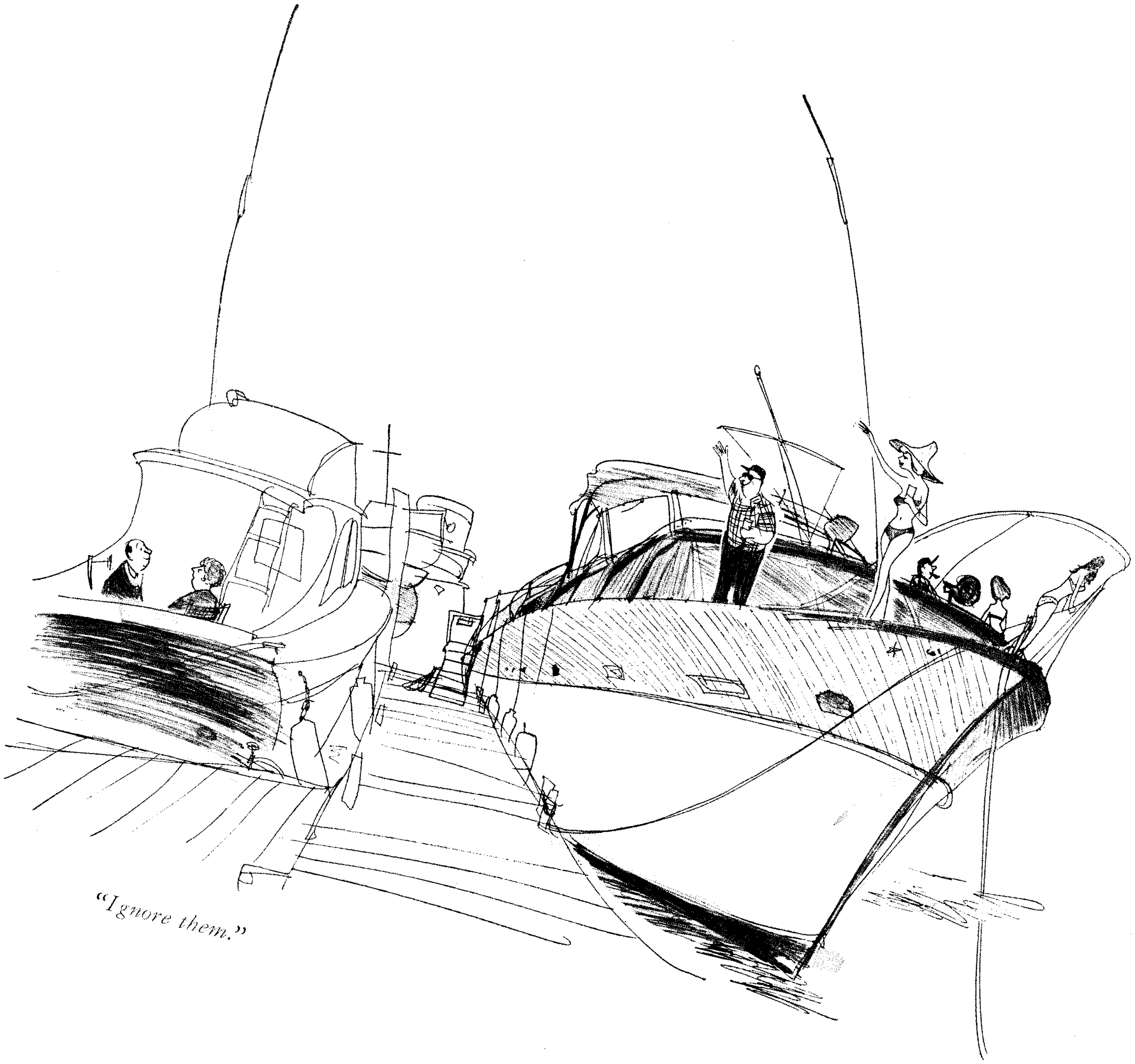


“Fill ’er up, swab the windshield, and check the water supply.”

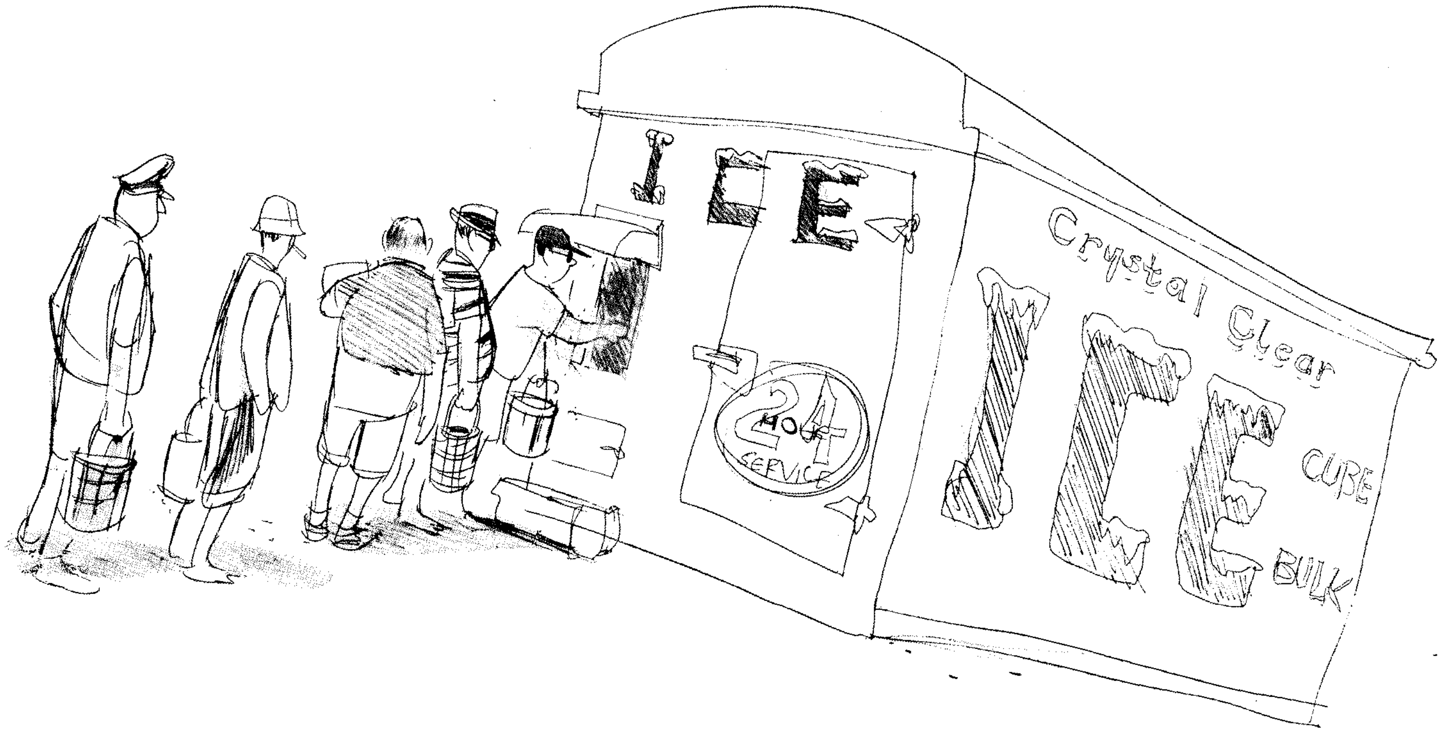

PARKING PARALLEL
PARK BEYOND
DO NOT TIE BOATS TO FENCE

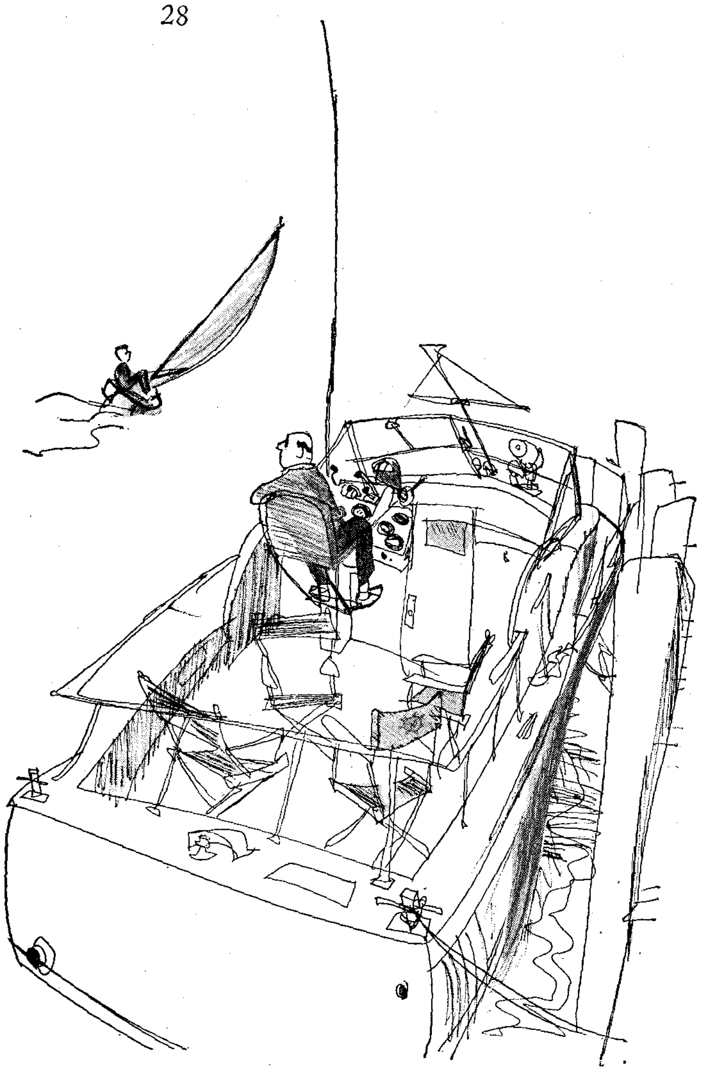

COCKTAILS
TELEVISION
AI
PRIVAT

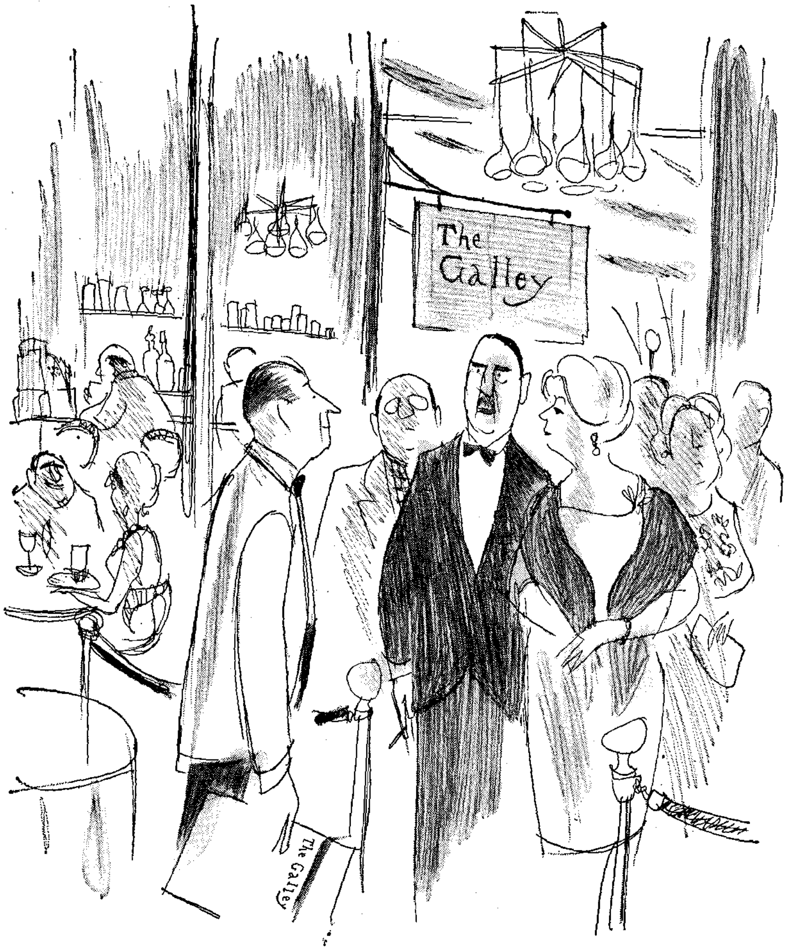
“At first I thought
I’d hate the sea, but now I’m an old salt.”



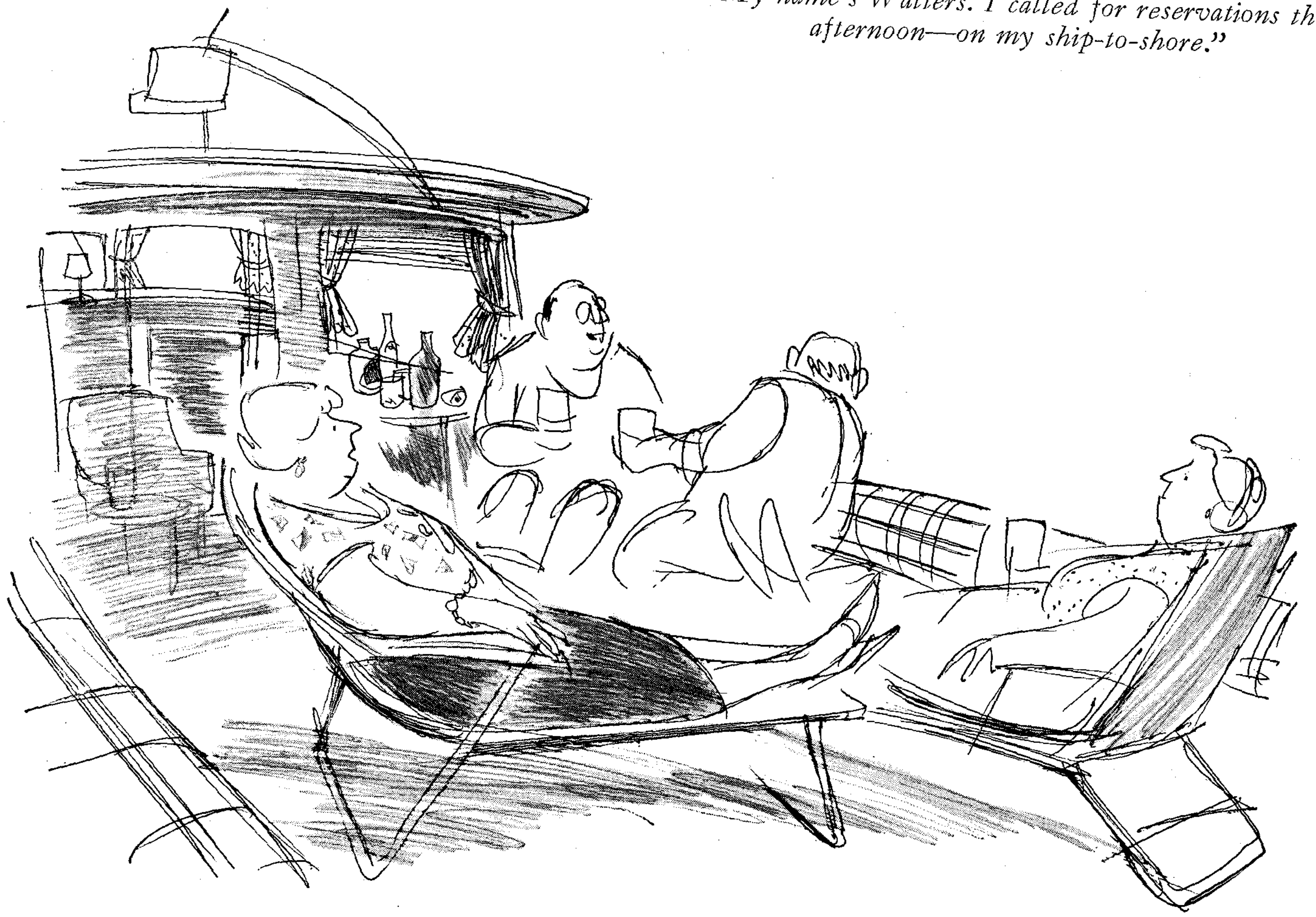
“Ignore them.”


ICE
24 HOUR SERVICE
Crystal Clear
ICE
CUBE
BULK

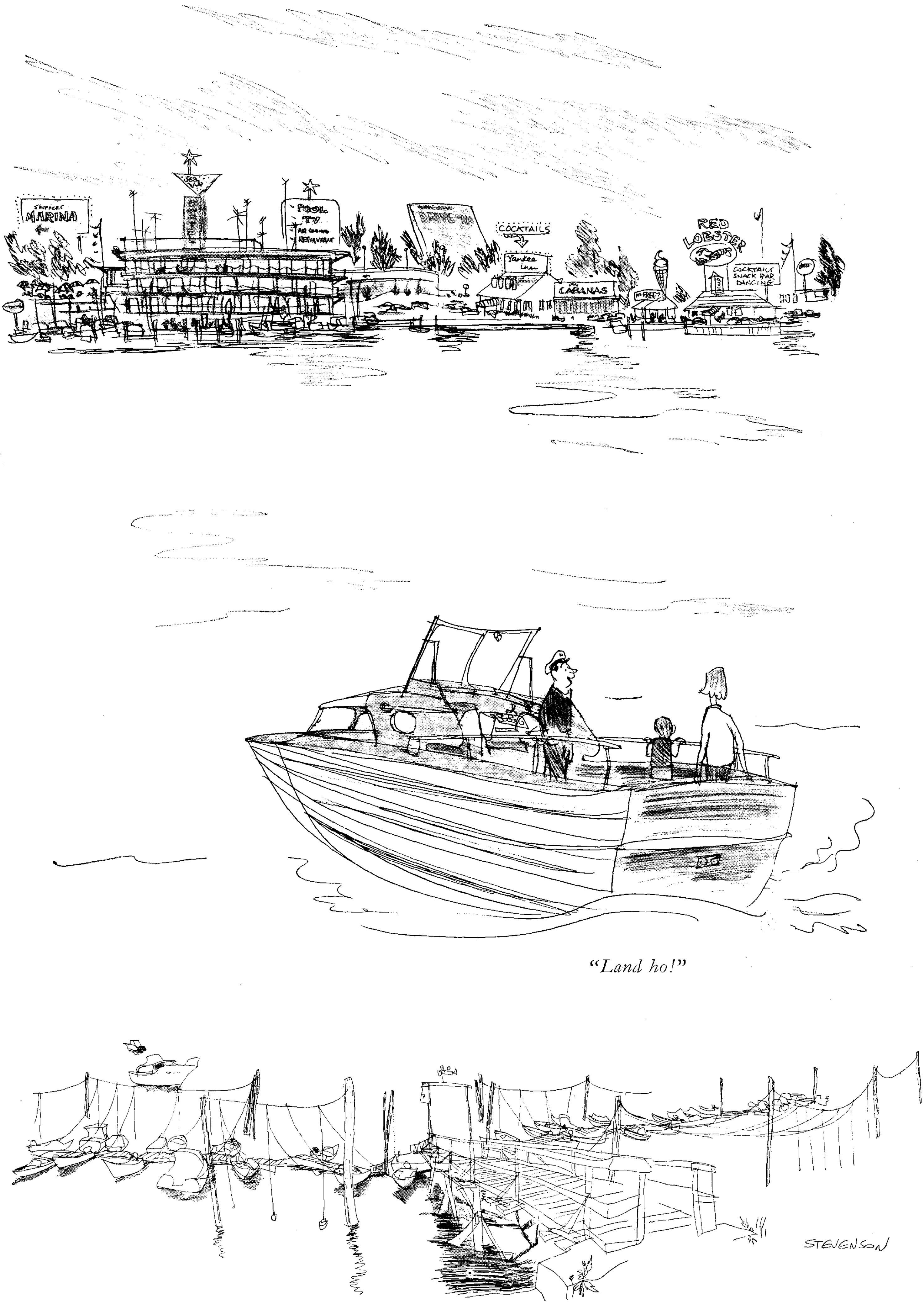



The Galley
The Galley

"My name's Walters. I called for reservations this afternoon—on my ship-to-shore."



"What I dread is the day Eddie says, 'Pull up the anchor and let's set sail.'"

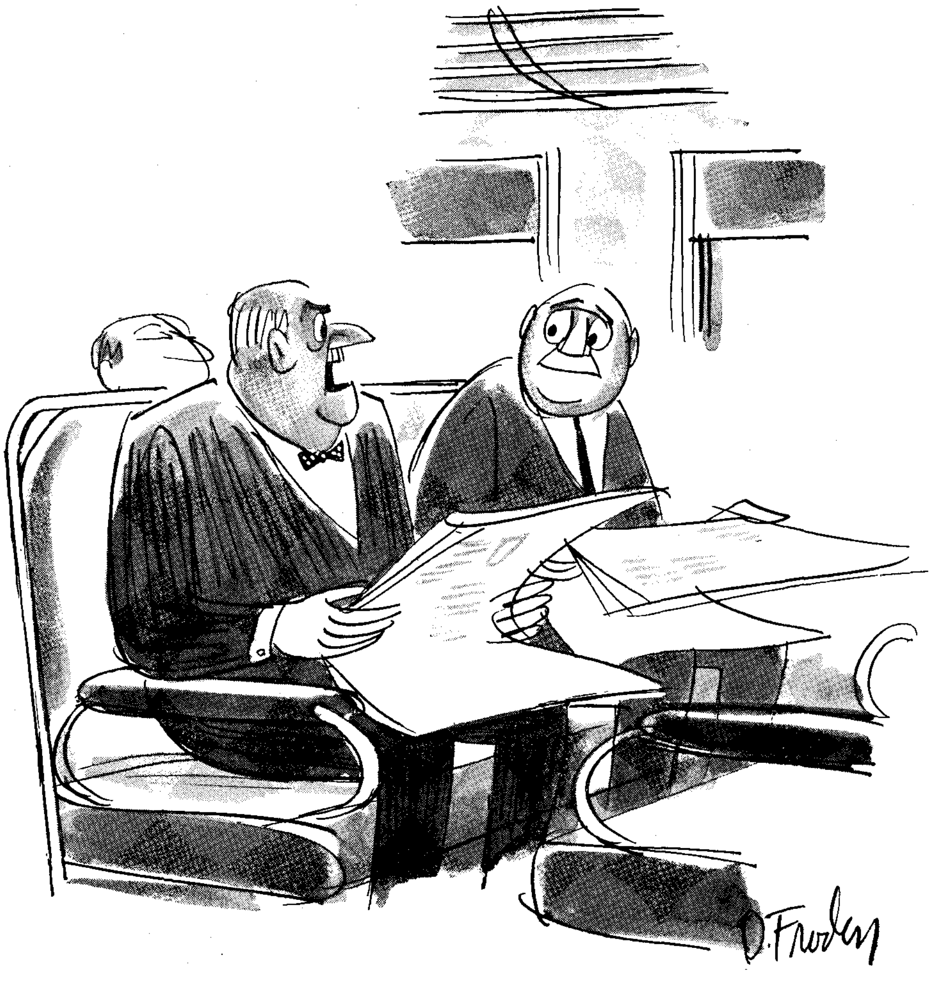

Skipper's
MARINA
POOL
TV
RESTAURANT
DRIVE-IN
COCKTAILS
Yankee Inn
CABANAS
RED LOBSTER
COCKTAILS
SNACK BAR
DANCING
STEVENSON

"*Land ho!*"

# DEMONS

HOW are they to be explained, the voices one heard as a child? I was seven. My father had left me waiting in the car for more than an hour while he walked over a tract of densely wooded bottom land he owned. I was not alone in the car. My older brother was there with me, but he soon fell asleep. I wasn't frightened; I was merely hot and bored. Since my brother had fallen asleep with his head against my shoulder, I dared not move a muscle. As a kind of consolation, I suppose, my father had left his pocket watch with me. It was a big gold watch, as thick as a biscuit, and it had once belonged to my grandfather. On the gold lid that snapped over the face were engraved the letters "L.P.," which were my own initials as well as my grandfather's and my father's. On the face of the watch the hours were marked in black Roman numerals that I could not yet read with any certainty. I sat watching the second hand go round. The minutes passed very slowly. I heard the dry sounds of the insects in the tall grass nearby and listened to the thirsty cries of the birds flying over the low-lying woods toward the bayou. When at last my father returned, I told him about a voice that had spoken to me during his absence. At first, the voice had repeated my name very softly several times—"Louis Price . . . Louis Price . . . Louis Price." Then, later, in an even softer tone, it had said to me, "You are not Louis Price. You are the Lost Dauphin." My father laughed merrily when I told him all this, and afterward it became a family joke. One of my uncles said I was already manifesting a strong family trait—delusions of grandeur. The only thing about the incident that irritated my father was that I should maintain I did not know who the Lost Dauphin was, and had never heard of him before. But I maintain to this day that I did not and had not.

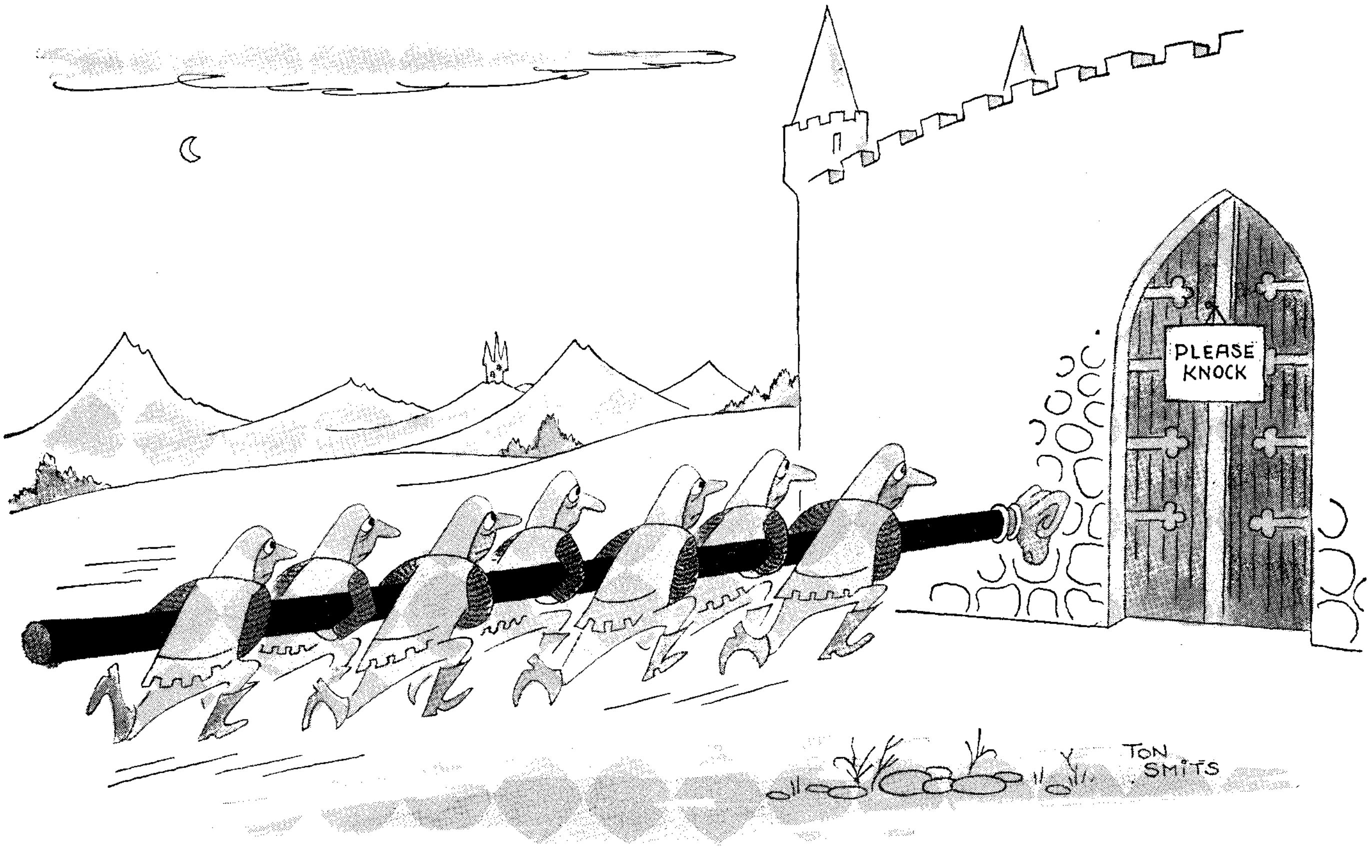
Now and then, I find myself in conversation with someone who insists that he never heard voices as a child—voices he could not explain. But I believe him no more than I believed the man I knew in the Army who said he never dreamed at night and was not able to imagine what a dream was like. Obviously, that man in the Army was lying, and only for the sake of making himself interesting. But that's not the psychology of those who say they never heard voices when they were children. You will notice one thing about such people: it is not only the voices they don't remember, they remember almost nothing about their childhood. Whatever they do remember will be related, more often than not, to some experience connected with growing up, with putting childhood behind them, with mere recognition of the adult point of view. My brother, for instance, takes no stock nowadays in my talk about voices. He says I never heard anything he didn't hear, by which he means to say I heard nothing. But, mark you, though my brother is two years older than I, he has only the vaguest recollection of anything about that day our father took us with him to the low ground near the Forked Deer River, whereas I can recall almost every detail of the expedition—the deep-rutted red clay road we travelled from town, the elderberry bushes that scratched the sides of the car, a dead sycamore tree that stood alone on a little knoll ten yards from where we were left waiting, the sounds of the insects, the cries of the birds. But, on the other hand, why my brother and I happened to be taken along that day I have no idea. And when and why my father had acquired that tract of land and when and how he disposed of it are matters I know nothing about. These are questions that my brother might be able to answer.



*"David Lawrence is my Walter Lippmann!"*

When I was even younger—I will not say how much younger, for fear of not being believed—a voice once interrupted my play to speak prophetic words to me. On our front lawn, there in the little town in west Tennessee where I spent the first eight years of my life, were two giant chestnut trees. Since this was in the days before the blight, they were real chestnuts, not horse chestnuts. In September, the burs fell from the branches and covered the ground underneath. I learned early in life to open the burs with a minimum of finger pricking. And I devoured the meat of the nuts with such relish that the sound of my "Mm-mmm"s sometimes reached my mother's ears through the open window of her sitting room. She used to declare that the first time she heard me out there she mistook the noises I made for the humming of bees under the apricot trees that grew nearer the house.

I not only ate the chestnuts; I used to play for hours with the burs, stacking them into neat pyramids or fashioning mountainous landscapes like none I'd ever seen, like none that ever existed, except perhaps on some other planet. It was while I squatted there at my play



• •

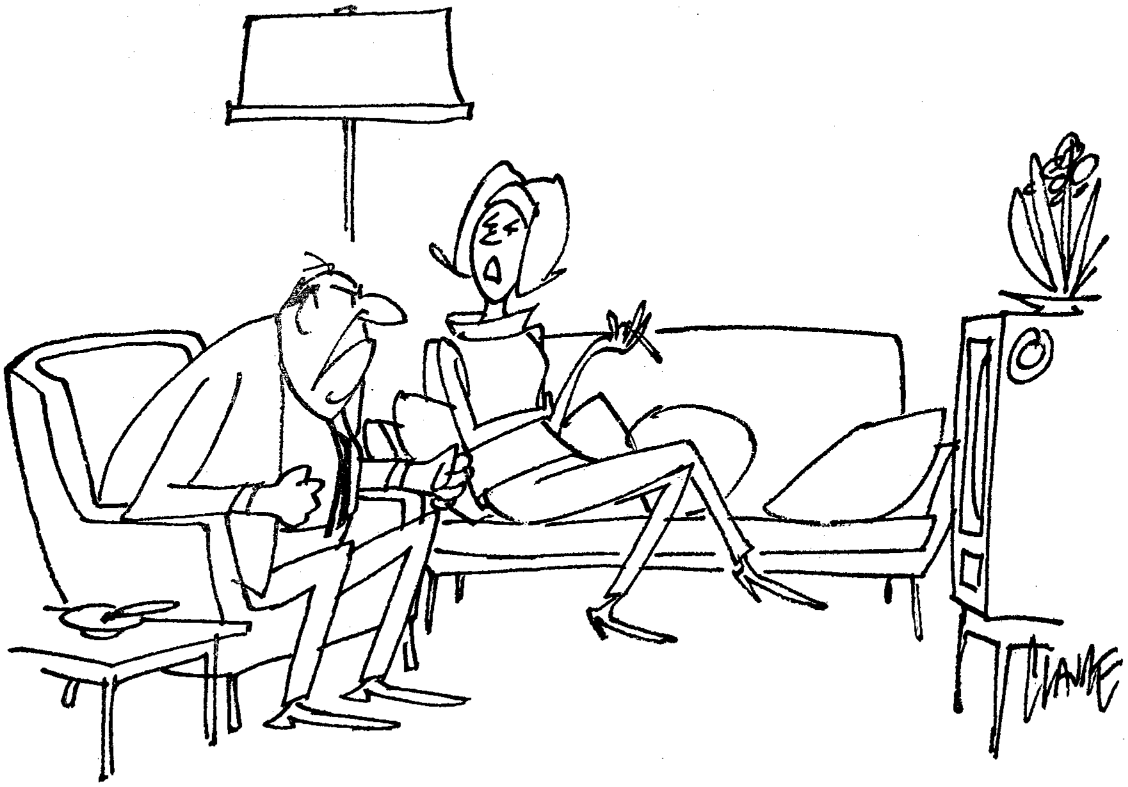
one afternoon that I heard the slow clop-clop of a horse's hoofs on the macadam street that went past our house. I may have experienced some premonition of who the rider would be before I looked around; I cannot be sure about that. I am sure only that before I looked I heard a voice that seemed to come right out of the tree trunk saying, "Ruin. Ruin." When I glanced over my shoulder, I saw that the horseman was our Cousin Talbot Williamson. He was a big, barrel-chested man, and he sat very straight in the saddle. I got up off the ground and walked down to the iron fence that enclosed our place, and I stood there watching the erect figure on the horse until horse and rider had passed all the way up the street and over the rise, beyond which, I knew, the town street turned into a country road. The sight of the straight figure sitting astride the horse stirred in me strange feelings of envy and admiration—and of dread. And when the figure had passed out of sight, the memory of it seemed no less mysterious to me than the voice I had heard coming out of the tree trunk.

Cousin Talbot Williamson was a man of about my father's age, and he lived five miles from town in an old hip-roofed clapboard house that my great-grandfather had built in ante-bellum days. He farmed the old home place, and he and his wife lived out there without an automobile, without servants, even without electricity or plumbing in the house. All the relatives thought it their privilege and perhaps their duty to pay calls on Cousin Talbot and Cousin Carrie from time to time. A visit usually included a tour of the house lot, a look through the house, and then a half hour of talk about "old times." The women in the family disliked Cousin Talbot. They said he was a "vain egotist" and that he imagined himself a lady-killer. But they felt sorry for Cousin Carrie, who at thirty already seemed an old woman, and they thought her entitled to a little female company now and then.

I believe it was on a Thursday or a Friday afternoon that I watched Cousin Talbot ride past our house. At any rate, on the following Sunday my father decided it was time for us to pay a visit to the home place. I believe there was nothing unusual about our visit that Sunday. Actually, it is the only such visit I can remember making, but in later years my mother assured me that we had spent many a Sunday afternoon out there. She said my father always imagined that we were more welcome at Cousin Talbot's than we actually were. And I am absolutely certain that I had been there before, because in my memory of that day nothing seems unfamiliar. After the preliminary walk about the place, the adults retired to the kitchen for their talk. My impression is that Cousin Talbot and Cousin Carrie occupied only two or three rooms toward the rear of the ground floor. The rest of the house was like a barn, and we children were turned loose to amuse ourselves wandering through the empty hallways and rooms.

We found little to interest us and we didn't have a very lively time. In what had been the front parlor, my two sisters, both older than I, discovered a ragged and faded old corset, and they quarrelled over who had seen it first. But when the younger girl, who was my brother's twin, began to cry, my brother took her part, and the older girl had to give in. She had a moral victory, however, because as soon as she had relinquished the corset she pointed out that the stays had already been removed. There was nothing useful to be salvaged from it. Everywhere else, we found only stacks of old newspapers and empty cardboard boxes. In one of the upstairs rooms Cousin Talbot kept rabbits, but since we had been warned not to go in there, we had only glimpses of the rabbits through the keyhole. None of us held back when Mother called from the foot of the staircase to say it was time to go home and fix Sunday-night supper.

We must have left for home about four-thirty or five. Six hours later, the old house my great-grandfather had built had burned to the ground. Talbot Williamson was not there when the fire broke out, and when the nearest neighbors arrived, Cousin Carrie was hys-



*"This is a re-run, Ed. You've already blown your stack over this one."*

terical and could not make it clear whether or not she knew where her husband was. I suppose she might have been able to guess, but even afterward she never made it clear what or how much she knew. By the time Talbot arrived on the scene, his wife had been taken away by some of her own kinspeople. The two of them never saw each other again.

Those who were present at the fire reported that it was not long before midnight when Talbot Williamson came galloping up. His horse was in a terrible lather. Someone rushed up to assure him that his wife was safe, but the information seemed to make no impression on him. Without dismounting, he looked about him at the assemblage of neighbors and for several minutes gazed into the flames that were by then consuming the last of the oak timbers. Finally, he turned his horse away and rode off at a walk toward the watering trough and the barn. Everyone waited expectantly for him to reappear on foot. Instead, after ten minutes or so, he came galloping up from the barn on his horse, and, without looking to left or right and yet choosing a course between the onlooking neighbors and the fire, he galloped through the house lot, out the gateway in the picket fence, and down the lane to the main road. It was the last his neighbors would ever see of him; his relatives had already seen their last. Next morning, the body of his dead horse was found at the roadside ten miles away. Two days later, news came that a married woman in a neighboring town, whose name had long been connected with Talbot's, had vanished that same night.

I heard these details and others reported to my parents by eyewitnesses of the scene. I knew, without their saying, how erect he must have held himself as he rode back past the burning timbers of the house. And the image aroused in me the same feelings of envy, admiration, and dread that I had known standing by the iron fence a few days before.

PLEASE do not attempt to find any consistency or try to uncover any *buried* significance in the kind of utterances I heard. Sometimes they were prophetic, at other times either genuinely profound or crudely sententious. Sometimes they were amusing, even joshing. They were exactly like the voices you remember hearing—unless, of course, you happen to be one of the number who have forgotten childhood and who think that a child is merely an immature man or woman. If that is the case, you will already have decided that I was an abnormal child and that I have never quite got over it. I can assure you that I have completely got over it—if abnormal I was. I move about the world like anyone else and enjoy a reasonable success in my chosen profession. And I abhor mystics. I shall not be making references to myself as an adult after this, but it may interest you to learn that I now have two adolescent children who already know next to nothing about what it was like to be a child. Further, like yourself, perhaps, I have been married not once but several times, and in each instance— But, no, I have said enough to convince you that my adult life has not been so very different from yours, or at any rate not so different from that of a certain number of your friends. No more about any of that.

Even when you are a child, it is difficult to get other children to admit to the voices they hear. And the mistake I made from a very early time was in speaking so frankly on the subject. I don't specifically remember telling anyone about the voice that came from the trunk of the chestnut tree. Possibly at that time my voices seemed such an ordinary part of experience that I didn't always bother to mention them. But a few years later I was forever making that mistake. I can still see the queer look—it was always the same—on the faces of children I made listen to me. It was not an expression of disbelief but one of disgust. They seemed to say, "Don't you know, Louis Price, it is in bad taste to speak of such things?" Still later, after I had given up hearing any voices but those of the people around me, I once saw precisely that same expression come over the face of an older boy to whom I had confided that when I got out of school I wished to become either an actor or an artist. I knew before I said it that the boy had similar ambitions. But after that day he ignored my existence and never gave me a chance to speak to him again.

You can see that though I always did well enough in school, I was never quick to learn what people expected of me otherwise. I was born without the instinct to defend myself in a fight, or even the instinct to pursue an ordinary polite conversation with people I wished to make friends of. And yet these deficiencies of mine did not seem to matter so much in those days before I consciously began listening to the voices of other people and formally forswore hearing voices that came out of the air, from the trunks of trees, and even sometimes out of the mouths of small animals.

I WAS standing on the school steps one afternoon, waiting for my brother's class to be let out. Again I was feeling rather bored with life. We were no longer living in the old town in west Tennessee. My brother and I were in a city school, and my brother's class was kept an hour later than mine. Every day, I waited there on the steps until the hour when he was let out and our colored chauffeur came to pick us up. Sometimes there were other small children waiting, but on this particular day I was alone. All at once, I saw a big dun-colored rabbit hopping across the green lawn. I hadn't then lived in a city long enough to know how thickly populated by rabbits and squirrels such "residential" neighborhoods often are. When presently the rabbit stopped and spoke to me, I was hardly more amazed than I had been by his very appearance there. He stopped in the center of the school lawn, lifted up one front foot rather daintily, and said to me, "Good morning to you, Bonaparte." That he should call me "Bonaparte" and that he should say "good morning" when it was really afternoon seemed hilariously funny to me and sent me into gales of laughter. At the sound of my loud laughter, of course, the rabbit hopped briskly away into the hedge.

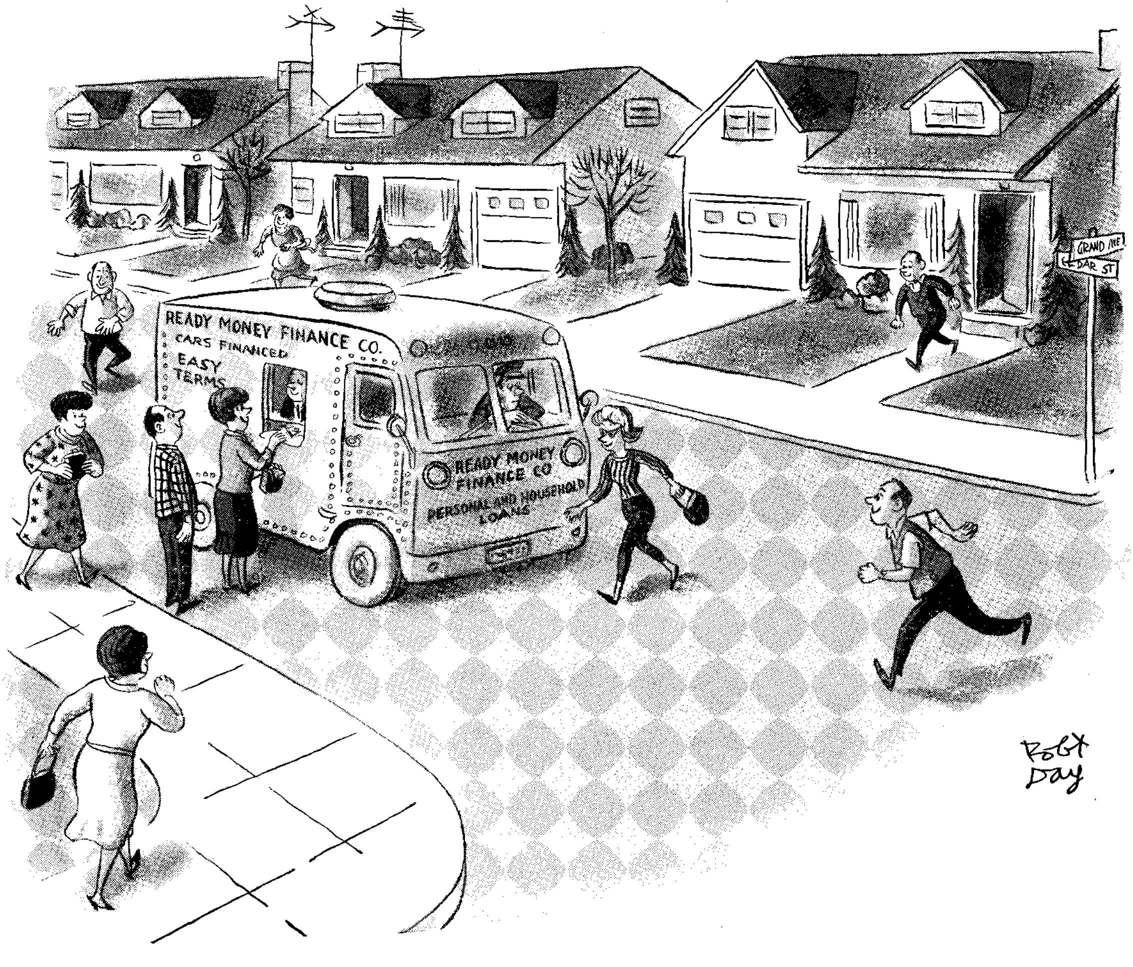
I was still laughing when my brother and his classmates burst through the doorway behind me. They wanted to know at once what it was I was laughing about, but as I began telling them I saw the angry patches of red coming into my brother's face. I watched his lips as he drawled my name threateningly: "Lou-ou-is." Then I saw him draw back his arm, and before I could dodge the blow he had struck me on the side of the head with the heel of his hand. I did not fight back and I did not cry. I simply sat down on the steps and remained there until all the others except my brother had gone. He leaned against the rail on the far side of the steps, looking at me with hatred. Finally, I got up and we walked together in silence to the car, where the chauffeur was waiting, as always, slouched behind the afternoon paper.

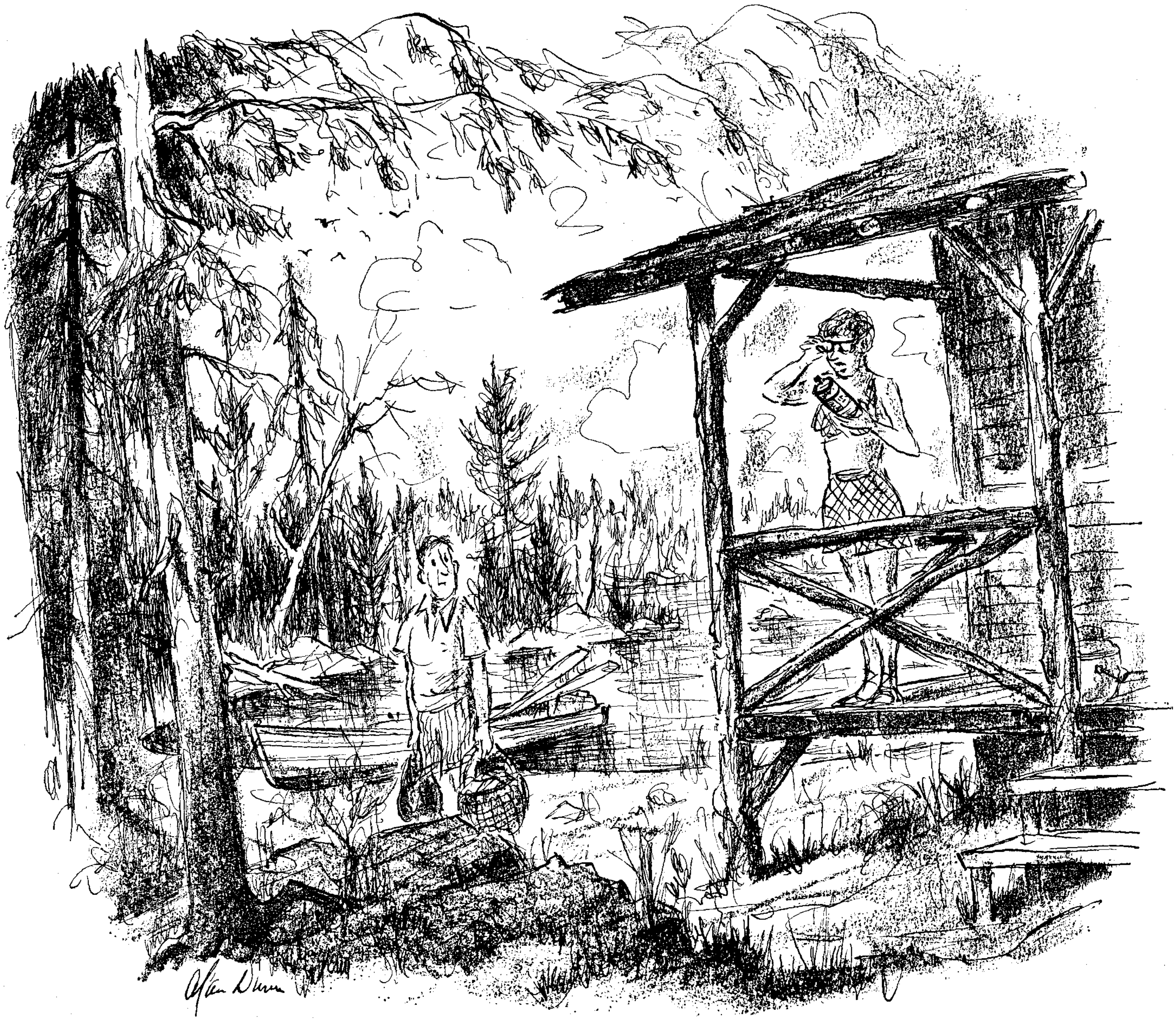
There is one incident from the earlier time—before we had moved, that is—which I very naturally find embarrassing but which must be recounted, because it is such a happy memory. I was seated on the toilet in the downstairs bathroom that opened off the back porch. It was summertime, and the door stood open. I had watched Alice, the cook, pass along the porch several times, performing little last-minute tasks. In those days, small-town cooks went home after midday dinner and returned at sundown to fix supper. Presently, I saw Alice start across the porch to the back steps, wearing her hat. She hesitated a moment and looked in through the bathroom doorway at me. She had been my nurse until a year or so before, when the old cook quit. I was fond of her, and I knew that she was fond of me. She looked in at me with her lips pressed tightly together, but I heard a voice like hers asking, "Are you going to sit on that Christmas tree all day?" My voices rarely had such a definite character as that one had, and somehow that accounts for part of the pleasure I derived from the incident.

Alice disappeared for a moment but soon came into my line of vision again as she walked down the path through my father's big vegetable garden. She carried a paper sack under one arm, and at the foot of the garden she slowed her pace and began rather boldly filling her sack with a half dozen or so of his ripe tomatoes and two or three cucumbers. When she had filled it, she lifted her free hand and waved to me. And when I waved back, it gave me a feeling of immense satisfaction.

As soon as she had passed on into the alley beyond, and out of my sight, I heard another voice—one of my usual voices, without any special quality or character—say, "Now what have you done?" The tone was both accusing and exultant. I thought about what had been said by both voices for a moment, and then I burst into laughter. I found the whole incident highly amusing.

IT is a much later time. It is a Saturday morning. I have somehow been roped into a game of baseball. Since I have no instinct for throwing or catching a ball—and as yet no learned ability—I am sent to the outfield, where I won't matter so much. The team at bat has one out and two men on base. Their best hitter steps up to the plate and hits a high, easy ball that begins an arc that I know is going to end right in my glove. I am hypnotized by the little planet moving so inevitably to-





*"Dichloro-diphenyltrichloroethane; lindane—gamma isomer of benzene hexachloride; isobornyl thiocyanoacetate; methoxychlor—1, 1, 1, trichloroethane; related terpenes; technical piperonyl butoxide; petroleum distillate; pyrethrum extract; and malathion. Or would you rather be bitten?"*

• •

ward me, and I could not run away from it if I tried. And then there is the "plop" in my glove and I am holding on to the ball desperately. As if from far, far away, I hear the cheers of my teammates; immediately, and from the same far distance, they are calling out for me to throw the ball. Almost any throw will mean a double play and the retirement of the other team. I lift the ball in my right hand, draw back my arm. And over that shoulder comes the quiet voice: "Time passes. You haven't got forever." I freeze.

I remain frozen there, holding the ball high above my head. I know that I am not going to throw it. I understand that the words do not refer to my throwing the ball. Voices never instruct about practical things of the moment. It is only cruel irony when they seem to. Better for me to avoid even the appearance of not understanding them when I do. I could, in my clumsy fashion, get the ball at least as far as second base. It would be to my inestimable benefit and gain. But I continue to stand there holding on to the ball. I do not listen to the shouts of the other boys. I am tempted to listen, but the incentive is not great enough—is not clear enough yet. I must go on listening to the other voices for a few more years yet. I see my brother advancing toward me across the field, accompanied by a boy who is even younger than I am and who will be my replacement. My brother comes toward me with a look that warns I had just better not dare try one of my explanations on him. He is on to me now—for life.

I hand him the ball and give up my glove to the other boy. As I amble off in the direction of the new, big house our family has recently moved into, I feel no humiliation or regret at having been put out of the game. I only feel depressed by what the voice said. It makes no sense whatever to me; I understand it perfectly. I am filled with a deep, unhappy satisfaction. That's how it was.

I WAS eight and a half when we moved away from the country town. After the move, my mother and father were never happy together again. But

*Give yourself the luminous look of youth with*

## Superglow fluid make-up

The only make-up containing "Lumium," a discovery of Germaine Monteil which reflects light instead of absorbing it, to give your make-up the very glow of life. "Superglow" is made in a wide range of shades. One of them was designed for you.

*Germaine Monteil*

BONWIT TELLER

**BONWIT'S**

**TURTLE TOP SHIFT**

Taking on the new season with great aplomb . . . our ottoman ribbed wool dress fitted with its own turtle-neck dickey. By House of Jamison in bone with black, 8 to 16 sizes, 60.00

Sorry, no mail or phone orders.

**SPORTS FLOOR**

New York Manhasset White Plains Philadelphia Short Hills Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

they were not finally divorced until I was in high school, and their discontent with each other as man and woman did not seem to affect very much the happiness of our family life during those years. They never quarrelled violently—or not in the presence of us children. Usually, I was no more disturbed by the quarrels that I did hear between them than by the bickering that increased among us children as we grew older. It seemed natural and inevitable. And when the divorce came at last, that seemed merely the same kind of event as the graduation of my oldest sister from college or the twins' graduation from high school. Perhaps it was because I didn't really listen to their quarrels that I was not usually disturbed. Sometimes, though, without even listening to what they were actually saying, I *would* experience a vague disquietude—really a dissatisfaction with my own state more than with theirs. I sensed that whereas our bickering always seemed pointless, their quarrelling had a mysterious point to it that made it worthwhile.

After they had got their divorce, I was to hear each of my parents explain in almost identical terms what had happened to their marriage. They said that, following the move, the changed circumstances in their lives let them see how really unsuited to each other they had always been. This was the easiest thing for them to say and to try to believe, so long afterward. But I don't suppose they truly believed it. They were no more ill-matched than most couples are, and I doubt whether their first misconceptions about each other had been very extraordinary ones. I suspect the fact is that they had once been very much in love and that the babies born of that love gave them great satisfaction. Perhaps the satisfaction was so nearly complete that by the time their babies were no longer babies but little people racing in and out of the house, they knew the need once again to feel and make felt their own separate individualities. It is not too shameful a possibility to consider, I think—not when you reflect that that is all that seems real to most of us beyond a certain point, and that beyond that point we are committed to nothing but pursuing that reality. I remember all too clearly the elation both of them expressed at the prospect of leaving the town where their children were born and had grown out of babyhood. I believe their elation was a joyful anticipation of something more than just my father's rise in the world. What I am

BONWIT TELLER

**AUTUMN AFTERNOON**

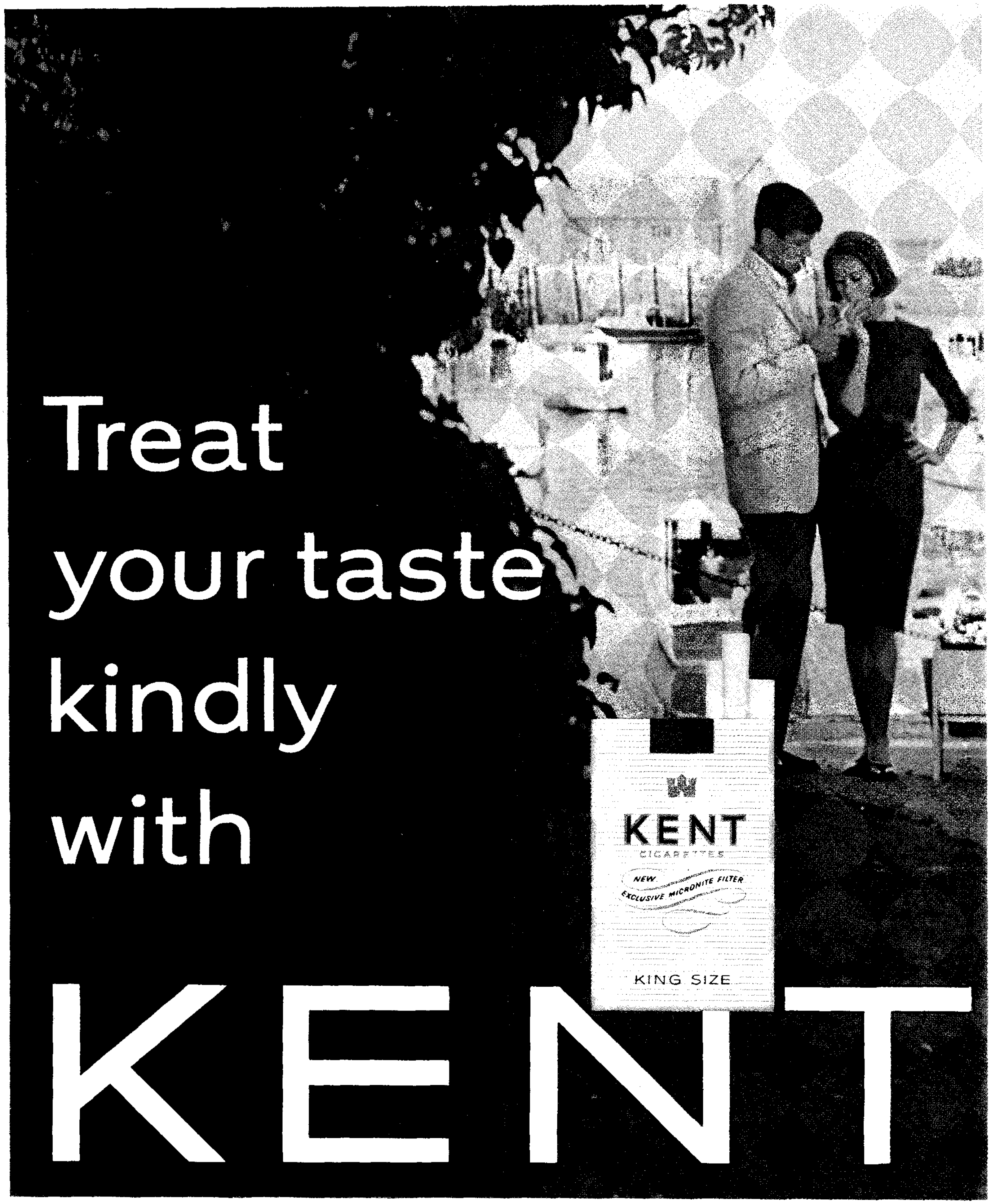
**FOR MISS BONWIT PETITE**

Smashing little dress just right for afternoons and even after five ...in bright colored wool jersey with a trimming of rayon satin. Emerald, cranberry...and, of course, black. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. 8 to 16 sizes, 45.00

Mail and phone orders.

**MISS BONWIT PETITE DRESSES**

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

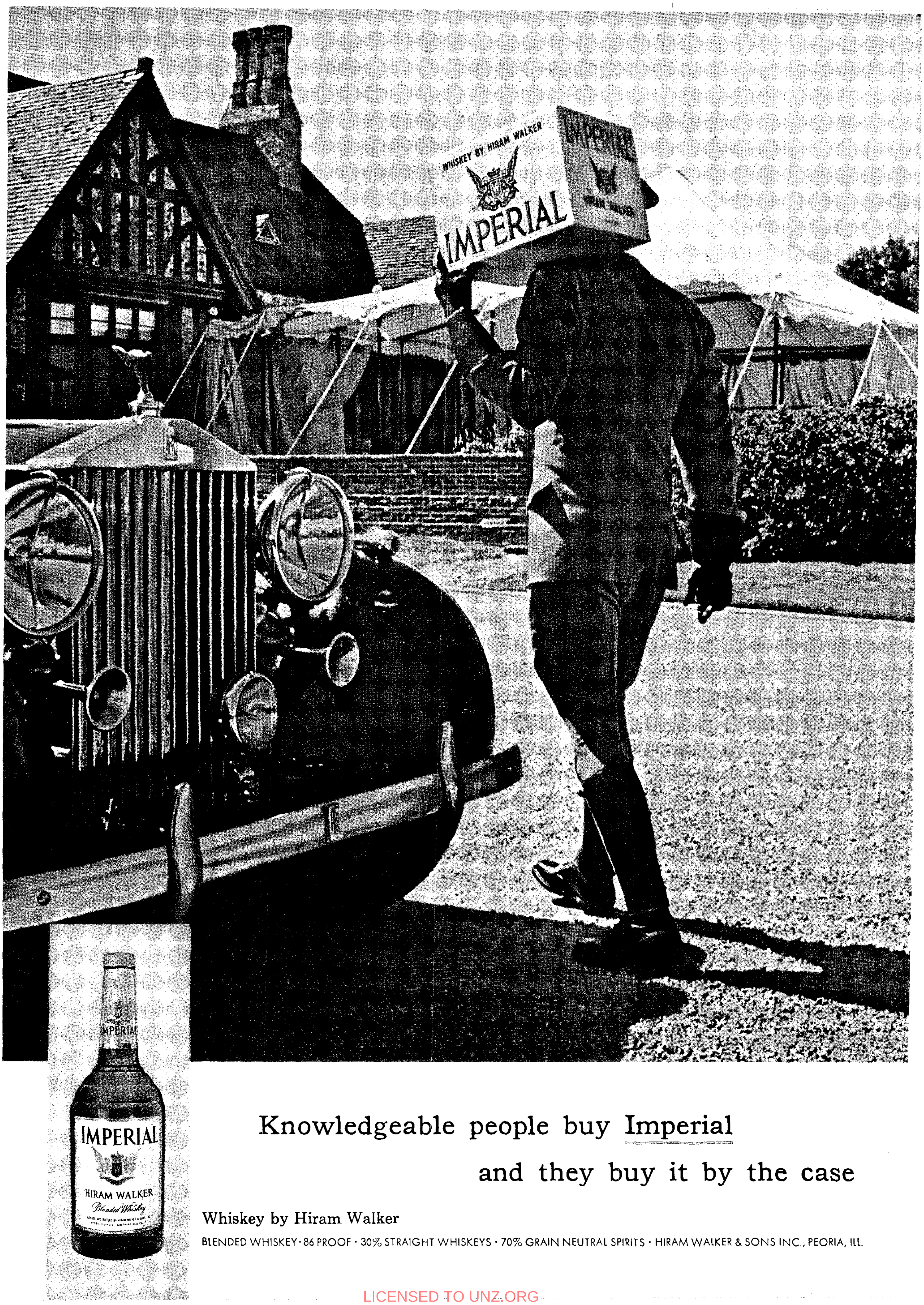

Treat your taste kindly with
KENT
KENT
CIGARETTES
NEW
EXCLUSIVE MICRONITE FILTER
KING SIZE

THE CIGARETTE WITH THE NEW MICRONITE FILTER

*Refines away harsh flavor...refines away rough taste...for the mildest taste of all!*

THE FINER THE FILTER, THE MILDER THE TASTE

©1963 P. Lorillard Co.


WHISKEY BY HIRAM WALKER
IMPERIAL
IMPERIAL
HIRAM WALKER
IMPERIAL
IMPERIAL
HIRAM WALKER
Blended Whiskey

Knowledgeable people buy Imperial
and they buy it by the case

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY · 86 PROOF · 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS · 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

most certain of is that the changes in their life—the move and their altered relationship—only just happened to coincide, and that it was for us children the happiest of coincidences. It was like metre and rhyme. The one thing made the other seem natural and inevitable. And if it had not happened so, we children might not have got the right impression about the naturalness and inevitability of either thing.

There is not much more I have to say about my parents. In his new life, my father took up tennis and handball. I never saw him play handball, but I know that he never got to be any real good at playing tennis singles and that he disliked doubles. My mother teased him about persevering so in something that he could not excel in, and said she believed he fancied himself in his white tennis shorts and sports shirt. He was no more than forty at the time, and it was true that he did look rather like a college boy whenever he set out for the University Club in his tennis garb.

I remember his coming home late for dinner one night and explaining to us that he had been playing handball. My mother laughed skeptically and said, "Handball, indeed!" Father blushed and then he looked at her for some time without speaking. There was no quarrel, but on another occasion I remember his making a comparable remark to her. She was an excellent horsewoman. In the country town, and while her children were small, she had not ridden much. But in her new surroundings that was all changed. There was the fall horse show and the spring horse show, and it seems to me that she was always preparing for the one or the other. We usually went to see her ride and sat in a box applauding her every time she went by. Sometimes she rode her own horse, but more often it was the horse of one of her friends. Father had bought a small suburban estate, and some of our neighbors kept fine stables. Mother often rode before breakfast. Once, she returned just as Father was leaving for his office.

"We missed you at breakfast!" he called to her from his car.

"Sorry I didn't make it," she replied, peering down into the car from her horse.

"Out riding with the young squires again, eh?" he said. Then he drove off, without any further exchange between them. I am not really sure whether he said "squires" or "squire," but I don't hink it makes much difference which t was.

I became fast friends with both my

Your
Alligator
goes
with you
everywhere

Alligator Gold Label—America's most wanted gabardine—fine all wool worsted in your favorite styles and colors—$45.75. With zip-in all wool warmer—$58.75.

You always look best in an Alligator coat. Smartest styles and colors in luxury loomed fabrics of the finest all wool worsted gabardines, colorful wools, yarn dyed multicolor cottons in gabardines, poplins. woven patterns—also blends with polyester or acrylic fibers. America's most wanted all-weather coats. Water repellents and waterproofs.

They're the best and cost you less. From $11.95 to $71.75 at better stores everywhere.

Alligator®
THE BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR
The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

**BEST & CO.**
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

**The nonchalant knit**

moves easily through a busy fall, casually takes the fashion lead with a pullover top, lean skirt and string tied, middy effect spread of collar. By David Crystal. Black, navy, red or natural. Sizes 10 to 18. (N-1) **40.00**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000

parents after I was grown, and I make it a rule never to inquire into those parts of my friends' lives, past or present, that don't concern me. In the case of my parents as friends, I have possibly been spared gossip that mutual friends would ordinarily have supplied. And possibly, because they *were* my parents, my memory has spared me a good deal, too. But my memory has not spared me with regard to a dream I once had. It was a year or so after I had given up hearing my voices. In the dream I saw my mother and father seated side by side in a rope swing. They were terribly crowded, of course, and couldn't make themselves comfortable. Every time the swing went up in the air, one of them would almost fall out. And then I dreamed I heard one of my old voices saying, "Oh, ouch—oh, ouch, ouch, ouch!" I woke up laughing, and what seemed so funny to me was that that was not the kind of thing my real voices would ever have said.

BEFORE I conclude, before I tell you about how I finally hushed the voices I heard as a child, I must relate two incidents that involve my brother's twin sister. She was ten years old when we left the country town. From that time, she and our older sister were sent to a girls' day school. And from about that time the old closeness and loyalty between her and her twin brother ceased to exist. Suddenly it was as though she were two or three years older than he, and during the rest of their lives they have remained almost totally indifferent to each other. But she began to take an interest in me. She mothered me and played babyish games with me that she would not have played with anyone her own age—games of hide-and-seek, usually, in which even I didn't take much pleasure at my age.

Since our parents did a good deal of travelling in those days—sometimes together, sometimes separately—we children were left alone in the house for relatively long periods with only the servants to look after us. (These servants, I should point out, were always imported from our country town and were almost like relatives to us. One of them was a woman of some education. She had gone up North to a Negro college and had even taught school for a while when she first came home. She used to help me with my lessons, and one night, when we had put aside the books, I confided to her that I wanted to be an artist when I grew up. "Do you love nature?" she asked. I was stunned by the question, and after some delibera-

*De Busschere of Bruges*
*Shoe Artisans for over 300 years*

**Belgian Shoes**

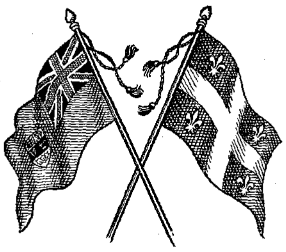
*Cousu-Main Par*
**De Busschere**

DISTINGUE
Soft glove lizard $70

Each shoe handmade from one perfect skin—the finest French butter-soft glove lizard. Processed by a new method for wonderful softness and pliability. Additional skins available for accessories. Eight marvelous colors. Brochure on request.

**MR. HENRI BENDEL** Owner-President

**BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.**
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.
IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco

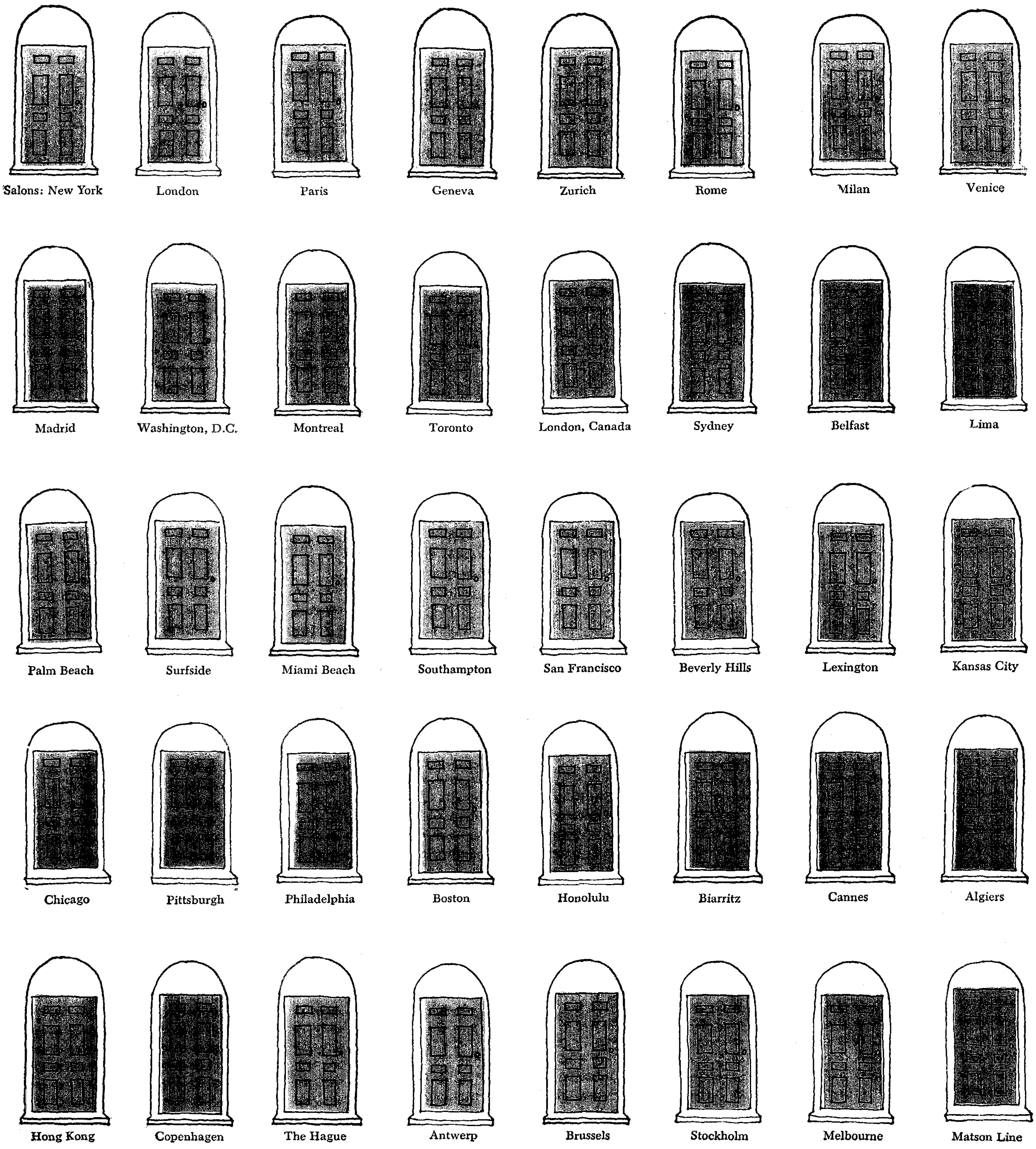


*Abroad... next door*

Come to this "Little Paris of North America" and make yourself comfortably at home with us. See the wonderful sights in the city and nearby Laurentians. Speak French, if you wish, when you order foreign foods and shop for duty free bargains. You'll have a marvelous time here!
Premium paid on U.S. currency

*Hotel*
**Queen Elizabeth**
*In Gay Montreal*

Family Plan • Free Garage for room guests • Sing
from $10 • Double from $14 • See Travel Agent
Call N.Y. Res. Off. • LO 3-6900 • or any Hilton Ho
A CN HOTEL OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIO

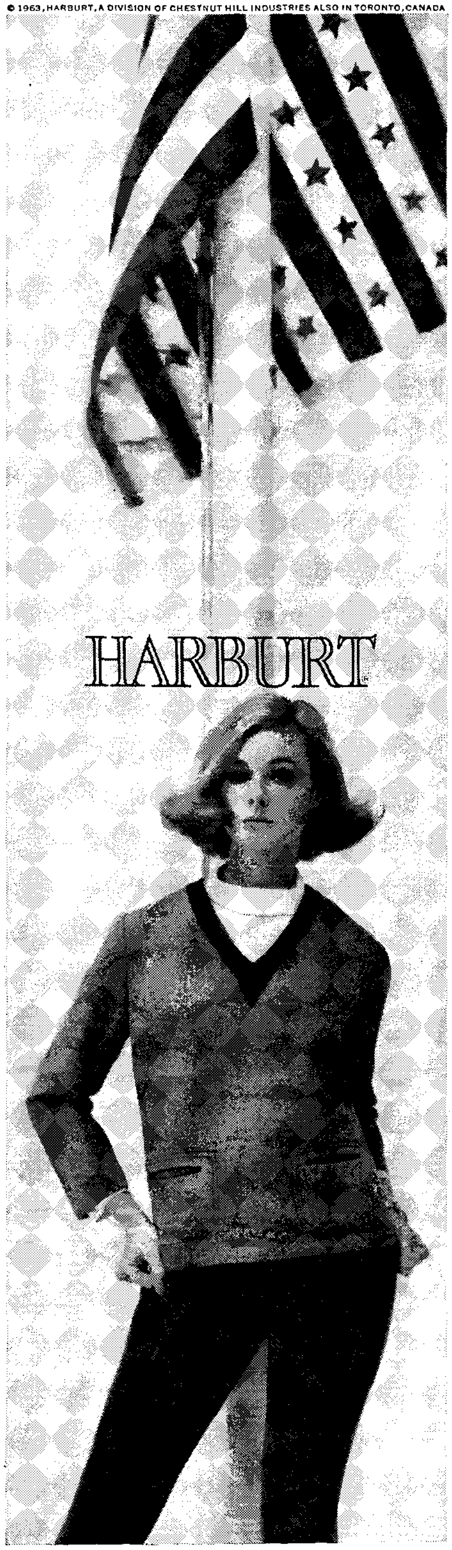

Salons: New York
London
Paris
Geneva
Zurich
Rome
Milan
Venice
Madrid
Washington, D.C.
Montreal
Toronto
London, Canada
Sydney
Belfast
Lima
Palm Beach
Surfside
Miami Beach
Southampton
San Francisco
Beverly Hills
Lexington
Kansas City
Chicago
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Boston
Honolulu
Biarritz
Cannes
Algiers
Hong Kong
Copenhagen
The Hague
Antwerp
Brussels
Stockholm
Melbourne
Matson Line

# Around the world in forty doors

# that's the beauty of Elizabeth Arden

And if you fly BOAC to any of them, you'll find their superb aircraft equipped with all the Elizabeth Arden niceties.

© 1963, HARBURT, A DIVISION OF CHESTNUT HILL INDUSTRIES ALSO IN TORONTO, CANADA



WHEN so much devotion is felt for certain clothes, there's a reason. These American classics are so true to themselves that not a line, seam or dart should ever be anything but what it is. Wool flannel slacks, about $13. Matching wool top with back zipper. About $15. Both in sizes 8 to 18. Knitted stretch nylon pullover. Sizes S,M,L. About $8. At B. Altman & Co., New York and branches, or write, Harburt, 1407 Broadway, New York 18.

tion I had to admit that I did not *love* nature. "Then you can't ever be an artist," she said. She was a superior kind of woman, but I am afraid I have never quite forgiven her for not pursuing her education further before she came to work in our kitchen. Another of these servants was a palmist, and she read in my palm that I was going to be a fine musician. "You'll probably play the fiddle, like your granddaddy," she said. But I knew even at that age that I was tone-deaf, and I was a long time in regaining my faith in palmistry.) When we children played, the whole house was our province, and no games were too rough. Things got broken now and then, but it didn't seem to matter much. My brother and one of his friends, seizing two curiously shaped sticks that I had brought home from a walk in the woods, played at jousting one night in the front drawing room. Suddenly the friend lifted his stick above his head and struck directly into the crystal chandelier. It was an enormous antique fixture that my mother had bought in New Orleans. When the boy heard the crash above him, he threw down the stick and covered his face with his hands, but he didn't move from beneath the chandelier. For at least three or four minutes, he stood there with his hands over his face while the prisms dropped all about him like melting icicles. Another time, our older sister and one of her beaux, in a fit of high spirits and for no other good reason, rode their horses up on the front porch and into the front hall. The scars that the horseshoes made in the floor were too deep ever to be removed. But I don't believe there were complaints from my parents in either instance.

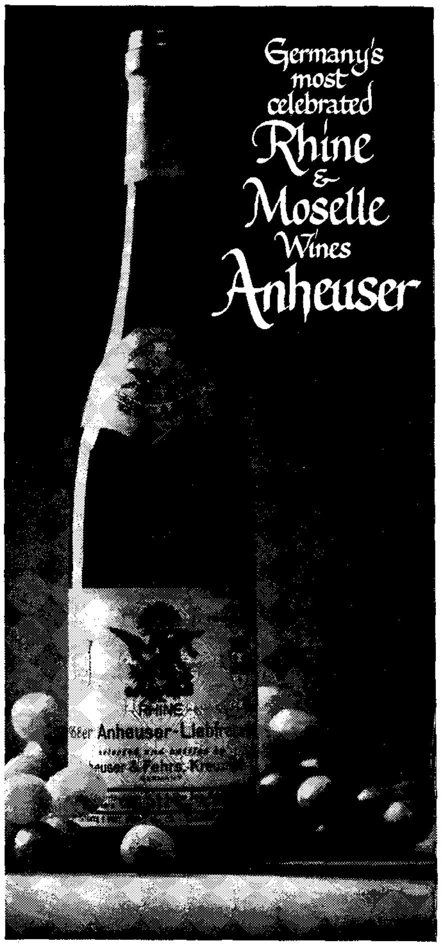
Whereas in the country we had been made to feel that nothing in our house was replaceable, now everything was apparently replaceable or expendable. I remember thinking that this was merely a sign of our increased prosperity, and in part it may have been that. At any rate, my sister and I seldom broke anything during our games. We played quietly, hiding from each other in such incredible places that it sometimes took three-quarters of an hour for one of us to find the other. One afternoon, I hid in a compartment of the sideboard in the dining room. I had been there for quite some time. I was in an especially cramped position, because this was the compartment in which my mother's cut-glass wedding presents were kept and I had managed to coil myself about cruets, pitchers, and decanters without actually touching a

✱IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

In the still of the night...

we roam through the halls shining the shoes you've left outside your door. It's just another one of the extra conveniences at the Manger Hay-Adams Hotel, where *everything's* been thought of for your comfort . . . from oversized towels to individual terry cloth bathrobes. 200 rooms of sheer luxury.

COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED
HOTEL Manger Hay-Adams
Manger Hotels
Across from the White House
16th AT H STREET, N. W. • WASHINGTON, D. C.



© 1962, THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

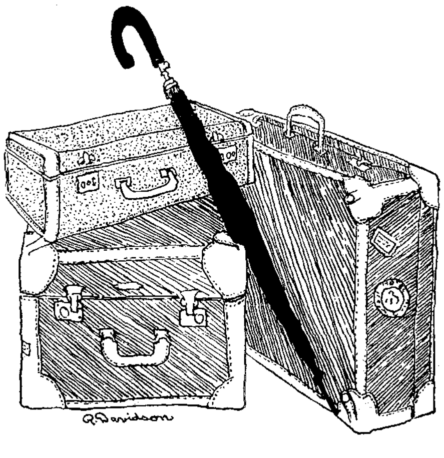
single piece. Before my sister finally found me, I had got in very depressed spirits and had heard a voice saying to me in the darkness, "There is no one god. And there was no beginning and there will be no end."

When my sister opened the compartment door, I told her immediately that I had heard a voice that said, "There is no god." I don't know why I censored it. Possibly I knew that "There is no god" would not sound so blasphemous to her as "There is no one god."

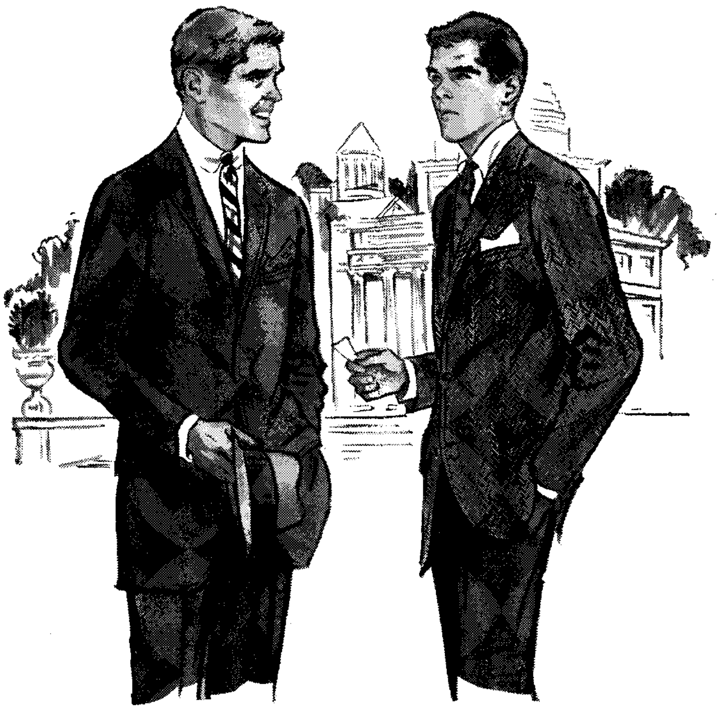
She looked in at me curiously, observing how I was coiled about the glassware. "Louis, you had better be careful," she began, and I thought she was going to say that I was apt to break a piece of the glass getting out. "You had better be careful," she said, "or you *will* turn out to be some kind of preacher, or something, the way everybody says."

This was the first inkling I had ever had that there was something "everybody" said about me, and it gave me a shock that I don't suppose I ever entirely recovered from. For the moment, however, I stuck it off somewhere in the back of my mind. And its only immediate effect was to make me kick over one of the decanters as I was crawling out of my hiding place. The glass stopper rolled out onto the floor, and though the decanter didn't break, to my astonishment—and to my sister's—the thing turned out to be filled with a dark, sweet-smelling wine. Before I could right the bottle, some of the wine had gushed out onto the carpet and left a stain there that no amount of scrubbing and cleaning, on our parts or the servants', could ever expunge.

Several days passed, or perhaps even more time, before I thought again of what the voice had said to me when I was hidden in the sideboard. Possibly this lapse of time and the revelation my sister had made to me combined to rob the message of any powerful impact. It was the only religious or irreligious—whichever—utterance I ever heard



Rogers Peet



University Fashions for '63

As source for what will be worn—what is correct—and will give lasting value . . . Rogers Peet offers 89 years experience in satisfying the fashion requirements of University men. A post card or telephone call will bring you our famous Blue Book of University and Prep School fashions for the current school year . . . while a visit to our stores will prove most rewarding.

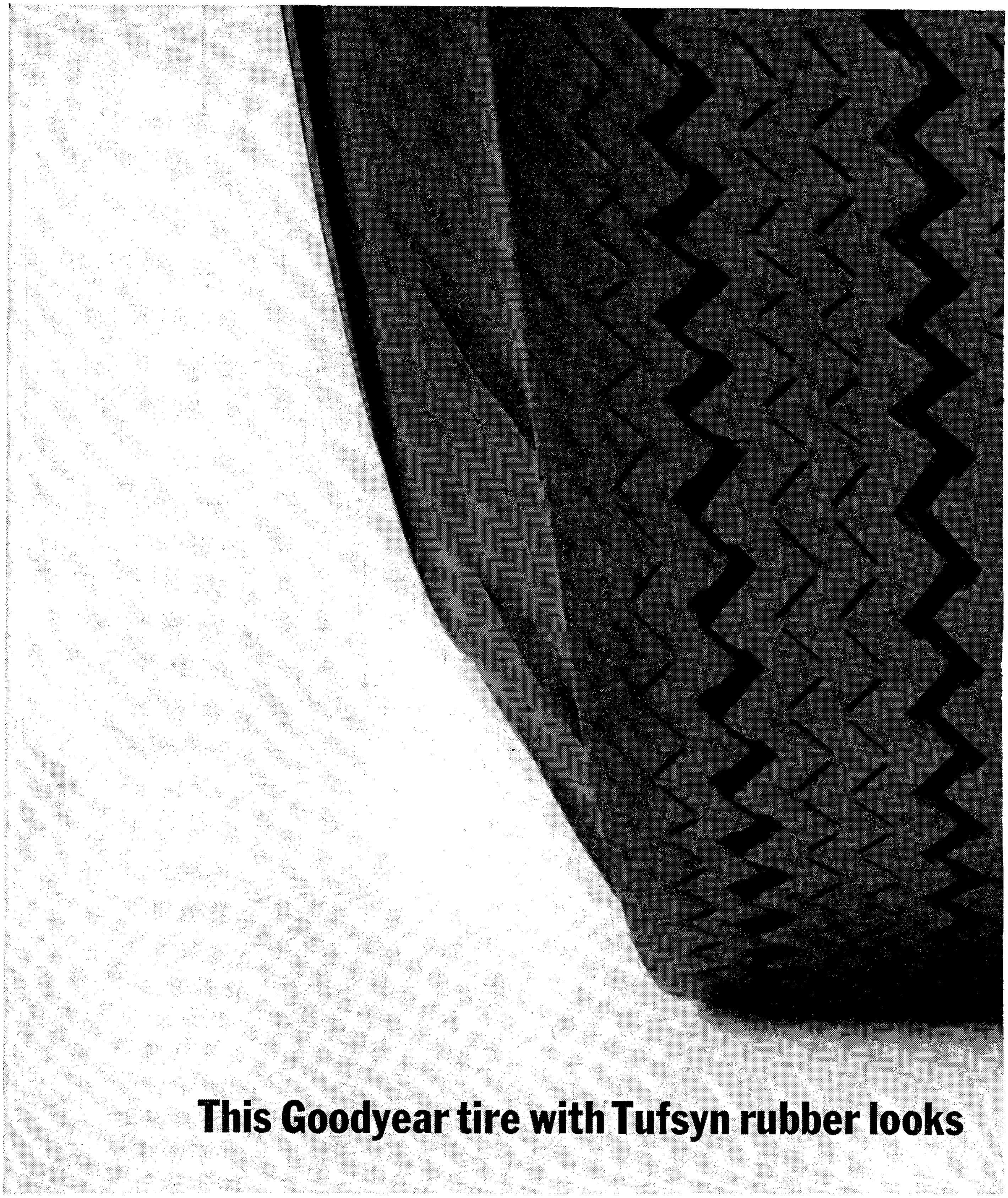
Our Exclusive natural shoulder clothing:
Suits, from $60. With Vest, from $70.
Sport Coats, from $40. Blazers, $42.50.
Velvet collar Chesterfield coats, $75.

*As well as our usual wide selections of University Shirts, Outerwear, Shoes, Sweaters, etc.*

Outfitters to Men and Boys since 1874

Rogers Peet company

Fifth Avenue at 48th St. • Fifth Avenue at 41st St. • Broadway at Warren St.
Boston: Tremont at Bromfield St. • Washington: 14th at G St., N.W.



# This Goodyear tire with Tufsyn rubber looks

26,084 miles. And not just ordinary miles.

*They were hard-driving test miles on the Ohio Turnpike.* As fast as the law allows. Tough, hard service for any tire, yet look how this Goodyear Custom Super-Cushion could take it!

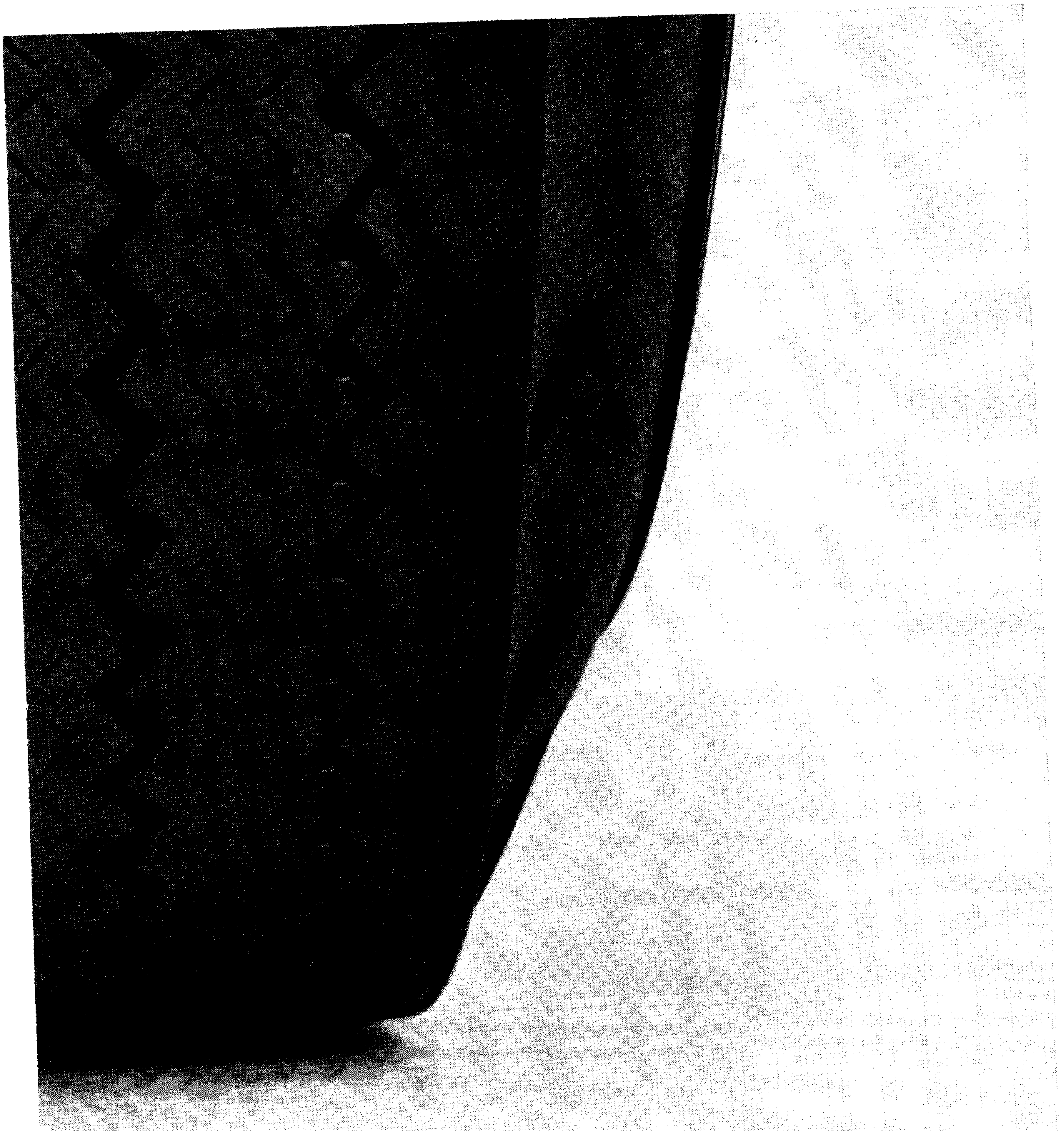
And the big reason for this is Tufsyn rubber. Tufsyn is the name for Goodyear's tough new synthetic rubber—as developed and specially processed for use in Goodyear tires.

*Tufsyn is different from conventional rubbers—either natural* rubber or previous synthetics. It looks the same, feels the same. It's in the same family. But it's tougher, more durable.

That's why Tufsyn is in every Goodyear tire.

Tufsyn rubber is in the tread—and Tufsyn's in the body. It

TUFSYN, SUPER-CUSHION, T.M.'S THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON 16, OHIO



**almost new. It has actually gone 26,084 miles.**

holds the tire together better to guard against blowouts, chunking, chipping, and cracking. Tufsyn rubber makes Goodyear tires as much as 25% more durable.

Goodyear tires now made with Tufsyn rubber are the toughest passenger tires Goodyear has ever made.

Yet they cost no more than ordinary tires. More reason why—the sooner you visit your Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store, the sooner you've got it made.

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Only the look is priceless

It's crepe! So luscious next to your skin. The combination of Arnel and Fortrel makes this blouse lovely to look at, easy to care for. It washes beautifully, needs only a touch of the iron. Just button and bow it. By Morlove in Cavalcade's Arnel triacetate & Fortrel polyester crepe. White, 10-18. About $12 at Lord & Taylor, New York; The H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati; and Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. Celanese® Arnel® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Celanese
contemporary fibers

from my voices, and the impression it made was not very considerable. Any suggestion of infinity, however, could always depress me somewhat when I was a child. For instance, on the cover of my Baby Ray reader, in the first grade at school, was a picture of Baby Ray himself holding a copy of his Baby Ray reader with a picture of Baby Ray himself holding, et cetera, et cetera. A glance at that cover could put me into a morbid frame of mind for the rest of the school day. I shall never forget the joy I knew when the teacher set aside the last hour of school one afternoon to instruct us in making brown-paper jackets for our readers; I believe the quickness and thoroughness with which I dispatched the job made a lasting impression on the teacher and may account for my getting off to a very good start in school. I used to be similarly affected by the seeming infinity of reflections in barbershop mirrors, and I would sometimes embarrass my brother by sitting through a whole haircut with my eyes closed. Anyway, the recollection of what I had heard in the sideboard affected me no more profoundly or lastingly than those experiences did.

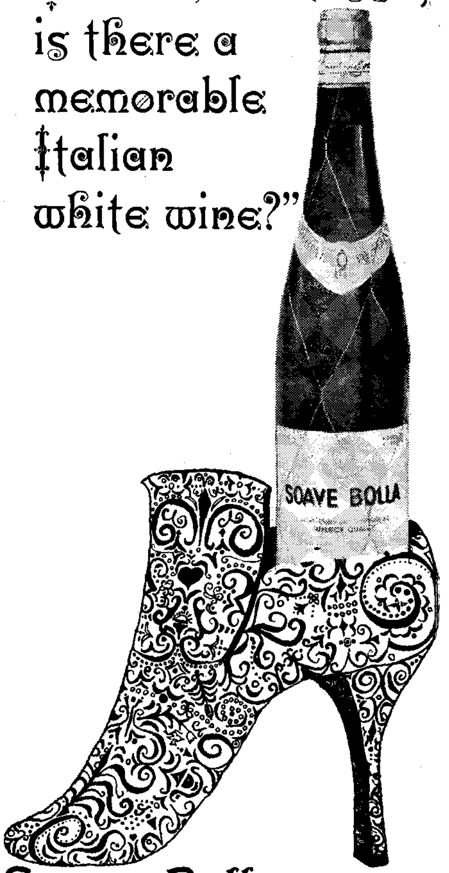
Though my sister befriended and mothered me during this period, she was also my chief tormentor. She tormented me, that is, with her confidences. I don't precisely remember it, but I am sure that she must have begun pouring out her sorrows to me as soon as I had crawled out of the sideboard that day. I am sure of it because that is the way it always was. At least half the time we spent together was given over to my listening to her accounts of injuries other people had done her and to her grievances against her fate in general. I usually listened in silence, and at night I tossed in my bed thinking of how unjustly she was used and of how unhappy she was. She said she was the most unpopular girl in her class at school. The other girls ignored her and thought her clothes were tacky. And why shouldn't they think so, she would ask rhetorically. For although we had as much money as anybody else, didn't Mother make her wear some of the dresses her sister had worn to the same school two and three years before? And Mother and Father frequently included Sister in their social plans but said *she* was too young. They encouraged Sister to try out for the steeplechase but said *she* was too young. It was easy enough to see who *their* favorite was. None of her teachers valued her, either, and some of them went out of their way to find fault with her work and humiliate her before

*Board the quaint "Little Mermaid" bus and see the lights of Copenhagen. Rent a cycle and circle a flower-laden lake. Or take a tour of the world's greatest furs by viewing our famed collections.*

**BIRGER CHRISTENSEN**
COPENHAGEN'S LEADING FURRIERS SINCE 1869

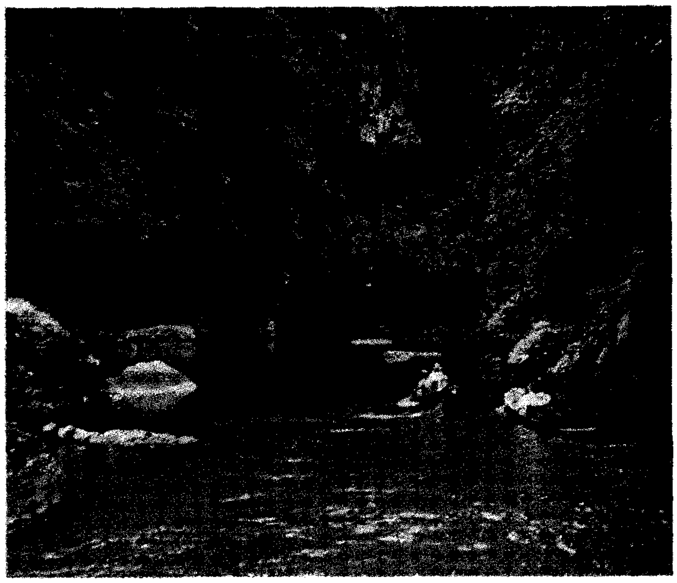
*By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court*

"Tell me, Contessa, is there a memorable Italian white wine?"

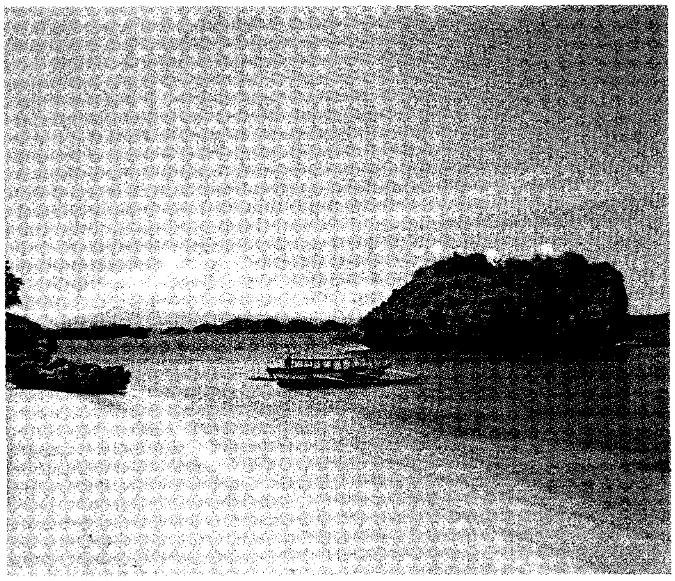


Soave Bolla bottled in Soave
Sole U. S. Distributors: Fontana Hollywood Corp., N. Y. C.

# Don't fly past adventure



Pagsanjan Falls is an exciting sight from a native dugout. You'll see some of the most beautiful country in the world in the Philippines. Only Philippine Air Lines jets you there from San Francisco to Honolulu, then non-stop to Manila. Sampaguita service is superb. And PAL flies you to all the main islands, and to Hong Kong and Bangkok.



You're suddenly in the midst of adventure in the Philippines: 7 thousand islands, most of them still nameless. And waiting. Explore these endless inland seas, caves and white sand beaches. Here lies the deepest water in the world: 7 miles to the bottom. In Palawan there are forests that glow in the dark, orchids growing wild, deer that bark.

Ancestors of this Igorot craftsman built the famous terraces at Banaue three thousand years ago. There are more than 70 distinct cultures in the Philippines. And 87 languages. You'll discover a strange mixture of Malayan and Moorish customs. In Baguio you can buy handsome wood carvings brought to market from the mountains of Luzon.

Manila is modern, fascinating, friendly. English is spoken everywhere. Prices are lowest of all the great cities of the Orient. See romantic Zamboanga. Visit Corregidor. And the mystery hills of Bohol. When Magellan discovered the Philippines the voyage took a year. Now PAL jets you there by the fastest, most direct route. In luxury.

**PHILIPPINE AIR LINES**

KLM, GENERAL SALES AGENT FOR PAL IN U.S.A.

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES,
c/o KLM, General Sales Agent, 609 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Please send me your exciting free folders on adventure in the Orient and more information on PAL's Sampaguita Service.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ Zone____ State__________

NY-8

Tiparillo
Robt. Burns
Tiparillo
Robt. Burns
Tiparillo

# What does she mean "cigars...cigarettes...Tiparillos"?

**What is the story on this remarkable new smoke by Robt. Burns?**

You'll be hearing that chant more and more —now that Tiparillos have arrived. And arrived they have. In all the right places. With all the right people.

The new Tiparillo has a neat, trim shape. It looks young and debonair. And its pearly, pliable tip pays more than lip service to your smoking pleasure.

And never before such mildness! The most careful blending of choicest imported tobaccos has seen to that. So, too, has the exclusive, veinless Ultra Cigar Wrapper* that burns so evenly and smoothly it insures complete mildness.

You can even see the mildness. The surprisingly whiter ash is visible evidence. Smoker's proof Here is flavor you don't have to inhale to enjoy

"Cigars...cigarettes...?" Who knows, maybe someday it will be just "Tiparillos!"

*T.M. GENERAL CIGAR CO

her classmates. She could not blame her own twin brother for being ashamed to walk down the street beside her. After all, she was already two inches taller than he, and there was no predicting how tall she might get to be before she was even given a chance to put on high heels. . . . She had inherited all the worst physical traits from both sides of the family. . . . She had never met a boy her own age who did not find her repulsive. . . .

One day, I made a drawing of her, working entirely, so I thought, from a small snapshot. I believe it was my very first attempt at human portraiture. Previously, I had spent many, many hours copying pictures of animals out of magazines and sometimes drawing our pets from life. My efforts had been very well received by all the family. My brother was especially admiring of my horses. I think it was the only accomplishment of mine he ever respected, though eventually he became disgusted with me even about that. At first, he took my horse pictures to school as gifts for his friends. Later, he began selling them to the other boys. He grew impatient, however, when I could not fill his orders fast enough. When I was unable to teach *him* to draw the horses as I did, in order to supply the demand, he was irritated beyond measure. He would not believe that I knew no principles, no guiding rules, that I could pass on to him. He stormed at me, he broke his pencil across his knee and tore up his paper. I was dismayed and gave up drawing altogether for a while.

But after dinner one night I brought out the drawing I had made of my sister. Both my parents were present, and both were delighted with the drawing. They exchanged the kind of warm glances that only something one of us children said or did could call forth in those days. They could hardly believe it was my handiwork. Even my older sister and my brother were astonished by the "real likeness." But while these others admired the portrait, the subject herself remained in a far corner of the big sunroom where we had gathered. As I have already stated, I was convinced that I had worked entirely from the snapshot, but there can be no doubt that I had also worked from memory—from the image of my sister's face as it appeared during those long confidences I had listened to. Presently, my mother said to my sister, "Come over here and see yourself. It's a fine likeness, and you're very beautiful." Then, laughing quietly, with her eyes on the drawing again, she added, "He

COCKTAIL HOUR...INTERCONTINENTAL STYLE

Among the enticements of our 22 Intercontinental Hotels are the spirited spirits we serve. Below, a brief sampling:

**EPIC IN DJAKARTA.** Ramayana, epic dance festival, is the theme of just one of the exotic restaurants and cocktail lounges at our **Hotel Indonesia**—reflecting pools, elaborate Indonesian cocktails.

**CURAÇAO NOONCAP.** The favored drink at our ocean-side **Curaçao Intercontinental** is a nine-ingredient sundrencher called the Curaçao Special . . . very tall, very cool and ineluctably luscious.

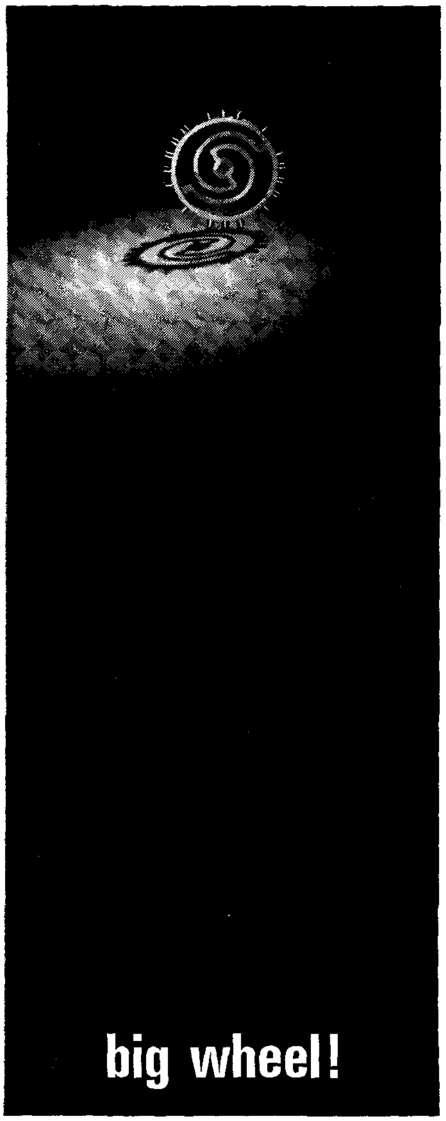
**DUBLIN DEW.** To celebrate the opening of our **Dublin Intercontinental,** we've unearthed a cache of very fine, very old Irish Whiskey—well worth sipping in the chic and tweedy Dubliner Bar.

**HONG KONG'S ORIENTAL GREETING.** A century ago, clipper captains told of an extraordinary Oriental potion. Enter our **Mandarin** and the drink shall be yours, free, original recipe. Opening Sept. 1.

RESERVATIONS: Call your Travel Agent or Intercontinental. For free brochure on any of our 22 hotels, write: Intercontinental, Pan Am Building, New York 17, New York.

Abidjan
Barranquilla
Beirut
Belém
Bogotá
Caracas
Cork
Curaçao
Djakarta
Dublin
Frankfurt
Hong Kong
Limerick
Maracaibo
Melbourne
Mexico City
Monrovia
Montevideo
Ponce
San Salvador
Santo Domingo
Singapore

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS
Robert Huyot, President



Don't let the small size mislead you. A balance wheel looms large in importance. When a sudden jolt sends your watch in for repair, chances are ten to one the damage is here. But Wyler's exclusive Incaflex balance wheel *gives* to absorb shock. Very clever. Actually guaranteed for the life of the watch. Should it *ever* break, we'll replace it with a smile (and amazement).

*Men's Self-Winding Date Watch, Waterproof as long as crystal intact, genuine parts used, 10K Gold Filled Case $79.50 p.t. Ladies' 14K Gold Case $95. p.t.*

**Wyler incaflex**

WYLER WATCH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 10

makes you out rather a mournful beauty, I must admit, but—"

At that moment, my sister, whose eyes had been directed toward me all along, suddenly sprang from her chair, shouting at me, "How hateful of you, Louis Price! How dreadful you are! How cruel!" She had not even seen the picture, and I don't think it was Mother's description that inspired the outburst. She made a dash from the room, but she chose a route close enough to where the rest of us were gathered to get a glimpse of my drawing. "Hideous!" she said as she went by.

"I thought she might like it," I said after she was gone, though I am not sure I was telling the truth.

"You had better put it away for a while," Mother said. "It is just that she is at a very self-conscious age."

Regardless of whether I had thought she would like my doing the picture, I was genuinely sorry that I had so wounded her, and wished that I had not shown the drawing to anyone. I did not understand her self-consciousness. She was a great mystery to me. And though I wanted to explain to her what it was that had moved me to draw her picture, I did not even know where to begin. I was no more able to tell her *why* I drew it than I would have been able to tell my brother *how* I did it. All was over between my sister and me from then on. Like my brother, she was now on to me—for life.

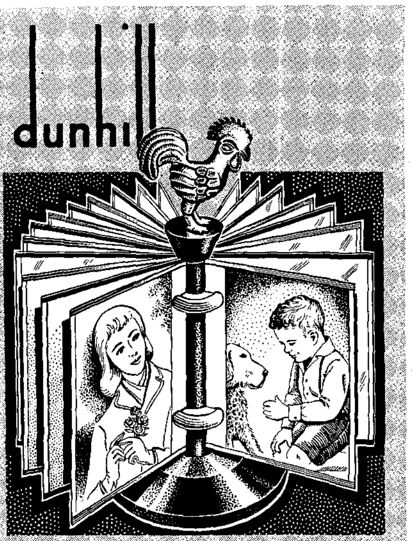
I WAS not yet on to myself, however. My voices continued to speak to me now and then for another three years, until I was a year older than my sister was that day. As an adult, I can see some kind of connection—I will not deny it—between that episode and what began soon afterward. But the connection is not relevant to my purpose. My purpose is to keep always in mind the value the events had for the child I still was, the child whose experience and logic I still do not contradict.

When I was about fourteen years old, I began imagining myself in love with nearly every little girl who came into my acquaintance. I say "imagining" because of course I know that I could not have been in love as often as I seemed to be. I knew this even at the time. I knew that in some instances my love was self-deceptive and in others it was real. If I should take the trouble, I could distinguish for you even now between the little girls I was truly in love with and those I deceived myself about. I recently came across an old schoolbook of mine in which the names

**Miss Pennington**

Hayette's Appointment Dress . . . of wool and orlon with empire tie, a new kind of sleevelessness, and sweet roll collar. Mint green, royal, or soft strawberry. 5-13. Mail or phone orders promptly filled. PL 9-3737

ROSETTE PENNINGTON • 20 E. 56 St., NYC 22
Also Princeton Shopping Center, Princeton, N. J.



*Something to crow about*

A Dunhill first . . . a bold brass stylized rooster sits atop our leather covered photo carousel that spins at a touch. Removable holders accommodate 60 photos up to 2½" wide and 3½" tall. Black, red, olive, ivory or brown leather. Overall height 7½". 12.95

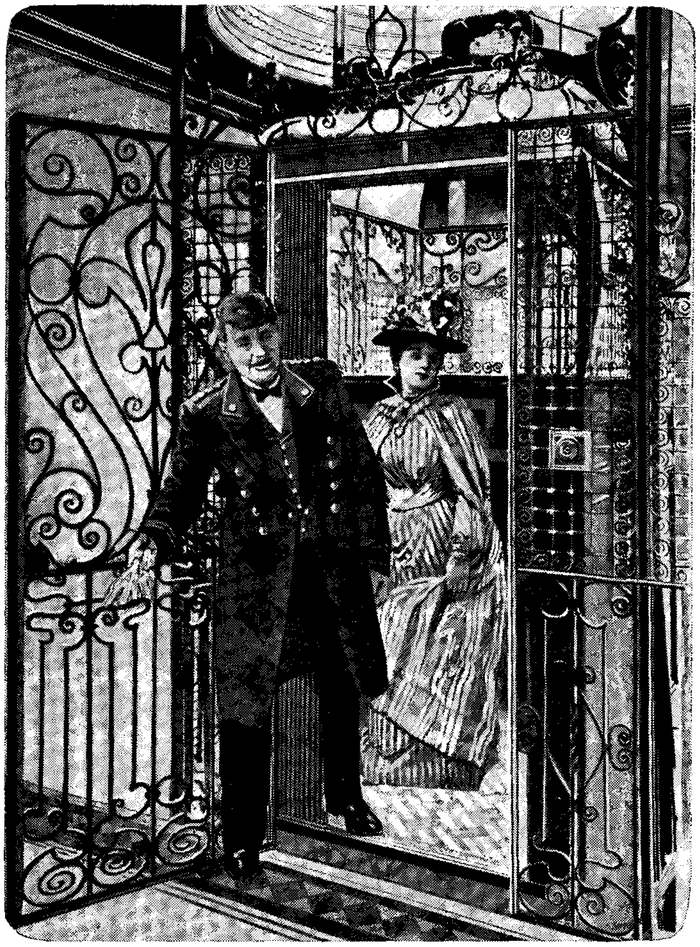
Add 35¢ outside our delivery area, add sales tax where required

ALFRED DUNHILL OF LONDON
Fifth Avenue at 50th St., N. Y. • MU 4-7600
• Phila. • Chicago • San Francisco • Beverly Hills

of twenty-seven girls were listed in my handwriting on the flyleaf. Glancing down the list, I felt my pulse quicken as I caught sight of certain names. Others only brought a smile, or sometimes a frown, when I could not quite recall a face or even recollect whether this was a girl I had known in our neighborhood or at the skating rink or at school or at dancing class. I find no difficulty in accounting for the large number. It was almost inevitable, since my attentions were invariably rejected. The little brunette or blonde or redhead was either frightened or sent into giggles by my sudden determination to walk beside her down the school corridor or to skate beside her, with hands crisscrossed, around the rink.

I am sure it was my complete silence that made me seem so sinister or so outrageously funny to all those little girls. But speak to them I could not. My attentions were always solemn and wordless. At dancing class, I once wrote the same girl's name after every number on my program and then walked over to where she was standing and held up the card for her to see, exactly as though she and I were two deaf-mutes. Unfortunately, from the girl's point of view, I had got to her before any other boy had had a chance to ask her for a dance, and she responded by bursting into tears. The dancing master reprimanded me, of course, but I can still remember how beautiful she looked with her face flushed and her eyes moist with tears, and I wasn't altogether sorry for what I had done. Before the next meeting of the dancing class, I had already given my heart to someone else—because it is quite as true for a child as it is for an adult that once he has been in love, being out of love is an unbearable state and one that he will not endure a moment longer than he must.

To some people, the child they once were is like a brother or a sister who died young. My father had a brother who lived to be only eleven; my mother had a sister who died at eight. How tenderly each of them has always remembered the child in the family who died—how tenderly and how dimly! That child who died is the child they remember the most about, and the least. What a wealth of details and anecdotes can be recalled! But what the true nature of the child's experiences were, what life really seemed like to him, is all beyond knowing and beyond mattering. The child is *dead*. The only difference is that the child who went on to death, instead of to adulthood, will have many allowances and concessions made with respect to magical experiences he was



# Invention.

It's called a we-drive-it elevator and you'll find it at Delmonico's Hotel in New York.

There are no buttons to push—no feeling of faceless anonymity as you ride. Instead, it has an *operator* who greets you courteously by name—and chauffeurs you personally to your floor.

Actually, it isn't a new idea at all. Just an old one that, more's the pity, seems to have fallen into general disuse. It's called *service*. In the grand tradition. We specialize in it at Delmonico's.

As you would expect from the New York counterpart of the Colony Hotel in Palm Beach.

If you remember pre-war hotel life—World War I, that is—you know the pleasure that awaits you. If you don't, discover how wonderful fine hotels used to be. Our Rolls—the one with the built-in bar and telephone—stands ready to show you what it's like to be catered to by servants who take *pride* in their vocation.

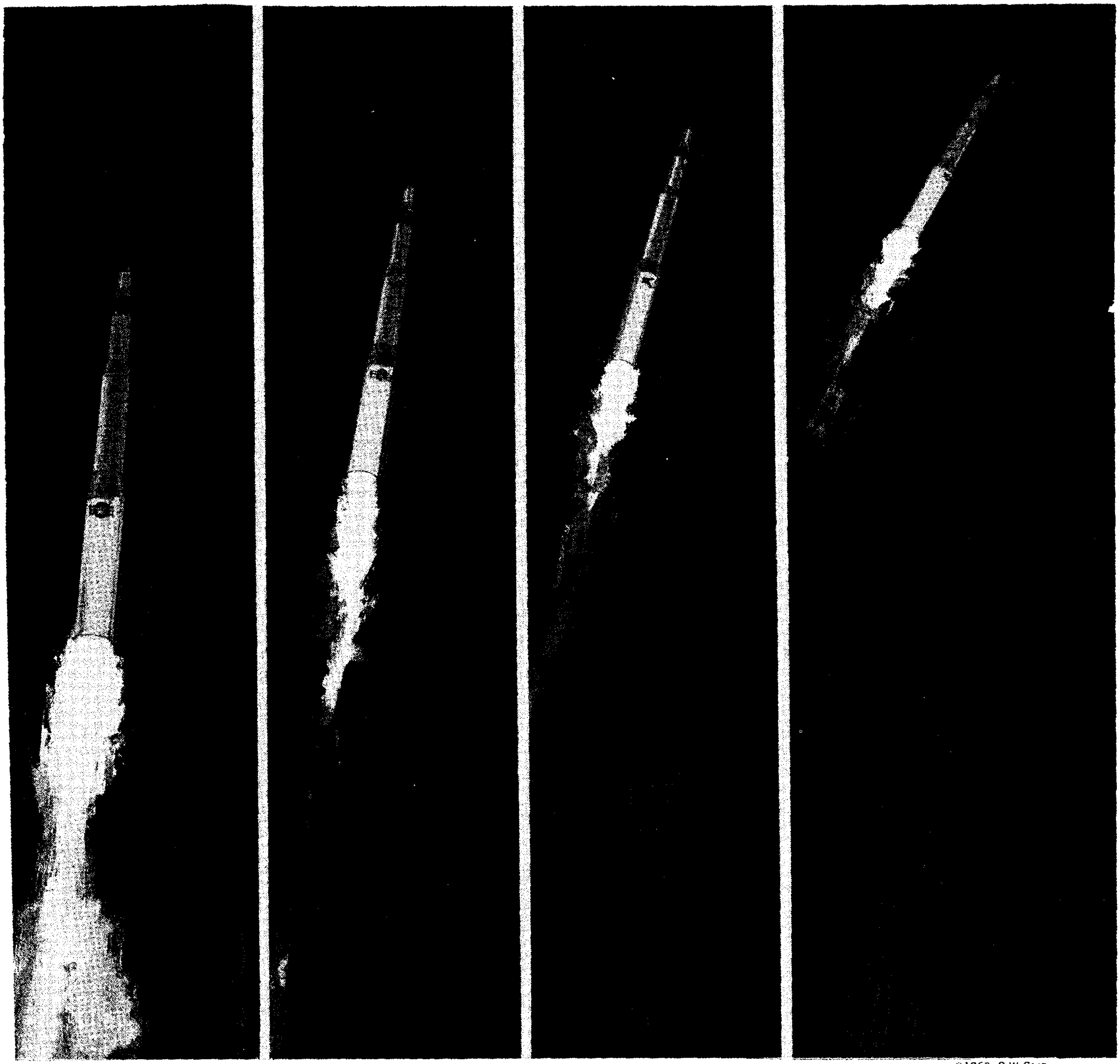
All it takes is a call to your travel agent. Or a letter to us.

S. Joseph Tankoos, Jr., President
V. Alexander Polich, Vice-President & General Manager

**DELMONICO'S**
**HOTEL**

Park Avenue at 59th Street  Cable Address: Elegance, New York

# How do you help keep a Minuteman on the straight



©1963, B-W Corp.

# and narrow? Borg-Warner knows how!

One of our surest persuaders for peace is the Air Force Minuteman missile. Poised in underground silos around the country, it can carry a nuclear warhead more than 6,300 miles with deadly accuracy.

Borg-Warner's Pesco Products Division supplies the hydraulic "muscles" for all three stages to steer Minuteman straight to the bulls-eye.

Borg-Warner makes certain these "muscles"—intricate pumps and motors that power the missile's guidance system—will work every single time. Each unit is hand-assembled in "clean" rooms where environmental control keeps the air more dust-free than in a hospital's operating room, while holding the temperature and humidity constant.

You'll find precision products from Borg-Warner also serving aboard our sleek new fleet of nuclear submarines, roaring into space with our astronauts, and standing guard in supersonic jets and giant ICBM's.

We hope Minuteman's hydraulic power units may never be called upon to help steer to an enemy target. But if they are, Borg-Warner research and engineering will make certain they'll get the job done. Borg-Warner Corporation, 200 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.

**BORG-WARNER** *where research and engineering work wonders for you*

THAT FRENCH KNIT IN AMERICA

**BORN IN PARIS** . . . the piquancy of "Pulcinella" from famous **KORRIGAN.** Note the sudden dazzle of the striped turtleneck appearing with sleeveless jerkin, knitted pants. Mustard-white-black; chocolate-orange-beige; blue-purple-black; French blue-pink-white. Sizes 10 to 16. With pants 75.00, with skirt 65.00. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York and all stores; and other fine stores.

Korrigan

70 W. 40 Street, New York, N.Y.

said to have had. He wasn't like other children! He was in such harmony with the natural world about him! Or: It was almost as though she were never fully committed to life in this world! Or: On his deathbed, only a few minutes before he was taken, he rose up from his pillow and said to his mother, "Don't you hear that lovely singing? Is it the angels, Mother?"

My voices, whatever they were, were not the voices of angels. They never spoke except when they had something interesting or amusing to say to me. And I might never have given up hearing them had they themselves not been finally so amenable to the break and at the same time disposed to let the decision be mine. Angels could not possibly have been so self-effacing or so unwilling to stand in the way of all the future happiness and unhappiness to which I was entitled.

Dancing class was held from eight until nine-thirty on Friday evenings. My brother and I were regularly delivered and fetched home by the chauffeur. During the first half hour, the boys and the girls, in two separate rooms, were given instruction in the dance steps of the day. At precisely eight-thirty, the little girls were herded in through a door at one end of the main ballroom, the boys through a door at the opposite end. For several minutes, the girls remained huddled together down at their end and the boys milled about at the other—each group trying to appear unaware of the other's presence. But at last the dancing master took his place in the center of the parquet, bowed formally to the balcony, where there would be a scattering of parents and a somewhat larger number of maids and chauffeurs, and then raised one hand high above his head and clacked his black castanets.

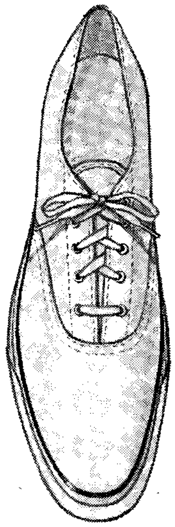
For the girls this was the signal to fan out across their end of the room and take their "separate and individual" stances. It was the signal for the boys to advance on the girls. And advance we did, armed with our little purple pencils dangling on gold cords from our program cards, and each of us—consciously or unconsciously—trying to imitate the gait of a father or the strut of some older boy admired at school. As we approached the girls, a whispering went up from them like the whispering of trees, and we marched fiercely and possessively into their midst as into a lovely woods that we had been ordered to take at any cost—at any cost to ourselves, at any cost, presumably, to the lovely woods. Invariably, after such a beginning, everything about the hour of

*S.F.A's militaire ensemble—schoolgirl dress and matching "kit bag"*

*In marine green, our precisely tailored dress has creamy colored collar and sleeves. Its soldierly details: red-stitching, brass-buttoned pockets and epaulets. A matching, roomy shoulder-bag, lined in red vinyl, completes the look. In 4-6x sizes,* **9.00**; *7-12 sizes,* **11.00** *the set. Children's Shops. Mail, phone orders; no c.o.d's.*

Saks Fifth Avenue

**Why pay less than $10 for a canvas shoe?**



Frankly, the Sperry Top-Sider canvas oxford is the most expensive you can buy. But it's worth every penny. The famous, exclusive anti-slip safety sole has made it the only shoe for men and women who know boats. (Great tennis favorite, too.) And the rest of the shoe makes it perfect for all casual wear: The non-chafe loose lining, that relaxes your foot. The double-deep heel cushion. The tailored looks. So why pay less, when you could wear the famous Sperry Top-Sider canvas oxford for $9.95?

SPERRY TOP-SIDER®

18 RUBBER AVENUE, NAUGATUCK, CONN.

fox-trotting and two-stepping that followed seemed anticlimactic. The presence of the dancing master, his wife, and their two assistants, as well as that of the observers in the balcony, insured its being a dull, tedious, uneventful time.

But it was the custom that after class small private parties were held at the houses of the members. And the time came when my brother got up one of these parties. Since it was to be held at our house, I was told that I might—that I must, in fact—invite one of the girls to come as my "date." The girl I chose was one whose name appears on that list in the old schoolbook I came across, and hers was one of the names that could, as recently as a few weeks ago, still cause my pulse to quicken. An unlikely kind of name it was, too, yet there it is in the old book, written down correctly, with all its many consonants accounted for and in their right order: "Yvonne Schmidt." (Alas, these few more weeks have not lessened its effect.) When I stood before her, holding on tightly to my little pencil and twirling the program card at the other end of the cord, and asked her in a whisper if she would come with me to the party at our house, I could not really hear my own voice above the chatter there in the ballroom. Afterward, I was not certain that I had spoken the words. Perhaps Yvonne read my lips, or perhaps she read the invitation in my eyes, or perhaps she had wanted so for me to ask her that she imagined that she actually heard the question. She accepted immediately.

There is no need holding back what happened at the party at our house. As soon as we had walked through the front door, Yvonne ditched me. She ditched me for the one she loved. I had not guessed it—there was no way I could have—but she was mad for my brother, and she wouldn't have scorned any means of obtaining an invitation to his party.

But from the moment she accepted until the moment when we walked together through the front door of my

# HOW FAR AWAY IS FOREIGN?

It could be halfway around the world. Or it could be Grand Bahama Island, just 60 miles from West Palm Beach. At Grand Bahama Hotel, the easy-going island philosophy is beautifully interpreted in magnificent (but unobtrusive) luxury, people-indulging service, a follow-your-fancy atmosphere, and 2,000 acres of resort and country club facilities.

What are these facilities? The list is endless, including 18-hole championship golf course, two marinas, fishing, sailing, excellent food, dramatic cocktail lounges, summertime child supervision, and much, much more!

**6 days, 5 nights**

**And a trip to Grand Bahama costs less than you might think. Six golden days, five tropical nights, including room, all breakfasts and dinners.** per person, **$75.00** double occupancy

**GRAND BAHAMA HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB** A Jack Tar RESORT
**WEST END, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND, BAHAMAS**

**See your travel agent. In New York City call PL 5-2087, or write Department Q-363 Box 59-2375, International Airport, Miami, Florida**

Please send Grand Bahama packet of colorful descriptive literature. I'm particularly interested in (It's all available!):

☐ Boat Service, 160' luxury liner running exclusively to Grand Bahama Hotel from Florida
☐ Supervised Children's Activities
☐ Golf, 18-hole tournament course
☐ Deep Sea Fishing
☐ Bargain Shopping
☐ Sailing
☐ Skeet and Trap
☐ Skin Diving
☐ Bowling
☐ Swimming
☐ Tennis

**Name** ____________
**Address** ____________
**City** ____________ **Zone** ______
**State** ____________

for the American Scene:
Wamsutta®
& McMullen

Famous-for-fit blouse with the little McMullen collar. Made of Wamsutta Lustersheer, the thoroughbred all-combed pima cotton that withstands washday rigors like a champ. A perennial beauty in white and 24 fashion colors. Sizes 8 to 20. About $10.00.

AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK; SAKOWITZ, HOUSTON;
L. L. BERGER, BUFFALO; JULIUS GARFINCKEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y. MAKERS OF FAMOUS SUPERCALE® SHEETS AND WAMSUTTA HERITAGE TOWELS.

house was by no means a short period of time for one of my attachments to last. Even in retrospect, it seems like a rather long time. Remember that I was a child still, and that time passes differently in childhood. At any rate, the experience—if not quite the duration of time itself—was comparable to an unfortunate first marriage that influential parents manage, by hook or crook, to end with an annulment. Yes, like that—followed by the same feelings of frustration, emptiness, betrayal. But in one sense it was also like that second marriage about which one has so many illusions and which one would do almost anything to save except that one has, quite by chance, overheard those very amusing and unforgettable remarks about oneself exchanged between the wife of one's bosom and her lover. Yes, there was some of that same disenchantment with world and with self.

I rode home from dancing class with Yvonne at my side, the two of us sitting on the little jump seats in my mother's limousine. My brother and his girl were in the back seat. They kept up a steady flow of conversation. It never occurred to me to imitate their kind of drivel. Most of the way, I sat looking out the window, wishing I knew what kind of things Yvonne would most enjoy hearing me say. I finally decided that probably it would just come to me naturally once we were out of the car and inside the house. But, of course, I never had a chance to find out whether or not anything would have come to me.

Although dancing class was always so heavily chaperoned that we could hardly wait for the time to pass, the parties afterward were frequently without any real chaperonage at all. Apparently, it was only the public appearance and the good opinion of the dancing master that mattered to the parents of our generation. Sometimes a yawning father or a preoccupied mother would pass through the rooms of the house where a party was being given, but often as not they did not even bother to make an appearance. On the night of the party at our house, both our parents were away. The servants were on duty to see after our needs, however, and our older sister had been deputized to be on hand with her beau. My brother's twin, who considered herself too old for the dancing-class set, was also at home that night. But she could hardly be thought of as a chaperon, and when urged to come down and join the party she declined, saying that she had letters to write.

The rugs in the front hall had already been taken up when we came

THANE
CLASSIC FULL-FASHIONED
Shetlands

Magnificent imported 100% Shetland wool full-fashioned into a crew-neck pullover with saddle shoulders. Also in V-neck cardigan with saddle shoulders. In traditional Shetland colors.

THANE MILLS, LTD.
40 East 34th St., New York 16, N.Y.

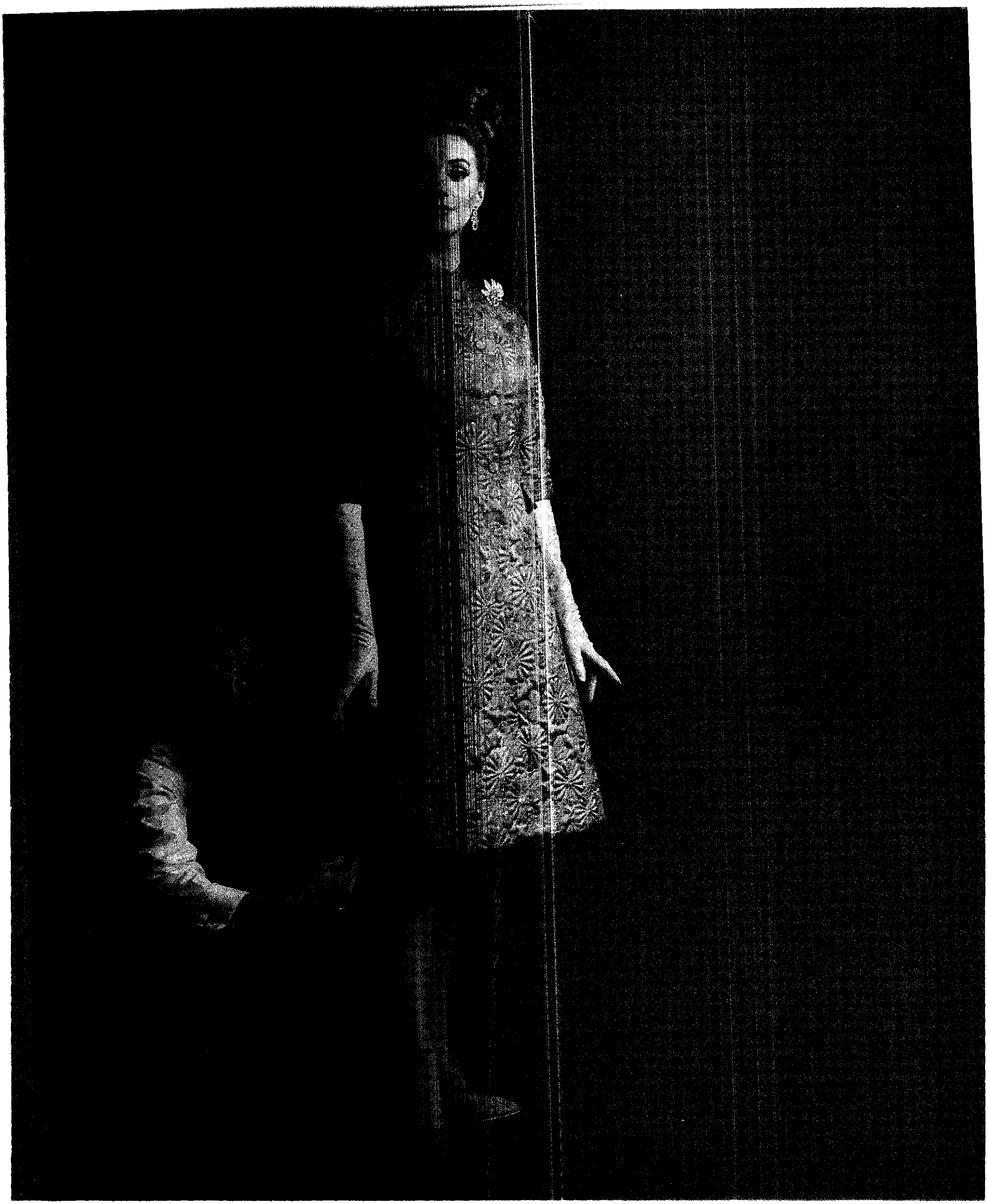
about
$13.95

Available at these fine stores:
George Muse Clo. Co., Atlanta
Franklin Simon & Co., New York
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia
Dunlap Clothes Shop, Cincinnati

English Leather®

...the SHOWER SOAP on a cord, packed in a redwood box, $2.00. Paired with ALL-PURPOSE LOTION, $4.00 (plus 20¢ tax), for the set.

MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York



**one man made this rajah coat**

When Chan's deft fingers were sculpting this trapunto-quilted, brocade coat, he wasn't thinking of opening night at the theatre or supper at El Morocco. At work his thoughts run toward sewmanship rather than showmanship. Invisible stitches and balanced fit are his concern. Dynasty's, too. That leaves you with nothing to think about but how elegant you look on gala evenings. Ruby red, ivory, jet black. Sizes 8/16. $145.00. At Lord & Taylor, all stores; Bonwit Teller, Phila.; Montaldo's, all stores; I. Magnin West Coast. At other fine stores. Or write Dynasty, 210 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16. DYNASTY®

*A robust Daiquiri-on-the-rocks; favorite cocktail of male guests at the Americana Hotel, San Juan, Puerto Rico. John Stewart photograph.*

# How to mix a man-sized Daiquiri-on-the-rocks at home with today's dry, light Puerto Rican rum

*—a tip from the Daiquiri experts at the new Americana Hotel in Puerto Rico.*

FIRST, remember this expert advice: "A man's drink must be bold, robust, *dry*." The Daiquiri-on-the-rocks meets all of these requirements. And, you can make one at home in *30 seconds flat.*

All you need: light Puerto Rican rum and new Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix.

*The Puerto Rican rum is for dryness.* "It's the only rum dry enough to let the true Daiquiri taste come through," say the experts. Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof for *extra* dryness, then aged in oak. It's the law in Puerto Rico.

*The Daiquiri Mix is for speed.* Saves you the time and bother of squeezing limes. And it's the *real* thing—natural juice of tree-ripened, tropical limes.

Tonight, have a *man's* drink—a Daiquiri-on-the-rocks. Just follow recipe below.

*30-second recipe:* ½ oz. Daiquiri Mix; 1½ oz. white Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice. Serve over ice cubes. NOTE: If Daiquiri Mix isn't available, use ½ oz. fresh lime juice plus scant tsp. sugar.

Daiquiri
Mix

**NEW:** Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix—for foolproof Daiquiris in 30 seconds. At food or liquor stores. Daiquiri Mix is distributed by Wilbur-Ellis Co., 800 Second Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

**FREE:** 20-page color booklet with 31 rum recipes. Write: Puerto Rico Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19.

in. That was where those who wished to would be encouraged to dance. Also, the piano had been rolled out from the drawing room to a place near the foot of the stairs. When we came into the vestibule, my older sister was seated at the piano in the hall, and her beau was standing beside her with one hand on her shoulder. They turned around immediately, and at the sight of me holding the door open for Yvonne my sister's lovely face was suddenly made lovelier for me by a broad smile of approval. And then, as she stood up, she threw me a kiss. It was an exhilarating moment. I turned to Yvonne, but she had already passed ahead of me into the hall. My brother and his girl had come inside now, too, and almost at once other guests began streaming in. My sister introduced herself to the girls and led them back to the sunroom, where they would leave their wraps.

My sister's beau came up to me and asked, "What's your girl's name?"

"Her name's Yvonne."

"She's a very pretty girl," he said. "You've got taste, Louis."

And when my sister returned, I heard him say to her, "Her name's Yvonne."

I drifted into the drawing room with the other boys. When the girls joined us there, Yvonne would not even let me stand beside her. She kept slipping away from me, until at last I went out into the hall, where our chauffeur, having now changed from his driver's uniform into a white house coat and dark trousers, was seated at the piano and was beginning to sound a few chords. He often played for us children, and he had welcomed the opportunity to provide the music on this occasion. I knew that though he could not read music, he liked to have someone stand beside him and turn the pages of whatever sheet music happened to be on the rack. I stood there turning the pages for him almost as long as I remained at the party.

Once or twice, I saw my sister and her beau eying me. Obviously, they suspected something had gone wrong. Finally, the terrible moment came when my brother and Yvonne had been dancing together at the rear of the hall for some fifteen or twenty minutes. During most of this time there were three or four other couples dancing, too, but the other couples were continually changing partners there on the floor or going out for refreshments and returning with different partners. More than once I saw my brother's girl come to the drawing-room door, glance out at him, and then look reproachfully at me. But it was my

Sero

OF NEW HAVEN

ushers in the season

...with high fidelity stripings on an Oxford cloth of integral character. Traditionally correct shaping, guarded by our button down collar that insures overall perfection of fit. Commandeers attention in upper class circles. This is shirtmanship. About seven dollars.

For the store nearest you, write SERO OF NEW HAVEN, New Haven, Conn.

GORDON-FORD

*man tailoring is wonderful—but*

it must be customed to feminine proportions. Precisely, this is what we do to these fully lined, Gordon-Ford herringbone pants and to Activair's oxford pullover. Pants about $19. Shirt about $6.50

Lord & Taylor, all stores
R. H. Stearns, Boston
Frankenberger's, Charleston, W.Va.
Plain and Fancy, Charlotte
Loom and Needle, Lexington, Ky.
For store nearest you, write:
GORDON-FORD, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1

sister and her beau who finally spoke to me. They came from the dining room, where the refreshments were set out, and as soon as they had crossed the threshold they began dancing. The young man guided my sister almost directly across the hall to me. When they got very close, they stopped dancing but remained in each other's arms while they spoke.

"Go and break on him, you little nut," my sister said.

"Yes," said her beau. "Show that little Yvonne what it's like to *really* dance."

I had no choice. I set out down the hall toward the pair. But when I was only a few feet away from them, I heard Yvonne say very distinctly, "Why is Louis the way he is? What's the matter with him?"

"Haven't you heard?" my brother said, smiling. "He hears voices."

"Not ours, I hope." She laughed.

"No, not ours. That's the trouble. *Other* voices."

"You're kidding."

Both of them saw me coming toward them, but I suppose they thought I really wouldn't hear *their* voices. And just as I was about to reach out my hand and touch my brother's shoulder, they turned and walked away in the direction of the dining room.

I shuffled back toward the piano. My sister and her beau were still dancing there, but they wouldn't look at me. I felt the chauffeur's resentful gaze when I didn't stop and begin turning the pages for him again. I put my hand on the banister rail and started up the stairs. My other sister was seated at the top of the flight, peering down into the hall, but when she saw me she began writing on a pad of paper that she held on her knee. When I came up to where she was, she said, "Did you see Sister dancing with her eyes closed? Isn't she disgusting?" Without answering, I went on up to my room.

I had switched on the light and was closing the door to my room when a voice said to me, "The number of steps in the stair remain always the s—"

"Hush!" I interrupted, closing my eyes and running my hand through my hair. "Won't you hush?"

"We can never hush," said the voices.

I opened my eyes and looked about at all my dear possessions that cluttered the room. It seemed to me that the voice had come either from the sea shells on the bottom shelf of my bookcase or from the leaf fossils there beside them. I took a step in that direction. It was the first time I had ever spoken back to my

the village store

**Saucy Sue...**

Demurely long-sleeved and beguilingly belted high, you'll wear this dress and catch many a manly eye. Comes in butter soft very fine wale corduroy in olive, burgundy or stone blue, or in a classic woven cotton plaid in blue/red or kelly/navy, not shown. Both 5-15. **20.00. Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich.** Post. 50c. Catalog on request.

**NEW YORK CITY, 822 Lexington Ave., PL 2-6895**
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Best & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

**Doggy-in-the-pocket set**
His ear flaps up and down!
Siblings love them. Mothers, too. Silky cotton broadcloth in navy with lined jumper, self buttons, white blouse.
Toddler sizes 2, 3, 4. **9.00**
Matching suit. **9.00**
From the Famous
**Liliputian Bazaar®**
**Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000**
*And at our 20 convenient Branches*

voices; it was the first chance they had had to answer me.

"Hush for a year," I said, "or five years, and then come back."

"We can never hush." This time it came from another part of the room—from the corner where my collection of knotty sticks and pieces of driftwood was kept. "But you may stop hearing us whenever you wish." I did not turn around. And after that the voice seemed to come from no particular object or direction. "You might as well stop hearing us," it said. "You have everything to gain and nothing to lose."

"But who are you?" I said. "I don't want to hear you, but I want to know who you are. I don't want to forget you." And suddenly, when I had said that, the room was filled with such loud laughter that I thought my eardrums might burst. I whirled about to make sure I was still alone there. I *was* alone. I clapped my hands over my ears, but the volume was not diminished. I ran to the corner, seized one of my sticks, and began knocking all my pretty objects off the shelves and off the bureau top, and smashing the glass that covered my moth collections. At last, I raised my voice and shouted, "I will stop hearing you, you demons who persecute innocent children!" The laughter ceased abruptly, or so it seemed to me.

The silence was awful for a moment. But presently I heard my sister, who had looked at me so approvingly two hours before, speaking to me through the door. "Your guests are leaving, Louis," she said. "You'd better come down." She had opened the door now. When I turned around and faced her I could tell from her expression that she had not heard the racket I had been making. "This is not a very mature way for you to react," she said, glancing all about. "I can see you've got a lot to learn, Louis. Do you think you are so much better than everybody else that you are never going to be jilted?"

"Has the little wench gone?" I said, through my teeth. And I threw aside my stick.

My sister laughed. "That's more the spirit," she said. Then she took a step backward. "You had better not come down, after all. Stay up here and pick up the pieces." At the door, just before she went out, she elaborated. "Pick up the pieces, Little Brother. Tomorrow is another day. And if it's not perfect, the next one may be." It sounded trite to me even at the time, and I am not sure she was not quoting some popular song of the day. But she was trying to speak to me, and I loved her for it, and I pitied

THE CLARKS COMMUTER

**—a handsome dress shoe with casual shoe comfort**

This is a true Clarks Casual designed for business wear, with all the famous Clarks comfort features — British craftsmanship and materials — featherlight and refreshingly flexible. — In brier or black leather — microcellular soles $14.95

MADE IN ENGLAND

And the new Dress-Casual **DESERT® KHAN** in high-polish brown coach-work-calf. Malayan plantation crepe soles with black edging $15.95

Clarks OF ENGLAND · 333 BOSTON POST ROAD · NORWALK, CONN

in mexico city

HOTEL BAMER

Av. Juárez No. 52

The most distinguished hotel

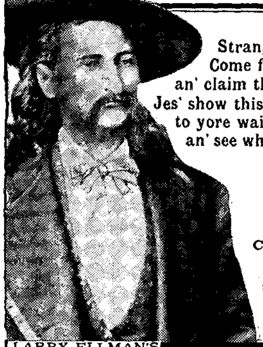
see your travel agent or our representatives:

ROBERT F. WARNER INC.

New York Tel: JUdson 6-4500

Chicago Tel: RAndolph 6-0624

HB



SURPRISE!

Stranger in town?
Come fer dinner
an' claim the ree-ward!
Jes' show this here ad
to yore waiter
an' see whut happens.

PRAIRIE-SIZE STEAKS

CATTLEMAN'S CUT of PRIME RIBS

SING ALONG WITH BILL FARRELL IN THE SALOON

Open Daily & Sunday 'til 2 A.M.
Valet Parking • All Credit Cards
Reservations — YUKON 6-4988

PHOTO: WILD BILL HICKOK, MERCALDO ARCHIVES

LARRY ELLMAN'S

THE CATTLEMAN

THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT AT 47TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

Peck & Peck

*At San Remo on the Italian Riviera*

Sportive look for the Peck & Peck Girl: the weskit costume

Two-piece wool knit plus contrast silk blouse. (The bow's detachable.) Cherry with pink blouse, teal with powder blue or black with beige. 8 to 16, 45$^{00}$

Crest Collection

*Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis Indianapolis • Atlanta • Twin Cities • Buffalo • Kansas City Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence*

her for having to say it that way. She was only seventeen—not yet out of high school, even. Maybe for a girl that is not so very young. But I know that when I got to be her age I was still only beginning to grow up. Though I stopped hearing the mysterious voices one hears as a child that night in my room, at seventeen I was still learning to listen to the voices of people—still discovering just how carefully, for love's sake, one must always listen. And I was thirty before I felt that love's recompense was adequate to let me say with honesty the kind of thing that my sister had said at seventeen.

But still, how am I to explain the voices I heard as a child? Why did I hate so to give them up? And why do I insist so upon remembering them? . . . Well, I reject your explanation, whatever it is. And, after all, they are *my* voices. The truth is, I have come to like having them there at my beginning, unexplained, a mystery. My liking for the mystery of them has increased with every bit of learning I have had to do. Such a mystery becomes, finally, a kind of knowledge. It instructs and informs us about the arbitrary nature of most of the things we have to learn in order to walk the world as adults. Learn those things we *must*, but we know in our hearts that it might have been different. Our requirement might only have been to make sense out of what the voices were saying, and in that case those of us whose inclination was to go on listening always to our voices would have been the normal ones and not the rare birds we are. After seventeen, I became obsessed with learning from people—about people and the world. I listened to everybody. I became a wonderful listener, and still am. Everybody says so. The unfortunate thing, however, is that I have become eccentric in ways you might not expect. For instance, every time the season changes nowadays, I wonder what in the world has come over me and why I am so uncomfortable, until one day somebody happens to say in my presence, "Winter is really here now. This is the coldest day we have had," or, "Well, the hot weather is upon us, no mistaking it." After that, I change to clothing of appropriate weight, and I am all right again. One more thing, too. I *have* learned to love nature. And the memory of my unexplained voices has been instructive there. Whenever I return to the scenes of my childhood and admire the pale beauty of the sycamore trees and the glossy leaves of the oaks—almost like magnolias, some of them—I

AALBORG AKVAVIT
THE NATIONAL DRINK OF DENMARK

"There is nothing like a Dane..."

for great new drinks like: Danish Mary, Danish Bull, Hamlet, Copenhagen!

Imported by National Distillers Products Co., New York. 86 proof. 100% grain neutral spirits.

no fare

the heart of Manhattan is only steps from the famous hotel ASTOR

Singles from $9, doubles from $14, suites from $25 (dbl.). See your Travel Agent, or write or call The Hotel Astor on Times Square, N.Y. JUdson 6-3000.

ANTHONY M. REY
VICE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER

understand how far, in my mind, I have had to withdraw from trees in order to learn to love them. I go for walks in the woods with my family sometimes on my visits back home, and often I cannot help remarking on the absence of any chestnut trees in the woods. My family find it very curious that I remember the chestnuts at all, and tell each other it is evidence of how much I have always loved nature. But that isn't so. It is something I have learned. It is something strange and wonderful that I have learned to do.—PETER TAYLOR

•

### TRAVEL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Mendocino* (*Calif.*) *Beacon*]

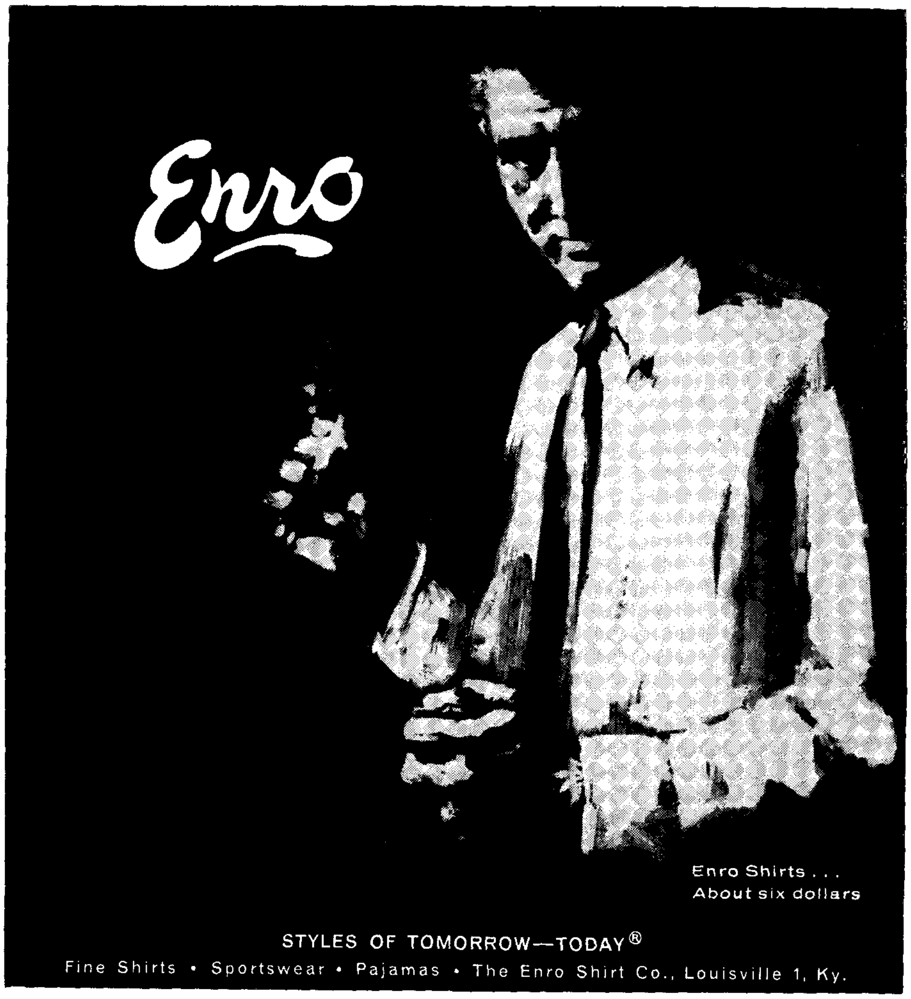
Mr. and Mrs. Art Bruehl have returned from a 6-weeks Newsom Garden Tour which took them to Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong and the Phillipines. There were 17 persons on the tour which began with a flight to Honolulu and a stop-off on Wake Island where the plane blew a tire. After repairs, the trip continued to Tokyo.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruehl were impressed with the friendly courtesy of the Japanese people, few of which spoke English. They also commented on the large groups of Japanese children, well dressed and mannered, touring temples and shrines a part of their education. The children were happy and carefree and loved being photographed and collecting autographs of visiting Americans. The Bruehls enjoyed an electric train trip to Nikko, they saw Fujiiama without her cloud cover, found the interior decorating in the Inn in Kakumatsu to be a work of art, (they visited there on an Inland Tour) and were surprised at the lack of sweets in Japan. There are cakes and candy, they explained, but they are not sweet.

After their 22 days in Japan, the Bruells went to Hong Kong for a 5-day visit. Art called Hong Kong a snake pit. Drinking water was at a premium, poverty was rampant and shopping was impossible because of unreliable business practices. The hordes of refugees living in sampans were pitiful.

Five more days were spent in Bangkok, Thailand. Here there is plenty of water but it is unusable as far as the tourist are concerned. The canals are full of livestock, children and small craft peddling food and wares. Mrs. Bruehl said Thailand coffee is not drinkable, and the food in the Erwan Hotel where they stayed was poor, although prepared by a cook imported from Switzerland. The Thais were a happy people, however, and very friendly.

Another 5 days of touring the Phillipines completed the Bruehl's trip. Art said the best thing about the Phillipines was the day they left! The people were not industrious and seemed interested in but one thing, how they dressed. The only wealth they felt was evident was in the gorgeous gown worn by the women and the fancy wear of the men. Getting dressed up for a party seemed to be the chief interest of most of the people, while the country was in poor shape.



Enro

Enro Shirts . . .
About six dollars

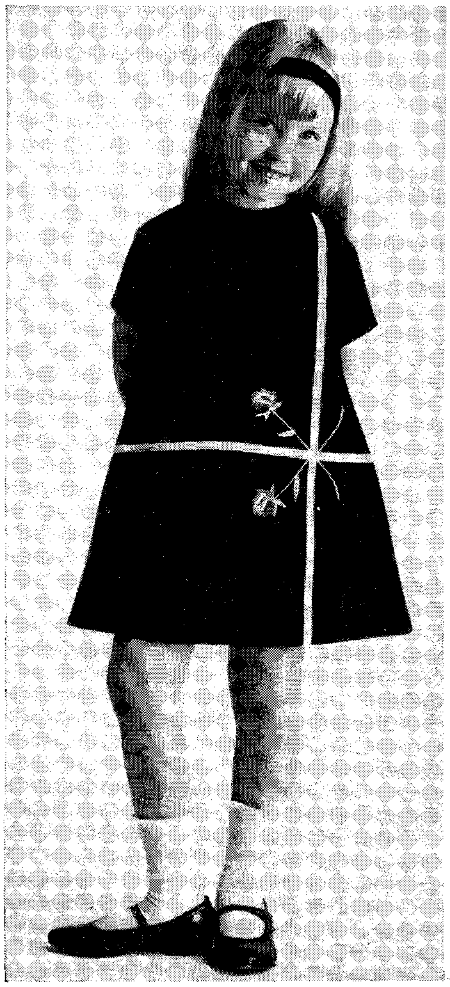
STYLES OF TOMORROW—TODAY®

Fine Shirts • Sportswear • Pajamas • The Enro Shirt Co., Louisville 1, Ky.

Autumn Heyday

Cause for jubilation: Bermuda shorts manly in tailoring, feminine of fit, fabulously plaid. Only A. H. tackles wool tweed with such precision, matching pattern perfectly, catching the spirit of suburb and campus. And A. H. pampers you with soft cotton lining throughout. Sizes 8-18, about $14. Also other gentry fabrics at finer shops, or write Austin Hill, Ltd., Baltimore 2, Maryland or 1407 Broadway, New York for the shop nearest you.

Ah! AUSTIN-HILL



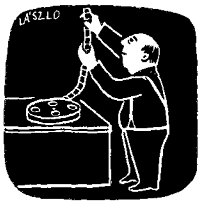
until she puts her money in a "big" bank, not a piggy bank keep her in youngland®

Cotton velveteen party dress with white sateen trim. Inky black as shown. 3 to 6x, about $18. 7 to 14, about $23. B. ALTMAN & CO., NEW YORK CITY; Sam Landorf & Co., 112 West 34 Street, New York 1.

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Camp Scenes*

AFTER some twenty years, Second World War escape movies are still an obsession in the popular cinema. Wooden Horses; Alberts, R.N.; Colditzes; and Stalags Luft numbered from one to infinity—all conform to the same attention-riveting routine. For once, at least, familiarity breeds contentment, and after seeing "The Great Escape" this week I find myself wondering why this routine is so perennially satisfying. Partly, I think, it is because these movies are the Robinsonades of our day. The austere wooden compounds, set in the midst of dark Bavarian pines, are counterparts of Crusoe's stockade, and in them his contest with limited resources is reënacted by groups of castaways digging tunnels, disposing of the dirt, running up mufti from blankets and mattress ticking, and generally whistling up the full equipment of ordinary life from the unpromising raw materials of a bleak prison cell. In Robert Bresson's "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," the hero was, indeed, entirely on his own, making the parallel with Crusoe complete, and the minute attention that was paid to his constructions brought the genre to its climax. In all these films, however, the fascination lies in the details of making do, of rebuilding reality from scraps and leftovers; it suggests an infinite regress in which a man might be confined in sparser and sparser surroundings and still, through his creative ingenuity, come up with a passable replica of the outside world. This is *chosiste* drama, bringing into high relief the collision between man and the gritty, resistant stuff of the physical world in which he has his being. In a racy form that is far removed from any conscious intellectual intention, these movies deal with the same elements as does Samuel Beckett, whose slummy characters fuss and fidget—ineffectually, though—with material objects. Both show how men, put down in a world of dumb bricks, will not rest until they have made, or at least tried to make, the whole thing over in their own image. I was interested to see how, during the showing of "The Great Escape," which is an account of the breakout of a number of American and British fliers from a German prison camp, the audience reacted with gasps of enthusiasm to each turn of invention. In fact, it reacted far more strongly to the feats of ingenuity than it did to the tense moments during the breakout itself, or to a chase sequence after the breakout. It all comes down to a metaphysics—or perhaps a pataphysics—of occupational therapy, in which the world is one enormous hospital, with patients who, right up to their last breath, will twiddle bits of string and bend vellum into lampshades, so that each of them may leave behind, when he can no longer lift a finger and is carted off to the morgue, a pile of human artifacts saying, in effect, that Kilroy was here.



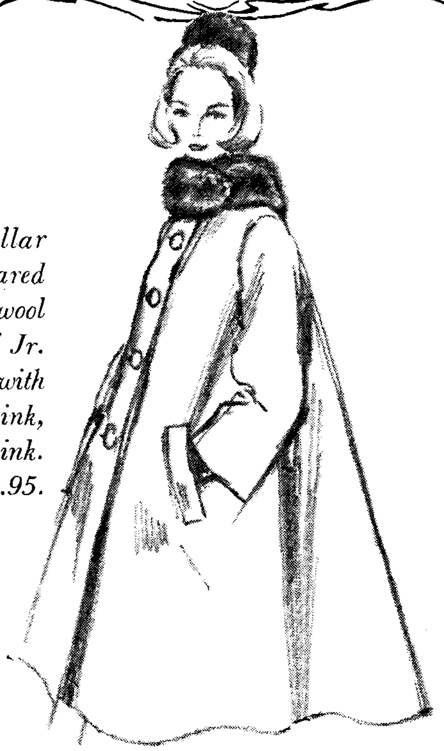
Another point of interest in "The Great Escape" is the show of male camaraderie. We get an incarcerated Arthurian idyll, with the men being thrown back into rather passionate prep-school companionships, and women getting forced out into a photographic limbo as pinups nailed to the head of the bed. It seems strange that the Germans should be the constant foe, since this sort of masculine nostalgia is very Teutonic. Perhaps, one feels, the warders are only provisionally hostile, in a citadel where the prisoners will their own confinement.

In general, this film, directed by John Sturges, is harmlessly entertaining, with good, boisterous performances by Steve McQueen and James Garner. It is curious and rather touching to see the parts in these pictures played more and more as time wings on by young men who must have been cutting their milk teeth when the real thing was taking place. The horror and the hardship seem to dwindle with the years, until in films like this the entire calamity seems to be viewed from the wrong end of a telescope—a charade seen in miniature. Even the Gestapo have faded away into pantomime villains and demon kings, who jump up out of nowhere, thwacking their jackboots and rubbing their hands in eager anticipation of a "lengthy interrogation."

TEN doors down from Ripley's Believe It or Not Museum, in Times Square, they are showing a vividly prurient movie called "Women of the World." Directed by Gualtiero Jacopetti, who also made "Mondo Cane," it is a sour anthropological spectacular, stringing together a series of womanly foibles that range from the sublime to the sadistic. The scenes are arranged in what the director must have thought was a laconic montage, in which the feminine practices of one nation are exposed to ridicule by juxtaposition with those of another. The brutal tattooing of an adolescent Bornean girl is set off by scenes in a Swiss cosmetic clinic where wealthy women have the skin scraped from their faces in the hope of renewing their youthful bloom. We are supposed to get a hearty boff from seeing the vicarious labor pains of a Polynesian husband acting out the *couvade*, and the next moment we are rebuked by a shot in a "gay" Western bar. Ceremonial transvestitism in Papua gets a wry nose tweak, but then a group of New York Lesbians are laughed to scorn by immediate comparison. "Women of the World," like "Mondo Cane," is falsely satirical in spirit, making its points by the irony of the cutting. The overall effect is of the film-maker's raucous ignorance, and the laughter that it provokes seems oafish and out of place. Of course the *couvade* appears absurd when it is wrenched from its social context, and the uncertain boundaries between the two sexes can be made out to be even more laughably flexible by the right choice of cuts. What this sort of film does is, by omitting the explanations that bind all these practices into one human ritual, to bolster the confidence of the audience in its own way of life.

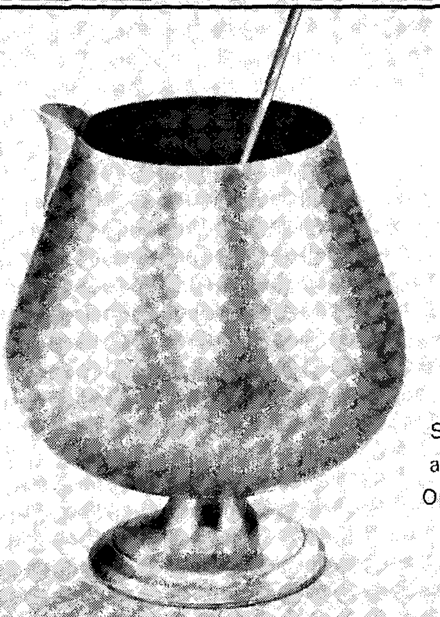
"JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS," a Hollywood adaptation of the classical myth, is another of those wine-dark-sea affairs. It reverberates with special effects, of which the most notable is Laurence Naismith, who lurches around the poop deck as a roly-poly bosun dressed only in a loincloth. I liked Neptune, too, spouting up from the depths, with his crown tipsily awry, to hold aside the rocky narrows that bar the passage of the Argonauts. The Golden Fleece comes on as a tinselly rug that glows like some undreamed-of electric blanket from Norman Dine's Sleep Center. But why, oh, why, after forty years of film technology, do process shots still look so dreadful? Otherwise stunning effects are ruined by those shimmering chromatic aberrations that always seem to cocoon the actors in the foreground. Trick animations haven't advanced as far as they might have, either. Seven-headed monsters and fighting skeletons still have a primitive, staccato action that brings back those jumpy little pieces by Georges Méliès. In an age when practically anyone can bounce Khrushchev off a Telstar, film technicians should be able to do all this standing on their heads. Back to the old drawing board is what I say.

—JONATHAN MILLER



*Removable mink collar*
*tops this gracefully flared*
*coat of textured wool*
*by Dani Jr.*
*Beige with*
*Autumn Haze® mink,*
*red or black with ranch mink.*
*Sizes 3-15. $89.95.*

MONTALDO'S
*Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.*
*St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio*
Doop's *East Orange, Short Hills, N.J.*



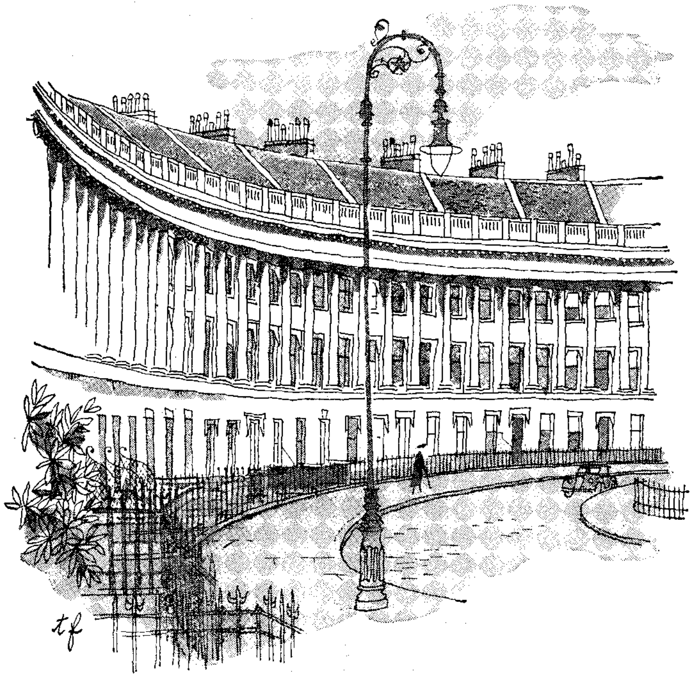
Cartier

CARTIERS' OWN
Sterling silver martini pitcher
and spoon, (holds one quart.)
One of many exclusive designs
from our Silver Room,
$114.
FED. TAX INCLUDED

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK, PLAZA 3-0111

# OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

## YOU ARE ON SHOW



DURING the time I spent recently in Bath—a city with a rich and elegant past which is nevertheless turning its face with a certain anxiety toward its future—I found myself wishing occasionally that I had brought along a pedometer, which would have ticked off the miles I tramped about the streets and presented me each evening with a gratifying total. Its arithmetic might not have been absolutely satisfactory, though, for the miles seemed to run mostly vertically, rather than horizontally, and, whatever the answer, one's legs would probably have voted the sum too small. Along with the rest of the summer visitors, who were pouring in by train, car, and bus for the eleven days of the Bath Festival and for the never-ending pleasure of the architecture, I spent much of the daytime scaling the alpine hills, which made me feel that the calf muscles of Bath residents must be as powerfully developed as those of a Nijinsky. The most splendid of the Georgian crescents and terraces are perched high, and though one can take a car or a tourist bus up to them, one would then miss the little pedestrian alleys and quiet back lanes, where the stables of the big houses still survive, cats doze on the cobbles, the unambitious cottages are charming, and a leafy peace and quietness keep the feeling of the country. All the same, pausing for a few minutes to get my breath or to admire some spidery iron railing or chaste pilastered doorway, I speculated now and then on the strange paradox that makes Bath so perennially popular with the elderly and the retired, who settle here in spite of the admittedly enervating climate (it was high-summer weather, and the city, in its bowl of hills, simmered like a chowder, to be followed, so Bathonians cheerfully assured me, by a broth of mists in winter) and in spite of the fact that old ladies of modest means who live in its upper reaches and have no car must willy-nilly find themselves understudying chamois. "Mountains are very good frames for a prospect, but here they run against one's nose," grumbled Horace Walpole, who did not appear to like Bath.

The climate, even if it makes newcomers yawn, is beautifully soft, like the famous Bath stone that was quarried out of the Somerset hills to build the domestic masterpiece of the city's houses and public buildings, and that, in the brilliant days of my stay, seemed to hold the sunlight in its slabs. Dog eats dog, softness devours softness, the balmy weather gnaws year by year into the stone, so that its true color has been covered and darkened with a granulated top scum compounded of its own secretions, plus the dirt from an eighteenth-century town of open fireplaces, plus the fumes of a modern gasworks that former city fathers allowed to be placed where it bulges its cheeks like an ungainly frog squatting in the view from Royal Crescent, one of the loftiest crescents in Bath, as it is certainly the noblest here and, some say, in all Europe. The skyline viewed from Royal Crescent has also been unhappily fuzzed over with a sprawl of random buildings roofed with cheery red tiles, which show up glaringly in the pale, neutral mass of native-stone houses, and one is told that they went up in the twenties, a period when enlightened public conscience was perhaps not so sharply on the alert as it is today about its historic and natural possessions.

WHETHER that conscience is now alert enough or not is a question that makes for much local discussion among public-spirited citizens who love Bath, are knowledgeable about its history, and are amiably prepared to ferry strangers around the sights and not let them miss a single exquisite plaster tracery or split pediment or perfect doorway through which Miss Austen or Mr. Thomas Gainsborough or one of a host of other notable visitors must often have passed. There are many such passionate devotees living here. Major Adrian Hopkins, an ex-mayor and eminent Bathonian who lives in a charming house on Sion Hill, high above the city, has organized a corps of voluntary guides, who must pass an examination before receiving their official badges, and has furnished them with architectural and historical notes translated, with military thoroughness, not only into the usual European languages but also into more exotic tongues, such as Arabic, Armenian, and Fijian. (It is a matter of regret to him that no Fiji Islander has yet shown up at the Pump Room and requested reading matter.) Bath has, literally and figuratively, many mansions. Besides these busy people—mostly professional men and women—there is the young, moneyed, county "smart set," who live in some of the peerless, faultlessly kept-up eighteenth-century houses on the city's rural fringes; there are many quiet retired service people; there is the modern Bath of the housing estates; and there is, above all, Her Majesty's Admiralty, about five thousand strong in staff and the most important of the evacuees who moved here in the war and never went away. It is a local joke that Bath has had three periods of renaissance—the Roman, the eighteenth-century, and the Admiralty. When the hordes of naval officers and civil servants and their families arrived from London in 1939, squeezing the city's living space to bursting, the local enthusiasm seems to have been restrained. Now, however, Bathonians realize only too well that without the Navy's having gallantly come to the rescue and set them handsomely afloat once more, they would have sunk into the quiet decay of a ghost ship stranded high and dry above modern life. When there were rumors a year or two ago that the Admiralty was

TWA passengers see the finest in motion pictures such as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's forthcoming "THE V. I. P.'s" starring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. Films by Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc.

# World's only movie theatre with DynaFan jet power

It's a nice little theatre. Big, soft, reclining seats with their own ash trays. Plush carpeting all around. Air-conditioned, of course. Pretty ushers, too. But there's one remarkable difference. This theatre flies. Only TWA shows movies in First Class on nonstop coast-to-coast jet flights,* and to *all* passengers on most overseas flights. Each seat has individual volume controls and featherweight earphones. If you'd rather read or nap, you won't be disturbed. Films are current and choice. So is the jet—the mighty TWA StarStream with DynaFan power. Next trip, call TWA. All seats reserved.

***Nationwide***
***Worldwide***
***depend on*** **TWA**

*Starting in August.

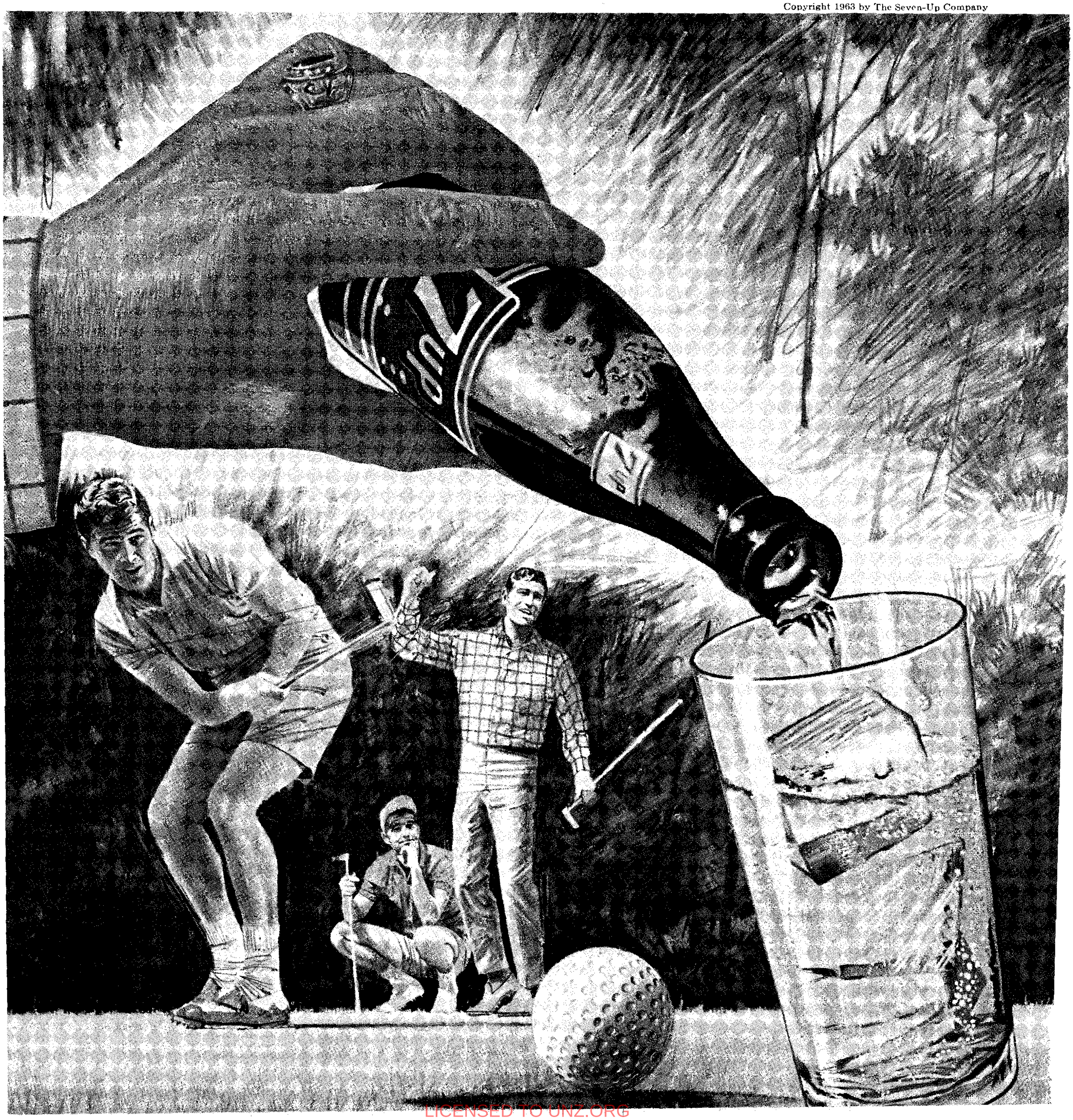
7up

# the man's mixer

## FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY A GIN COLLINS THAT'S HEARTY

When a man wants a Collins, he wants to taste a little of that gin! That's why 7-Up and gin is most men's idea of what a Collins should be like. Seven-Up smooths gin, yes — smothers gin, no! And only two ingredients mean no complicated measuring to endanger uniform results. Have a 7-Up Collins. It's man-style!

Copyright 1963 by The Seven-Up Company



going to pack its bags and pull out, the tradespeople and the landladies, not to mention the City Corporation, uttered loud cries of distress, but the scare is past, and it seems that reassurances have been given that Bath will continue to be a leading naval establishment indefinitely. The civil servants are said to keep to themselves, and the naval men, as far as I could discover, either are invisible or wear mufti when treading the streets of this landlocked base.

Though the revenue and employment that the Admiralty has brought to Bath may have averted total economic disaster, there are many Bathonians who look with candid envy at a booming, go-ahead city like neighboring Bristol and are inclined to deplore the weight of antiquity that is tied like a stone around their necks. There is no future in Bath, I heard again and again—only a highly civilized past, beautifully visible on all sides. The tourists flock in to enjoy the Palladian dream—to pause on the city's hills and gaze across at the bleached-bone structure of town planning that the two great John Woods (father and son) and Thomas Baldwin, John Palmer, John Pinch, John Eveleigh, John Strahan, Thomas Jelly, and the other Georgian architects articulated among the verdant green—but the young, one hears, leave to look for dreams elsewhere. The elder generation of Bathonians speak nostalgically of the old days when the great, imposing houses were owned by single families and beautifully cared for by many servants, and when the local gentry shopped in the fine shops in Milsom Street, the Bond Street of Bath, and paid for their purchases, as often as not, someone solemnly assured me, by check. But today, my informant mournfully added, a dignified checkbook is seldom seen; instead, there is the vulgar chink of ready money—the beautiful, desirable lolly—changing hands at a good pace in the environs of Milsom Street, and still faster in the commercial center of Bath, which has shifted from that stately axis to a part of town farther down the hill, scattering chain stores and car parks in its wake. To many among the crowds who cheerfully mill around there on a Saturday morning, the splendors of Georgian architecture doubtless appear less desirable than one or two nice little new factories. There are very few light industries in Bath, and many unaffluent citizens in its population of eighty-one thousand or so would be glad to see more. The city is not rich, though its whole concept speaks boldly of an ample life lived in surroundings that were gracefully

Mr. Witt buttons down the news
with Giveaway, horizontal stretch
nylon* and cotton that takes to action
while it keeps its tapered good looks.

Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
A Division of Burlington Industries

*CHEMSTRAND STRETCH NYLON

QUALITY

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N.Y.

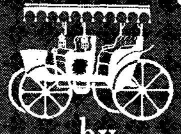
**Two for the price of one.**

When you retire, would you like a *guarantee* that income from your insurance would be *yours for life*—and then continue to support someone who depends on you? With a Mutual Benefit Life policy, you can have this assurance. Under our joint and survivorship right, if either person should die, the same income continues to the other for as long as he or she lives. This is just one of the "Seven Significant Benefits" built into the Mutual Benefit Life contract.

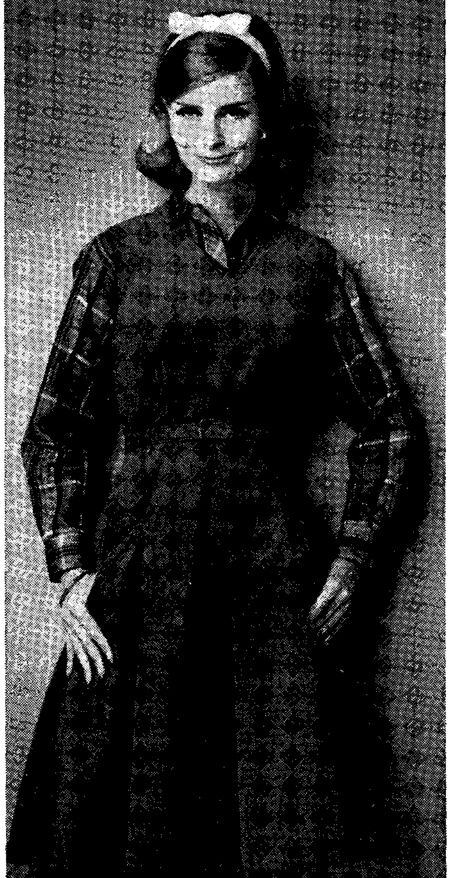
MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY • NEWARK, NEW JERSEY • SINCE 1845

SURREY



by
MURIEL
RYAN



**Terrific Team...and color scheme!** Muriel Ryan pairs an olive suede-cloth jumper with a madras plaid shirt. The result? A fresh, young look. Flare-skirted jumper with diagonal slash pockets and V-neckline. Sizes 5 to 15 . . . . . $25
Slightly higher on west coast.

a division of Serbin, Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., N.Y.

planned down to such minor details as the incising of the street names in the corner walls in fair, clear letters that delight the eye with their perfect scale. There is street after street of superb façades kept up with the old dignity, but Georgian houses can become down-at-heel as easily as Victorian back-to-back terraces, and more tragically. I came across corners where the grand ornamented doorways were crumbling and the cracked windowpanes gave on a view of dispirited washing hanging on a line, and it was evident that the people who filled out these limp pants and faded, kicked-in pinafores neither flourished nor led lives that could be described as ample.

Establishing a light-manufacturing zone where it would not offend or destroy someone or something in the lovely city is particularly difficult, it seems. The Somerset County authorities wish to lock Bath into a green belt extending from the city boundaries and creating a chastity *ceinture* of unspoiled country and little villages that no industrial or real-estate developer could legally pick (ardent lovers of Bath and its incomparable setting talk about the city as though it were indeed a frail and beautiful female menaced on all sides by the wicked machinations of men), but the city planners think that such an embargo, far from protecting Bath's rural virtue, would destroy it. At an official inquiry that the Ministry of Housing and Local Government set up last year to adjudicate between county and city, Mr. John Wilkinson, the city-planning officer, gave his view that constricting Bath into such a tight girdle would produce ever-increasing pressure for housing developments to sprawl out over the plushy green hills and wooded slopes that still remain in the city area. Already, one or two of the open, park-like vistas that are the charm of the place have been threatened. The City Council asked that four hundred-odd acres be retained from the green belt, so that well-planned communities to house the thousand or so families in desperate need of somewhere to live can be settled within reasonable reach of the center. The Somerset County people want to house them beyond the green belt, which, in the city planners' view, could only mean that Bath as a living, growing organism would gradually atrophy, becoming largely a bloodless antique, preserved under glass for tourists to visit and admire. The judgment of Whitehall has not yet been delivered. Meanwhile, no two of the many factions in the place seem to agree on what its future is to be, or how new ways of supplying blood

*Close to the best of everything in New York*

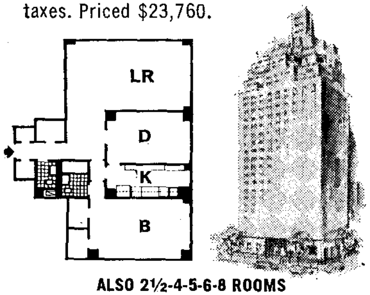
50 East
79th Street
at Madison Avenue
New York

*Offering An Exceptional*
**4-ROOM APARTMENT**

This spacious, air-conditioned, sunlit apartment provides a Foyer, 25' Living Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, modern wall-oven Kitchen, 2 Baths, 5 walk-in closets. The building is a modern co-op residence of peerless distinction, with an attentive, uniformed staff at your service 'round the clock. It is close to cultural activities, exclusive shops, fine restaurants, good private schools and renowned P.S. #6.

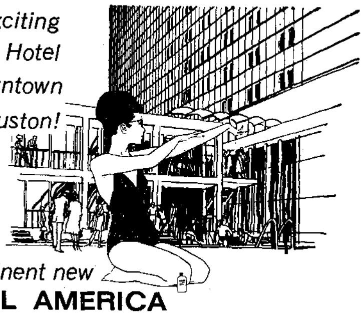
**Maid Service, Valet, Garage on Premises**

Estimated monthly maintenance $379 before anticipated tax deduction based on mortgage interest and real estate taxes. Priced $23,760.



ALSO 2½-4-5-6-8 ROOMS
& 9 ROOMS (4 Bedrooms)
& 11-ROOM (5 Bedrooms) PENTHOUSE
Many with Terraces
*Sales Office in building; visit, or phone Jean Rouse, YUkon 8-8885*
**HARRY J. RIKER**
**RIKER & COMPANY, INC.**
*Selling & Managing Agent*
**509 Madison Ave., New York**
**PLaza 9-5335**
*These offerings made by prospectus only*

*An Exciting Resort Hotel for Downtown Houston!*

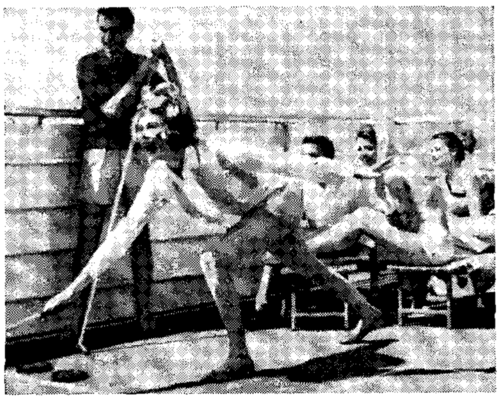


*the eminent new*
**HOTEL AMERICA**
Cullen Center • Houston, Texas

*Tensions disappear at Hotel America's 18-hole putting green, roque court, swimming pool and lanai terrace. 325 luxurious air conditioned rooms, gracious service, garden-plaza setting . . . a step away from the city's heart! Send for color brochure.*
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

"Haute Cuisine" Holiday Mag.
Le Bijou
168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338
Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines

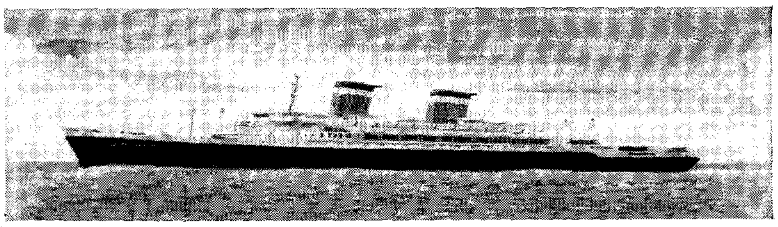
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond B. Benson and daughter Joan of New Hartford, N. Y., choose from a tempting international buffet on the America. The ship is noted for its fine food and wines. For fine service, too! There's a well-trained staff to pamper you!



Miss Stafford Hutchinson of Cookham Dean, Berks., England, enjoying shuffleboard on the United States. Spacious decks for playing, relaxing, a pool, first-run movies, nightly dancing are some of the reasons for a wonderful time on this, the world's fastest ship.

# To Europe on the world's fastest ship is a 5-day social season

*Some of the season's most fashionable gatherings take place on the s.s. United States and the s.s. America.*



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Smith dancing to Meyer Davis music in the ballroom on the United States. Mr. Smith, President of the Thomas J. Smith Engineering and Construction Co. of Düsseldorf, Germany, has made 25 crossings on United States Lines ships.

What's your pleasure? A gay whirl or total rest? You can have either on the United States and the America where a masterful stress on service and food keynotes every trip. Join the many distinguished people who travel to Europe regularly on these magnificent ships.

**The s.s. United States** includes a week-end in its 5 days to Europe, conserving time for businessmen. **The s.s. America.** Popular, luxurious. Offers two extra days of leisure at sea.

## 26 Fall and Winter vacation ideas via the United States and America

**12 Blue-Ribbon vacations to Paris.** Your ticket includes tours of the French capital, first-class hotel accommodations, and entertainment at glamorous night clubs and restaurants.

**4 cruises to Bermuda or the West Indies.** Sail in luxury to these exotic ports: St. Thomas, San Juan, Bermuda, Curaçao, Martinique.

**10 special sea-air European all-expense tours this Fall.** Sail on the s.s. United States. Enjoy a European vacation under the guidance of Thos. Cook & Son, and fly back by Pan American jet. 16-day and 23-day holiday tours available.

Plan your fall vacation now. Fares are lower in Thrift Season, with added 10% reduction on round trips. For even greater savings ask about excursion fares and group rates.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

**United States Lines**

One Broadway, New York, and in Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, *Norfolk, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D. C., Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver*

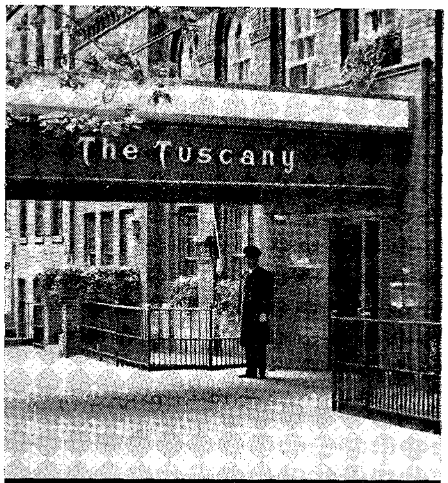
JOHNSTON OF DALLAS
invites her to play in
Crompton Pinwale Corduroy.
Shell top and matching slacks.
Rick-rack trim. Pony brown, red.
Sizes 3-6x. About $8.
Sizes 7-12. About $10.
Lord & Taylor, New York and Branches
Jordan Marsh, Boston
J. P. Allen & Co., Atlanta
Stewart & Co., Baltimore
Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc.,
1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY18

**Crompton Corduroy**

MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA

transfusions can be encouraged without harming the unique patient.

THIS is a city inordinately conscious of its place as a center of pilgrimage, or at least the residents who live in the most visited shrines are conscious of it. "Never shake a duster out of the front windows," a lady whose house stands in one of the most majestic of the crescents recently told a newly arrived foreign maid. "You are on show." What should be kept intact or discarded is thus everybody's business. Not long ago, there was a spirited controversy about the clump of tall trees growing in the center of the Circus, the senior John Wood's perfect O of matchless houses, which he began in 1754, the year of his death, and which his son finished. One school of thought wished to apply the axe, holding that the heavy summer foliage blocked the visual unity of the circle and had not been part of the original design. Other Bathonians championed the old trees with passion, down to the last sacred twig. In the final compromise, the trees were lopped of their lower branches but survived. In any plan for change, there are always those who insist piously that nothing Georgian, however bedraggled, should be touched, and the city planners are certain to run into more controversy when they try to solve Bath's bedevilling traffic problem. Heavy trucks now thunder through the city's center, shaking the fabric of the eighteenth-century houses. Parades laid out for nothing noisier than a double line of post chaises act as an elegant funnel to magnify the racket and tenderly preserve the exhaust fumes, and every tiny alley has its litter of dead motor metal. Logically, the time when the tourist buses should roll around the great thoroughfares (but, happily, do not) is late at night, when most of the cars have gone, and when anyone who takes to his twentieth-century feet can see the town plain for the first time—the vistas undefiled, the lamplight shining on pale pillar, urn, and pediment, and only an occasional Bath cat scurrying behind the area railings from the sound of his footsteps. The city authorities have tried to relieve the congestion by making new one-way streets everywhere, which even the residents seem to find occasionally baffling, but I was told of more drastic plans for completing a ring road around the city and establishing a pedestrian shopping area in its center. The scheme will have to overcome the natural difficulties of Bath's abrupt, hilly site and the objections (sure to be raised if it cuts through some Georgian properties,



THE
TUSCANY
New York
PAMPERS ITS GUESTS
with sumptuous

Wamsutta®
Supercale

sheets & pillowcases,
the ultimate in luxury

WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.
Makers of famous Heritage towels

The definitive
portrait
is by Bachrach

48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men.

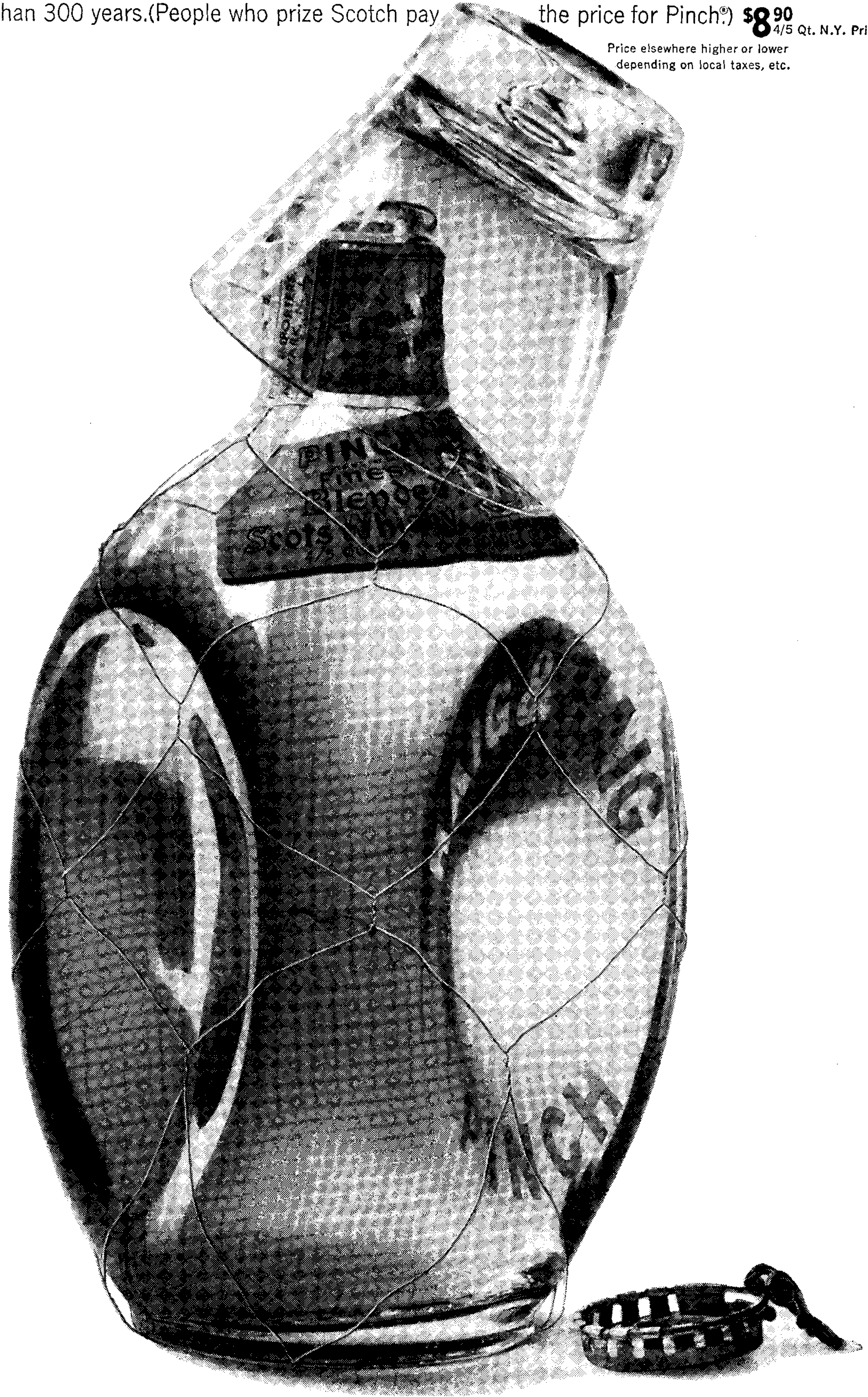
SPINNING WHEEL
REDDING RIDGE, CONNECTICUT
Merritt Parkway Exit 45 or Thruway
Exit 23 (Fairfield) to Rte 135 to Rte 58
FAMOUS FOOD IN COUNTRY SETTING
COCKTAILS • GIFT SHOP
Service 12:00-8:00—Except Monday
Tel: (203)938-2511 • Express Credit Cards
Fully Air-Conditioned

# Don't pour the Pinch, if lightness is all you want for your money.

Pinch refuses to follow the fad for lightness too far. So Pinch never loses character. With Pinch, you pay more; you get more of a Scotch. You get the fullness of body, the richness of character, the presence, that good Scotch was meant to have.

But then, what else would you expect from Pinch? Our distillery has been at it for more than 300 years.(People who prize Scotch pay [illegible] the price for Pinch®) $8.90 4/5 Qt. N.Y. Price.

Price elsewhere higher or lower depending on local taxes, etc.



PINCH BY HAIG & HAIG, LTD., BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

*The equitation raincoat, constructed for serious riders. Side straps keep it secured to the legs. After dismounting, close its cutout back pleat with the two buttons. Immense pockets will hold a hunting lunch, a halter, a quart of oats. Eggshell with Scarlet sleeve and shoulder lining.*
*Sizes 6 to 16. About $35 at fine stores or write:*

**JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH**
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
In New York: 1407 Broadway

as seems unavoidable in a place so full of them) of the "no-change" Bathonians, who would cling to the historic stones even if it means exasperation for the human colonies who live among them. There are those who feel that the city must eventually decide boldly to let some of the less important quarters on the fringes go, the better to preserve the topflight categories of streets and buildings. Like heirlooms that require constant attention and appraisal, all of Georgian Bath has been graded by the city's architects—the most priceless and prized, such as the Circus, Royal Crescent, and magnificent Pulteney Street, in the unquestioned first category, less grand but still graceful houses in Category Two, and so on, down to the shabby that declare their birth only by the breadth of their sad windows and by a flash of fine molding showing beneath the grime or a turn of delicate ironwork through the rust.

The task of keeping the aristocrats in good health and adapting them to modern legs and purses is being carried out with devoted care by the City Corporation or by local private architects. A fine town mansion can probably be bought here for about half the price that you would pay for a Regency workman's cottage jammed in a row in Kensington or Chelsea, but the cost of converting it comes high. At certain times of day, the big houses seem to float as light as air on their hillsides, and it is easy to be bemused into forgetting that these exquisite bubbles were kept aloft in their heyday by the huffings and puffings of bevies of servants, who clattered up and down the stairs all day long and half the night, from the huge basement kitchens to the reception rooms and, finally, to less commodious attics, often concealed from the eye (and possibly blocked off from some daylight, too) by a tactful top row of classical colonnades; that their stately windows devour an entire bolt of curtain material with ease; and that the high-ceilinged rooms are not warmed sufficiently for the weaklings of today by even the most charming of marble fireplaces. In all the breathtaking sweep of Royal Crescent, for instance, only two of the houses are still private residences. There, and in the other major crescents and terraces, the mansions, outwardly untouched, have been turned into flats—sometimes not without ingenuity, for their silhouettes, so splendidly proportioned from the front, are unexpectedly thin for the digestion of new bathrooms and kitchens.

The City Corporation has adapted

**Bonnie-and-True**
**TWIN TARTANS**

Our newly-designed tartans for boys and girls can be paired tops-and-bottoms as well as his-and-hers—then embellished with matching caps for the perfect picture of fashionable youth. Patterns are authentic: Royal Stewart, Dress Stewart, Dress Gordon, Dress McKenzie, R.C.A.F., Black Watch. For boys ages 1-6; for girls 1-16.

H. A. & E. Smith LTD.
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

the red army ensemble
(formerly Soviet Army Chorus and Band) Vol. 2

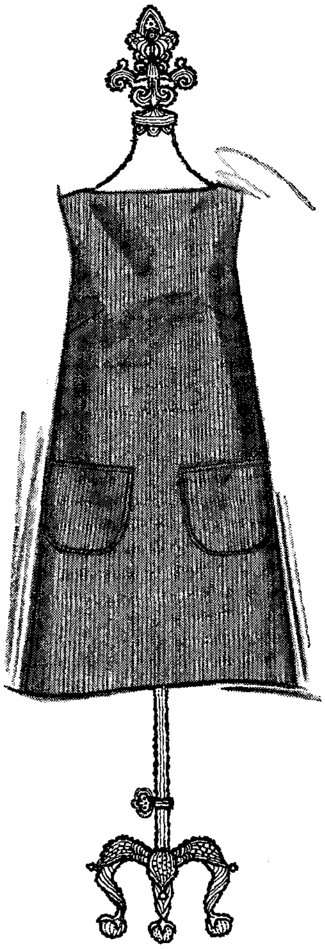
**THE RUSSIANS HAVE DONE IT AGAIN!**

Angel

The same exciting ensemble whose previous Angel album has been a best-seller on disc and tape since 1956...Astonishingly vivid recordings (made in London) of *Meadowland, Kamarinskaya,* other Russian and Ukrainian songs—and *Annie Laurie* sung in English! (S)36143

in this way some of the houses it owns in the Circus, which is the first of Bath's masterpieces to undergo a thorough beauty treatment. During the last eight years, the exteriors of over half of the thirty-three houses have been washed and put back into the pristine repair of their youth. The business takes nine months and costs thirty-five hundred pounds for each house, of which sum the owner and the city each pay twenty-five per cent, with the Historic Buildings Council of the Ministry of Works forking out the rest. The intention is to complete the whole Circus, but a few of the remaining owners are still hesitating, it seems, perhaps because for the first and last stages of the nine months the houses have to disappear from top to bottom into a maternity corset of scaffolding. The happy accouchement, however, is dazzling. Only water, without detergents or chemicals, is used—appropriately, for a place that made its name from the celebrated stuff—to scrub down the Bath stone. It emerges a delicate creamy white, so that the contrast of the renovated with the unrenovated, soot-and-weather-blackened fronts is startlingly piebald, and one can guess, mooning and gazing here under the reprieved trees in the center, how the Georgian town must have glittered. Then it is the turn of the architects and the stonecutters (there are still fine stonecutters and masons in the neighborhood, though I am told that their number is dwindling, in spite of earnest local attempts to encourage the trades) to measure and draw, and faithfully carve replacements for every worn or broken capital, musical instrument, mysteriously smiling face, and mammoth topknot pineapple on Wood's masterly façades. The work has, of course, been narrowly inspected all along the way by critical Bathonians, and on the whole they seem to approve it. Great Pulteney Street will be the next historic thoroughfare to be restored in this fashion.

I was taken to see two buildings, one large and one tiny, that illustrate different ways in which Bath is seeking to preserve its past imaginatively and to put it to fresh uses. The first was the famous Royal National Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases, the old Mineral Water Hospital, which the ubiquitous elder John Wood built in 1738 and John Palmer added on to in 1793. This is now only a formidable blackened shell, the patients having been temporarily evacuated. Before the war, the intention was to build a brand-new hospital, but for various reasons this plan was abandoned in fa-



Corduroy A

Royal corduroy, with the wide wale and deep nap that makes a play of lights and shadows, a passage of color over it as you move. The shape is the narrowed A, carved but free. Excellent over a VILLAGER® shirt. Startlingly dramatic alone. Tawny, Sky Blue, Madder Red, Champagne, or Brolive. Sizes 6 to 16.

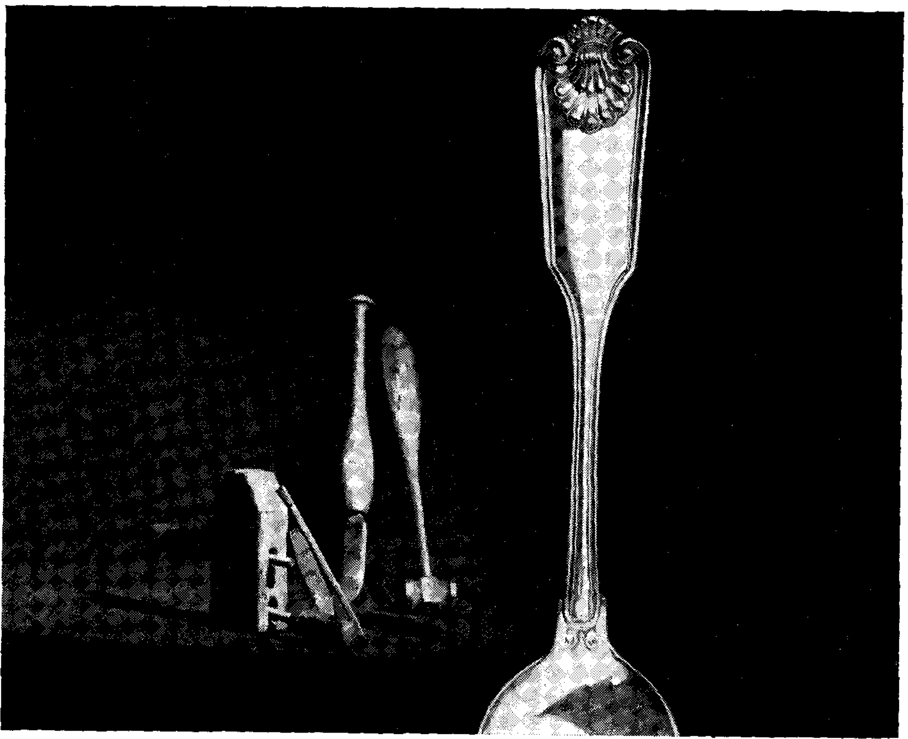
*About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops*

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York

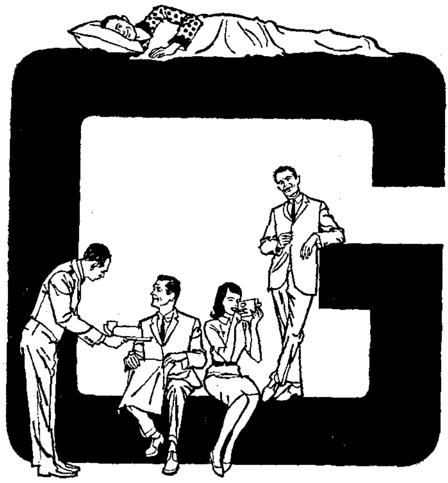
©THE VILLAGER INC., 1963

Once you had to inherit it



Today you can find the beloved form of Fiddle Shell in Frank Smith Sterling

*48-pc. service for 12, $402.* At Pitt-Petri, Buffalo; Frank Hereschede Co., Cincinnati; Potter & Mellen, Cleveland; Taylor Bros., Corpus Christi; Sakowitz, Houston; B. D. Howes, Los Angeles; George Watts & Son, Milwaukee; B. H. Stief Jlry Co., Nashville; other fine stores. *Frank Smith Silver Co., Division of Webster Co., North Attleboro, Massachusetts. Silversmiths since 1896.*



Rediscovered the joys of train travel?

**On your next trip, go great**—go Great Northern's incomparable Empire Builder. Take time to enjoy an eye-level look at some of America's finest scenery, a leisurely dinner at a graciously-set table, an uninterrupted night's sleep in a fresh, comfortable bed.

All this—and more—is yours to rediscover on the Great Dome Empire Builder. Daily each way between Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Spokane, Seattle-Portland.

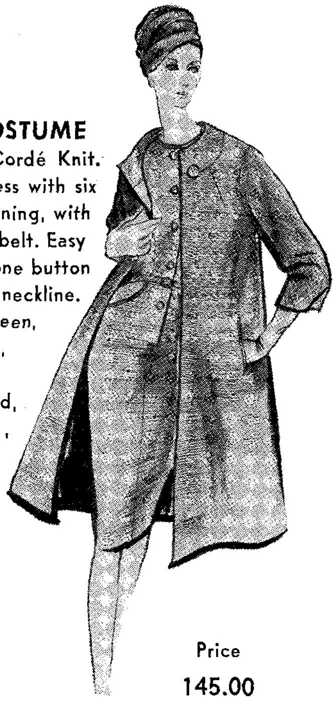
See your travel agent today, or write: Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

vor of the present scheme—along the lines of many Bath compromises—of keeping the outside skin and replacing the grim, Dickensian wards and the dark inside corridors (one for male patients alongside one for females, so that never the twain should meet). The architect in charge is a born-and-bred Bathonian, Mrs. Molly Gerrard, a tall, handsome woman who is the senior partner in a firm founded by her father, the late Alfred Taylor, an enthusiastic investigator of Bath's Roman antiquities and the author of a 1906 guide to them that today's tourists still buy in the Pump Room. The hospital's head, Dr. G. Kersley, is another Bathonian, who finds time for a completely different local enthusiasm—the united services' Searchlight Tattoo, which for the past nine summers has been a great attraction to visitors, and of which he was the original prime mover.

Then, there is a spirited group of citizens, including Mr. Hugh Roberts, a well-known private architect and another ex-mayor, who banded together to buy, restore, and furnish No. 1 Pierrepont Place, the doll's house in which Thomas Linley lived from 1767 to 1771, gave music lessons, and helped his wife raise their brood of decorative, talented children—eight in all, so the minuscule nest must have vibrated with their trillings and scrapings. The house had not so much fallen upon bad times as been run over by them, mutilated and rolled in poverty and neglect. The superb plaster ceilings—unequalled in their period anywhere in Bath, and of a magnificence so far above the modest scale of the house that it is Mr. Roberts' conjecture that a master plasterer called John Hutchins, who was the first occupier of the house, in 1742, used it as a sort of showcase to display his art to clients—were thickly covered with layers of filthy paint, which had to be stripped off by hand to reveal the splendid confusion of fruit and flowers and leering satyrs' masks beneath. The house is now open to visitors, who can dutifully picture the eldest daughter, Elizabeth Ann, practicing scales and already thinking of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, or reflect on the piquant fact that the Linleys had a pretty nursegirl called Emma Hart (later Hamilton), who must often and often have lugged one of the younger musical infants past No. 2 Pierrepont Street, where today a bronze tablet announces that Admiral Nelson resided when he was on holiday in Bath.

*Anni Domini* and atmosphere have caused dilapidations in the Circus and



"TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON"

FALL COSTUME
of Wool Cordé Knit.
Step-in dress with six button opening, with or without belt. Easy coat with one button on yoke at neckline.
In Pixie Green,
Cadet Blue,
Bisque,
Arabian Red,
Brown,
Charcoal.

10-20
Also
Half-sizes

Price
145.00

Kathleen Inc.
1060 Third Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.
88 Main Street, New Canaan, Conn.

Fore!

Golfers! Here's a drink especially for you (even a duffer can make it). Into a long glass filled with ice add a jigger of **Expresso Coffee Liqueur**, the juice of a quarter of a lime, and fill with quinine water. Mix. Presto . . . a **Golfer's Delight!** Thirst quencher personified. Once you've tasted the dry richness of this pure Italian coffee liqueur, you'll know **all coffee liqueurs are not the same!**

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
60 PROOF

EXPRESSO COFFEE LIQUEUR
Coffee liqueur imported from Italy by Foreign Vintages, Inc., N.Y.C.

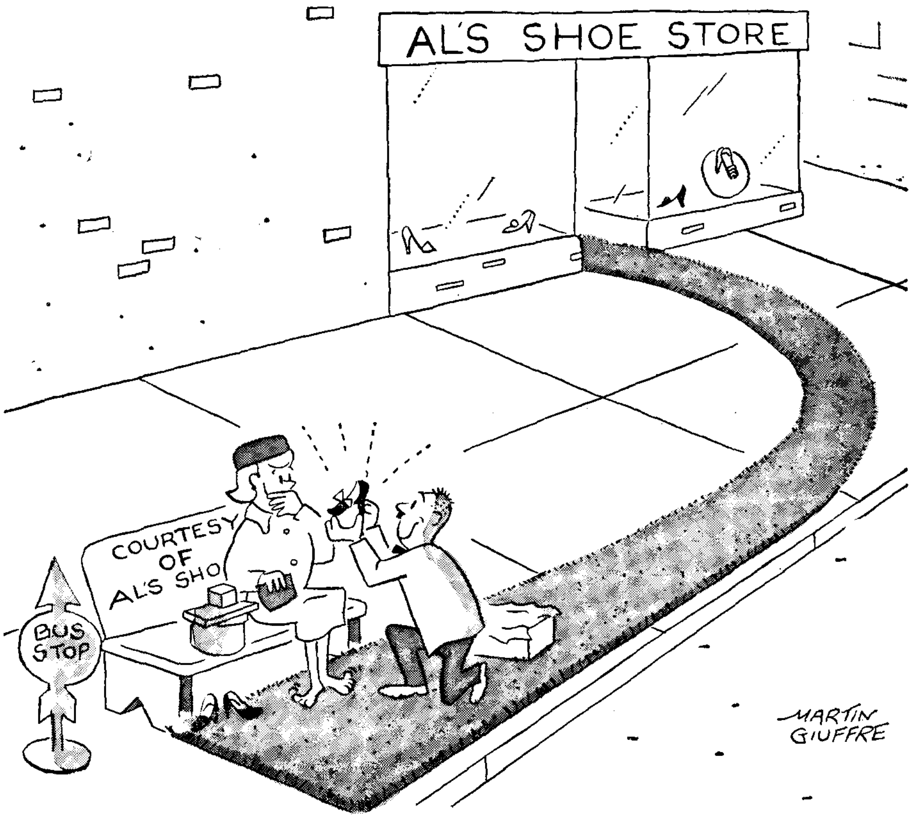
elsewhere, but the war also tore some nasty holes in Bath's fabric and citizenry. Three hundred Bathonians were killed in two fire raids, on consecutive nights, in 1942—supposedly reprisals for the R.A.F.'s visit to the fine medieval timbered town of Lübeck. Architecturally, the most lamented casualty was the Assembly Rooms, built by the junior John Wood in 1771, which had fallen upon less elegant times but had been restored, and were opened by the then Duchess of Kent, now Princess Marina, in 1938, just in time for the fire bombs to do their imbecile work. A local benefactor added munificently to the government's War Damage Reparation grant, on condition (which met with some opposition, apparently) that its gutted interior should be put back, garland for plaster garland, exactly as it was. It was opened in time for this year's Festival, again by Princess Marina—an example of human tenacity that one can admire while surreptitiously crossing one's fingers. The new Assembly Rooms have been decorated, to the design of Oliver Messel, in the colors of pale sugar icing, frosted by the glitter of the superb Georgian chandeliers, which were saved from the bonfire of the old building because somebody had prudently caused them to be taken down and stowed away. Some certainly virulent-green plastic-covered chairs, which have replaced the old destroyed rout seats and a bar (not designed by Mr. Messel) have come in for sharp comment from Bath purists. The remarkable Museum of Costume of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries, the life collection of Mrs. Doris Langley Moore, is now permanently housed, and most beautifully displayed, in part of the Assembly Rooms, and it seems appropriate that these fascinating footnotes to social history should be gathered for students and artists and others to study in a city that was once itself the glass of fashion.

THE principal thing, though, that local people had hoped would be supplied by this devout replica of John Wood's building was a handsome new setting for the musical events of the Festival, now a firmly established summer event, but though the setting is as handsome as can be, its suitability as a concert hall has been much criticized. One of the music critics went as far as to say that the lofty ceiling of the beautiful room was so haunted by reverberations that the place was suitable only for a skating rink or an indoor swimming pool. I did not hear any

Return to Elegance
WITH HERNANDO COURTRIGHT

The discriminating traveler will find at the newly cosmopolitan Beverly Wilshire Hotel all the concepts of gracious hospitality for which Hernando Courtright is famous: impeccable, personalized service, splendid surroundings, and above all, cuisine par excellence. ❦ Classic elegance is the heart of the Beverly Wilshire—amplified by subtle luxury and unparalleled attention to your comfort and privacy. ❦ Make your next visit to Los Angeles verily a return to elegance at the Beverly Wilshire—in the heart of fashionable Beverly Hills, where every conceivable convenience is at hand or in strolling distance.

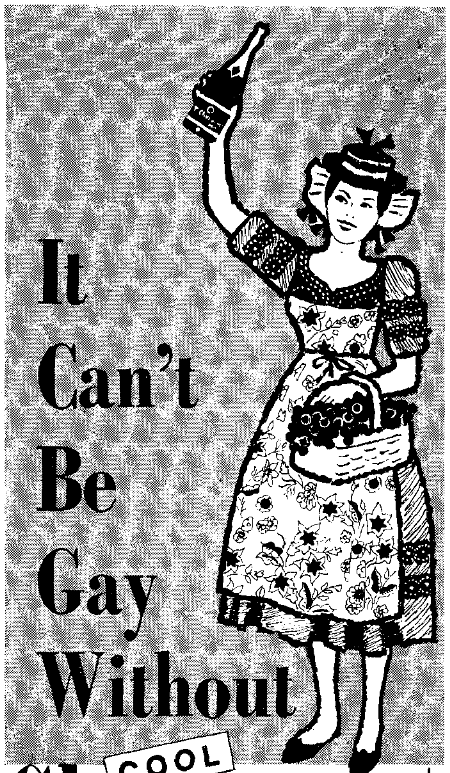
HERNANDO COURTRIGHT'S
Beverly Wilshire Hotel
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA



*A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor*

P. S. Are you a barefoot boy, up to your ankles in success? Then share your pride with your clientele. Lay down a lush, lavish Bigelow and luxuriate in quiet and distinction. Bigelow Carpets are available in special designs, colors and textures. Write for our colorful free brochure on Bigelow commercial carpets to Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.

(*Advertisement*)

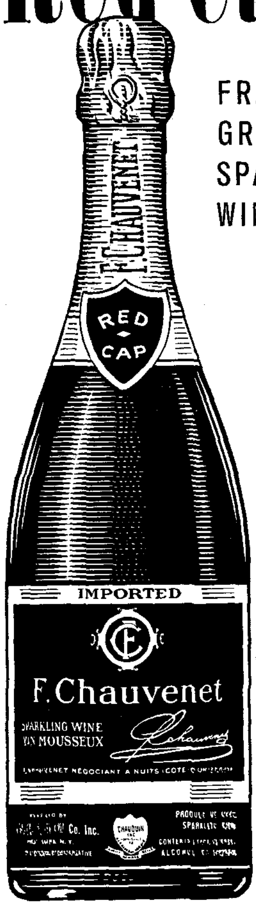


It Can't Be Gay Without

COOL

Chauvenet

Red Cap®



FRANCE'S GREAT RED SPARKLING WINE

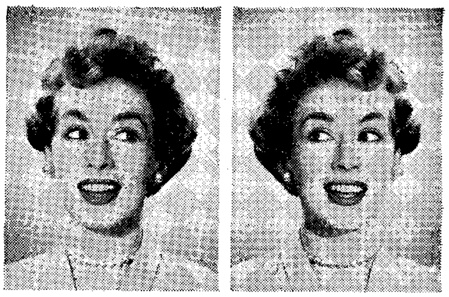
N. B.
Also remember the same "Chauvenet" for Beaujolais, Pommard, Pouilly Fuisse and many others—all of superb quality.

©1963 SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.

music there, but I attended a lecture given by Lord David Cecil on the subject of comedy, which turned out to be more splendidly comic than any lecturer could have wished. For Lord David's pleasant, light, fluting Oxford voice was caught up by the djinn in the roof and given back to us as thunderous jabberwocky cannoning from wall to wall, with occasional names like "Millamant" and "Mrs. Malaprop" and "Jane Austen" floating out of the uproar. Even after we were goaded into shouting that we could hardly hear a word, and someone came up on the platform and garlanded Lord David's neck with another microphone, like a lei, the ceiling got the best of it. Perhaps by next year some way will have been found to subdue it.

Music resounded throughout the eleven days and evenings of the Festival, not only in the controversial Assembly Rooms but in the great Abbey—with its walls crowded with memorial tablets, like visiting cards left by the great and less great who came here to live and stayed to die—and in the Guildhall, and in nearby Wells Cathedral, and in another Wells church with a magnificent painted ceiling, St. Cuthbert's. Yehudi Menuhin, the Festival's artistic director and presiding genius, was literally all over the place, leading the Festival Orchestra, taking part in the Mozart Clarinet Quintet at St. Cuthbert's, playing Schubert and Tchaikovsky piano trios with his sister, Hephzibah, and Maurice Gendron, and improvising an exchange of ideas and music with the jazz leader Johnny Dankworth. His enthusiasm and enjoyment were infectious. Then, on the social side, there was the customary costume ball organized by the inventive ladies of Bath, who last year turned the Avon into the Grand Canal and induced staid residents to get themselves up as masked revellers out of a Pietro Longhi. This year, the ball was held in the enchanting toy Theatre Royal (built by the early-eighteenth-century architect Thomas Greenway), on the theme of *fin-de-siècle* Paris, with the men rigged out as mustached and top-hatted Toulouse-Lautrec *boulevardiers*, with pretty women looking prettier in short cancan dresses, black stockings, and huge, silly hats, and with the French language and French wines flowing valiantly throughout the evening.

Several of the big houses tucked away in the billowing green country around Bath opened their doors during the Festival, either to show their treasures or to offer hospitality to the visitors. On



THE LOMBARDY IS UNFAIR
TO WIVES... *BUT I LOVE IT!*

"I've never been treated so royally." That's all I hear from my husband after he's stopped at the Lombardy on a business trip. How can I compete with Lombardy's pampering and that exquisite cuisine in The Laurent Restaurant. It's unfair! But, to tell the truth, I really love the Lombardy. After all, I stay there, too, when he takes me with him. All rooms are air-conditioned, decorator-styled and have serving pantries with electric refrigerators; TV, of course.

RATES
Single from $20
Double from $25
Suites from $35
(Also monthly and on lease)
*Rates include Continental Breakfast in room.*

The Lombardy HOTEL

111 EAST 56th STREET, NEW YORK
NORMAN E. KING, GENERAL MANAGER
(212) PLaza 3-8600

*Choice of the discriminating...*
*...now moderately priced!*

Swirl pattern in home designed by Robert L. Hunker A.I.D.

TRULY ELEGANT! GENUINE IMPORTED
Thai-Teak
PARQUETRY FLOORING

NOW! You can install genuine Thai-Teak ("Tectona Grandis") from Thailand at a price that actually competes with domestic flooring! Enjoy the lustrous, lasting sheen ... the durable, rot-resistant toughness of this truly distinctive flooring ... and benefit from the amazingly low price! Your decorator can show you a wide assortment of beautifully, decor-correct patterns and designs!

*Write now for illustrated folder*

BANGKOK INDUSTRIES, Inc.
Sole Agents for
Thai-Teak Flooring
in Strip & Parquetry
1545 W. Passyunk Ave.
Phila. 45, Pa.
*DEALER-INQUIRIES INVITED*

my way back from an outing to one of these, I went to see the American Museum at Claverton Manor, a severe slab of a mansion on the city's protected rural fringes, which is late according to Bath reckoning, having been built in 1820, but compensates for a lack of charm by having one of the most beautiful views imaginable. The tourist buses roll in here to disgorge sightseers from all over, some of whom, to judge by their comments, appear to be surprised by the revelation that America also has an extensive domestic past, often as elegant as anything the Bath interiors can show, and who stare at the du Pont Philadelphia highboy and at the Baltimore country parlor, with its French wallpaper featuring heads of sweet corn, and are regaled with warm gingerbread out of a Colonial oven. The new George Washington garden was opened last year—a replica of part of his Mount Vernon garden, which was started with seeds and shrubs sent to Washington by his good friends Mr. and Mrs. George Fairfax, who lived in and around Bath. This export has now returned to Somerset soil, in which it appears to be flourishing very prettily.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

## THE GHOST WALKS IN GOTHAM

*[Printed slip accompanying a pay check received by a New York City employee]*

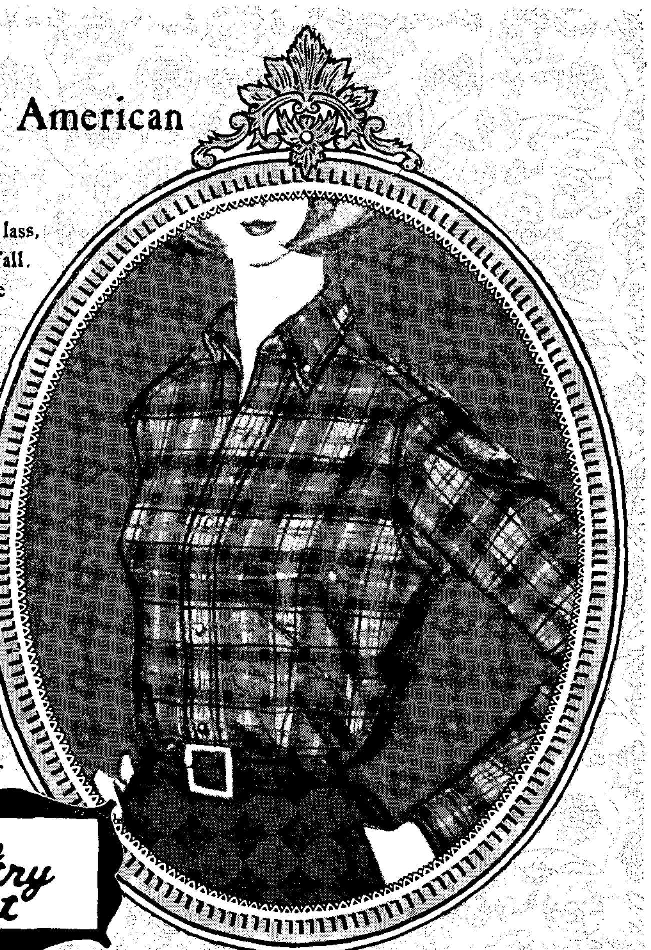
The enclosed check is for the period June 29-July 12, 1963. The pay for June 29th and 30th has been computed by dividing your annual salary by 365 (the number of days in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1963) and multiplying the result by 2. Your annual salary for the period July 1st to 12th is divided by 366 and the result multiplied by 12. Both totals are then added together and shown under "gross pay" on your check stub.

For the remainder of this fiscal year your bi-weekly pay check will be computed on the basis of 14/366ths of your annual salary, or one day's pay multiplied by 14.

•

WOODBRIDGE, N. J.—Men's hats—both fedoras and straws—are the articles of apparel lost most frequently along the 173-mile Garden State Parkway, the New Jersey Highway Authority reported today. Sunglasses and eyeglasses take second place among lost items gathered along the parkway. Other articles high on the list are ladies, sweaters, scarves, handbags, bracelets, gloves, earrings, jackets, cigarette cases and wallets. The parkway's Lost and Found Bureau receives inquiries for recovered items at the Administration Building, Woodbridge.—*The Times.*

You got a stringy little blonde there? One sandal gone?



The Indigenously American Look T.M.

is Highland as a kilt, lass, in bonnie plaids for Fall. Pictured, one from the gathering of authentic clan tartans, all woven of 100% imported Pima cotton. Man-tailored with box pleat back and locker loop. Sizes 8 to 16. About $8. At Judi Lesli, Coral Gables, Fla., and Lady Jane, Savannah, Ga., and other great stores.

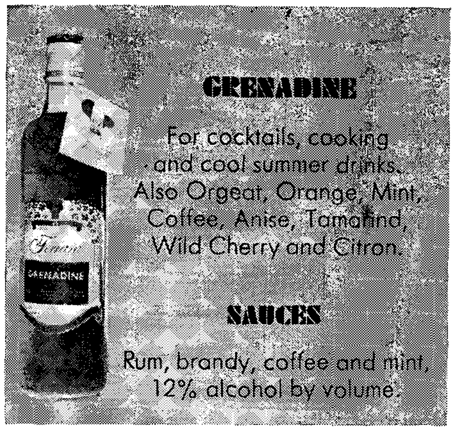
The Country Shirt

an incorporated American firm at 1407 B'way, N.Y. & Charlotte Merchandise Mart, Charlotte, N. C.

*Wear, oh, where is Pickfair Place?*

*Anywhere and every-wear the smartest coats are seen. It's a look at once simple . . . elegant . . . new—in diagonally-nubbed all wool. White, red, caviar, royal. 3 to 13. About $50. From Pickfair Place, Inc., 266 West 37th Street, New York 18. On view at*

*Macy's—Bamberger's*
*Hess Bros., Allentown*
*Stewart's, Baltimore*
*Wm. Hengerer, Buffalo*
*Pogue's, Cincinnati*
*Halle Bros., Cleveland*
*Boston Store, Erie*
*Stewart Dry Goods, Louisville*
*Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia*
*Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh*
*Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester*
*Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis*
*S. Kann, Wash'n. D. C.*


**GRENADINE**

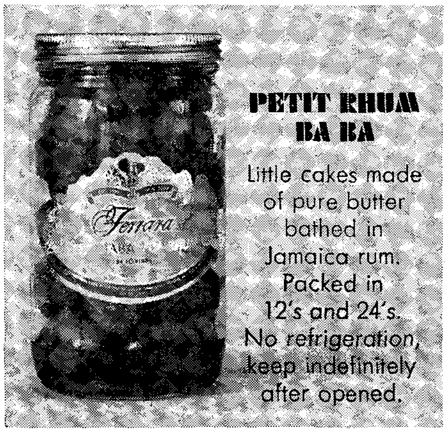
For cocktails, cooking and cool summer drinks. Also Orgeat, Orange, Mint, Coffee, Anise, Tamarind, Wild Cherry and Citron.

**SAUCES**

Rum, brandy, coffee and mint, 12% alcohol by volume.

Ferrara's delicious baked crepes en glass sauteed in butter and steeped in Grand Marnier Liqueur. (14 or more servings)

Boxed 18's and 6's. Crisp roasted almonds and filberts in a nougat of fresh eggs and honey. Assorted flavors, soft, delicious.


**PETIT RHUM BA BA**

Little cakes made of pure butter bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in 12's and 24's. No refrigeration, keep indefinitely after opened.

EST. 1892

Ferrara

PASTRY AND CONTINENTAL
COFFEE SHOP

195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

**WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.**

# THE RACE TRACK

## *Losers Weepers*

THOUGH it kept everybody who watched it enthralled up to the last furlong, I must say that the Travers Stakes at Saratoga last Saturday was a disappointment. With such runners as Chateaugay, Candy Spots, and Never Bend in their best form, the classic promised to be a race of exceptional interest—one that might even settle the question of where the season's three-year-old honors belonged. As it turned out, Crewman, who had been down the course so many times this year that he was 20–1 in the betting, won by a length and a half from Hot Dust, a former selling plater, and Chateaugay came in third, a length behind, but well ahead of Candy Spots, who finished out of the money for the first time in his racing career. Never Bend was last, beaten by eleven lengths.

Almost from the start, the race was neck and neck between Never Bend and Crewman, calling to mind the spectacular battle between Jaipur, Crewman's onetime stablemate, and Ridan in the Travers a year ago. At the far turn, Candy Spots, who had been going well in third place, moved up to the leaders so easily that he looked the winner, just as he had in the Kentucky Derby, but, as at Churchill Downs, he was unable to get in front, and weakened in the stretch. Maybe he didn't like the track, which is quite different from Chicago's Arlington Park, where he has never been beaten. In the stretch, Crewman drew away from Never Bend, who obviously had had it, and was well able to withstand Hot Dust, who came from fifth place in the last quarter. Chateaugay, slow to begin, as usual, made up a lot of ground but never threatened the winner. The mile and a quarter was run in 2:02⅖, which is better than average. It was the fifth Travers for George Widener, who owns Crewman; his other winners were Eight Thirty in 1939, Lights Up in 1950, Battlefield in 1951, and Jaipur last year. Crewman, a big chestnut colt, isn't as attractive as Chateaugay, but he'd still come close to taking a blue ribbon for looks. His form this season has been something else—only two firsts out of eight starts up to the Travers. On Saturday, though, he wore a different bridle and bit, and no blinkers. You'd

**CABALLERO SUIT** *¡Olé!* for our lounge suit *a la Española*. V'd standaway collar and slim pants. One piece with front zipper, white patent belt. Scrolls of Velvet-Black or Damask-Red on White terry. Sizes 10 to 16. **$14.95**

**SPANISH SHIFT** in our exclusive new scroll print. Cowl-neck . . . sleeves and skirt subtly slit. Front neatly zippered and smoothly pocketed. Damask-Red or Velvet-Black on White terry. Sm.(8-10), Med.(12-14), Lg.(16-18). **$13.95**

**Add 35c each for shipping.** *Send for color catalog.*

**THE TOG SHOP** LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

**12 DAY LAWN BOWLING FESTIVAL**

**at BUCK HILL**

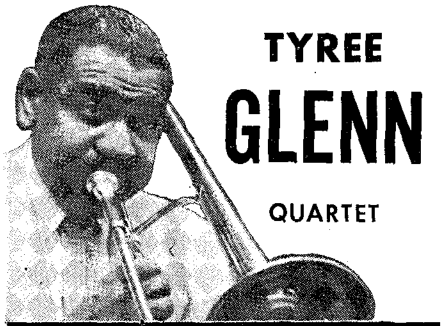
SEPTEMBER 4th through 15th Seventh U.S. Singles Championship, Sixth U.S. Doubles Championship, followed by Open Doubles Tournaments. 3 games guaranteed.

*Member of the American Lawn Bowling Association*

Delightful days in the lovely Poconos. Two fine greens, golf and other sports. Fine food & accommodations. New Cocktail Lounge.

*New York Reservation Office*
*30 Rockefeller Plaza*
CIrcle 5-5620
*Philadelphia*
PE 5-2433

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
PENNSYLVANIA'S LARGEST RESORT ESTATE
Buck Hill Falls, Penna.


TYREE
GLENN
QUARTET

• MOST EXCITING FOOD •
EMBERS
DINNER FROM 5:30 P.M. • OPEN TO 4 A.M.
161 E. 54th • PL 9-3228

be surprised how a change of equipment can improve a horse.

LAST weekend was not one for favorites. Mungo, Maryland's pet racer, could do no better than finish third in the Atlantic City Handicap, in Jersey, far behind Dean Carl, a lightly weighted three-year-old who led all the way and paid $39.60. Inbalance was second. Out at Randall Park, in Cleveland, Carry Back, returning to the races after a season in the stud, finished second to Gushing Wind in the Buckeye Handicap. And Table Mate, a winner at Hollywood and Delaware Park, wasn't in the money in the Matron Handicap at Arlington Park. I'm surprised that Smart Deb, who won the Matron, wasn't the public's choice, for—like Candy Spots—she's fond of the track; she won five times there last year and scored smartly in the Beaugay Handicap ten days before the Matron. Horses for courses.

TO get back to Saratoga, which, as you know, closes this weekend, the two-year-olds haven't been up to the normal high standard of the Spa, and I wouldn't hazard a guess as to who's going to win the Hopeful. For the record, Duel, who ran five furlongs in 0:57⅗ at Aqueduct this spring, won the Saratoga Special, beating Count Bud by a head. Traffic was third, and Mr. Brick, winner of the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth a fortnight ago, was fourth. By the way, luck has gone from bad to worse for Big Pete, who was unbeaten until Mr. Brick outran him in the Sapling. In the Seashore Stakes at Atlantic City last week, he chipped a bit of bone off his left pastern, and he's out of racing for the rest of the season.

FROM time to time, you hear about a jockey who has ridden a thousand winners. Well, when Restless Native won at the Spa early last week, it was Alfred Vanderbilt's thousandth win as an owner. It has taken him thirty-one years to run up that total, but, as the saying goes, the first thousand is always the hardest. Last Saturday, Restless Native came right back and made it a thousand and one.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The carnival, located at the Hun School, will feature nine booths ranging from sponge throwing to daughter of Dr. Alfred S. Cook, donated by the campers to be used as prizes and all proceeds are donated to Liberia.—*Princeton* (*N.J.*) *Packet.*

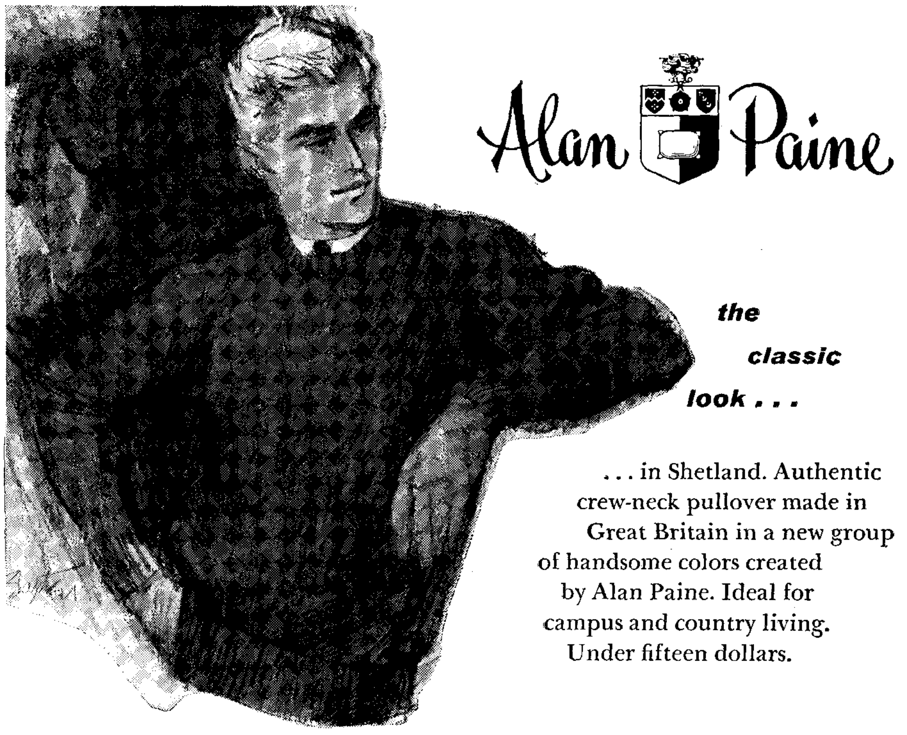
Worthy cause, anyway.

end of a beginning

At the end of your first wonderful meal at the Red Coach you're apt to have begun a permanent friendship with our Big Red Menu. Soon you'll learn that our famous charcoal-broiled steaks and jumbo sea-fresh Maine lobsters, soups and salads, drinks and desserts maintain their uniform excellence from Boston to Miami.

Particular people come back to the . . . Red Coach Grill

Mass.: Boston, Saugus, Hingham, Framingham, Middleboro, Wayland, Hyannis · New York: Yonkers, Westbury, L. I. · Conn.: Wethersfield · Florida: Miami, Fort Lauderdale


Alan Paine

the classic look . . .

. . . in Shetland. Authentic crew-neck pullover made in Great Britain in a new group of handsome colors created by Alan Paine. Ideal for campus and country living. Under fifteen dollars.

**Stulmaker's**, *Albany, N.Y.* • **Muse's**, *Atlanta* • **Hutzler's**, *Baltimore* • **R. H. Stearns Co.**, *Boston* • **Wm. Hengerer Co.**, *Buffalo* • **Ed Michtom's**, *Charlottesville, Va.* • **Capper & Capper**, *Chicago & Detroit* • **Carson Pirie Scott & Co.**, *Chicago* • **H. & S. Pogue Co.**, *Cincinnati* • **The Halle Bros Co.**, *Cleveland* • **The Wool Shop**, *Concord & Osterville, Mass.* • **Jas. K. Wilson Co.**, *Dallas* • **Darien Sport Shop**, *Darien, Conn.* • **The J. L. Hudson Co.**, *Detroit* • **Ivey's of Greenville**, *Greenville, S.C.* • **James Campion**, *Hanover, N.H.* • **L. S. Ayres & Co.**, *Indianapolis* • **Jack Henry**, *Kansas City, Mo.* • **Robertson's Men's Shop**, *Lake Forest & Geneva, Ill.* • **J. W. Robinson**, *Los Angeles* • **Rodes**, *Louisville* • **MacNeil & Moore**, *Madison, Wis.* • **T. A. Chapman Co.**, *Milwaukee* • **Hahne & Company**, *Newark, N.J.* • **Godchaux's**, *New Orleans* • **Bloomingdale's**, *New York & Branches* • **John Wanamaker London Shop**, *Philadelphia* • **Hanny's**, *Phoenix* • **Kaufmann's**, *Pittsburgh* • **John Mazzo**, *Reading, Pa.* • **Miller & Rhoads, Inc.**, *Richmond, Va.* • **Mac Hugh, Inc.**, *Ridgewood & Westwood, N.J.* • **Sibley, Lindsay & Curr**, *Rochester, N.Y.* • **Stix, Baer & Fuller**, *St. Louis* • **Arthur Frank**, *Salt Lake City* • **Lion Clothing Co.**, *San Diego & La Jolla* • **Roos/Atkins**, *San Francisco* • **The Crescent**, *Spokane* • **Kalin's**, *State College, Pa.* • **John F. Zell & Sons**, *Syracuse* • **Woodward & Lothrop**, *Washington, D.C.* • **Dunham's of Maine**, *Waterville, Me.* • **Ara's**, *Wellesley, Mass.* • **Pack-Roads**, *Westport, Conn.* • **Williams Co-op**, *Williamstown, Mass.*

**For other stores, write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC. 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**

S.F.A's Countrydude®
shirt-tucking in
Dacron® and cotton, 25.00

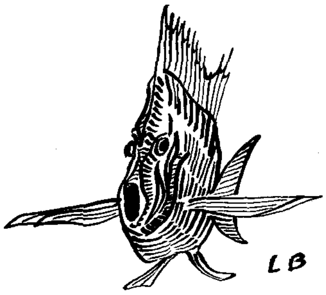
*Our new campus shaping can shift for itself or be tied at the waist. In a soft, amber tone, it's detailed with front and back tucking, and has all the crisp young dash college girls will covet. Of easy-care Dacron® polyester and cotton. 8-16 sizes in the College Shop.*

Saks Fifth Avenue

# DOWNSTAIRS NO UPSTAIRS

THE surprising thing about our seven years under the limiter system was not that every one of us in the family suffered minor injuries—grazed foreheads, collisions, bruised noses—at some stage or other but that it caused only one major accident. As fate would have it, that accident had to befall the most important visitor to our house in all that time—Mr. Thompson, Inspector of Schools, who was Father's boss. And if he had stood his ground at the top of the stairs when the lights failed that night, and waited for Father to guide him down, he would never have fallen and fractured his kneecap. Indeed, Father was on his way up to get him when Mr. Thompson bumped into the grandfather clock, lost his balance, crashed thunderously down the stairs, and landed in a heap at Father's feet. His unfortunate descent put him out of action for months, temporarily ended Father's hopes of promotion, and caused us to switch from the cheap, restless limiter system to the expensive quiet of the regular.

The limiter system was designed by the Electricity Board of our town in Northern Ireland for cautious families with modest incomes. For a fixed price, a constant amount of current was channelled to one's home. This limited supply could be used all day every day, and one still paid the same honest £1/10/0 at the end of every quarter. But one could not cheat. If an unscrupulous consumer attempted to get more voltage than he had contracted for, the meter had a seizure, all the lights in the house went out, and the pledge-breaker was left in darkness until the Electricity Board decided that he had learned his lesson, and consented to come and perform a complicated operation on the fuse box.

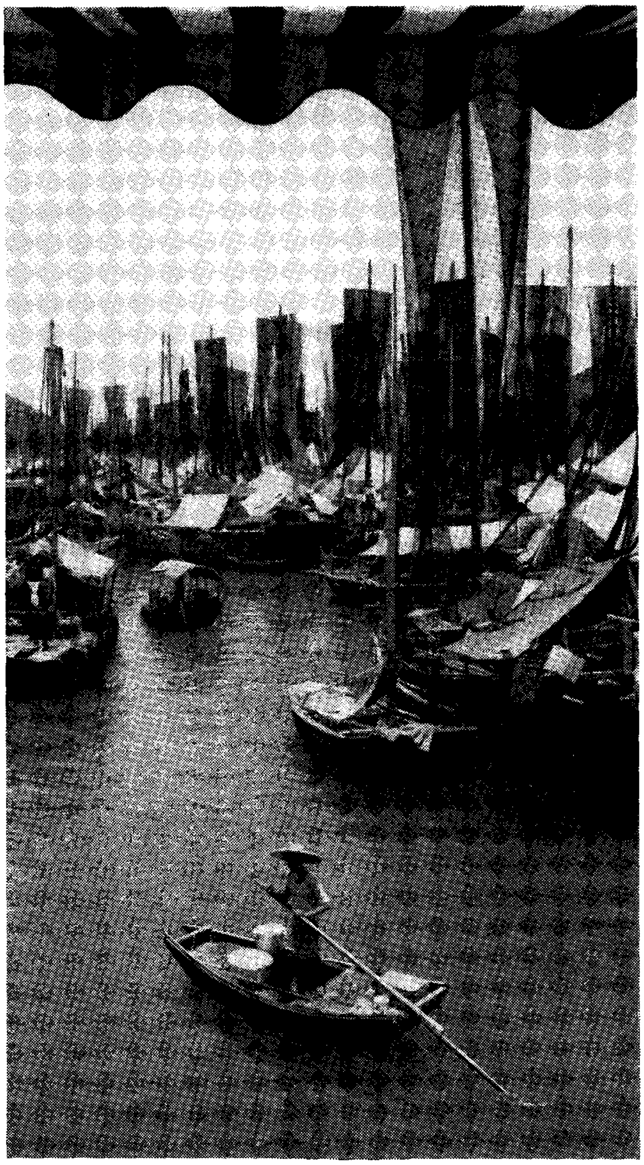


The system was practical and economical, but it had one slight drawback: As soon as one began tapping one's precious supply of current, the meter, which in our house was placed high on the wall inside and to the left of the front door, began to gargle. The noise began with the first light switched on, and as one switched on a second and a third and a fourth, its volume increased with each extravagance and the gargling turned to a grumbling and then to a growling and then—if one was squandering one's full quota of 250 watts—to the horrible, dry death rattle of some great woodland monster, filling the ground floor with its last agonies and making normal conversation in the hallway impossible. Since we could never become deaf to the meter, we came to understand its every inflection. At its calmest, it was the controlled warning of a gruff gaffer—"Careful, there. Only two hundred watts to go." At its tortured worst, it fairly bellowed, "Enough! You're going too far! Watch out! Watch out!" And if at a peak consumption period one were to disregard its thunderings or to goad it deliberately beyond endurance, it almost heaved with fury, gave a sharp yelp of anguish, and suddenly went into a coma, dousing all the lights. It used to take the Board officials hours to massage its great heart back to life.

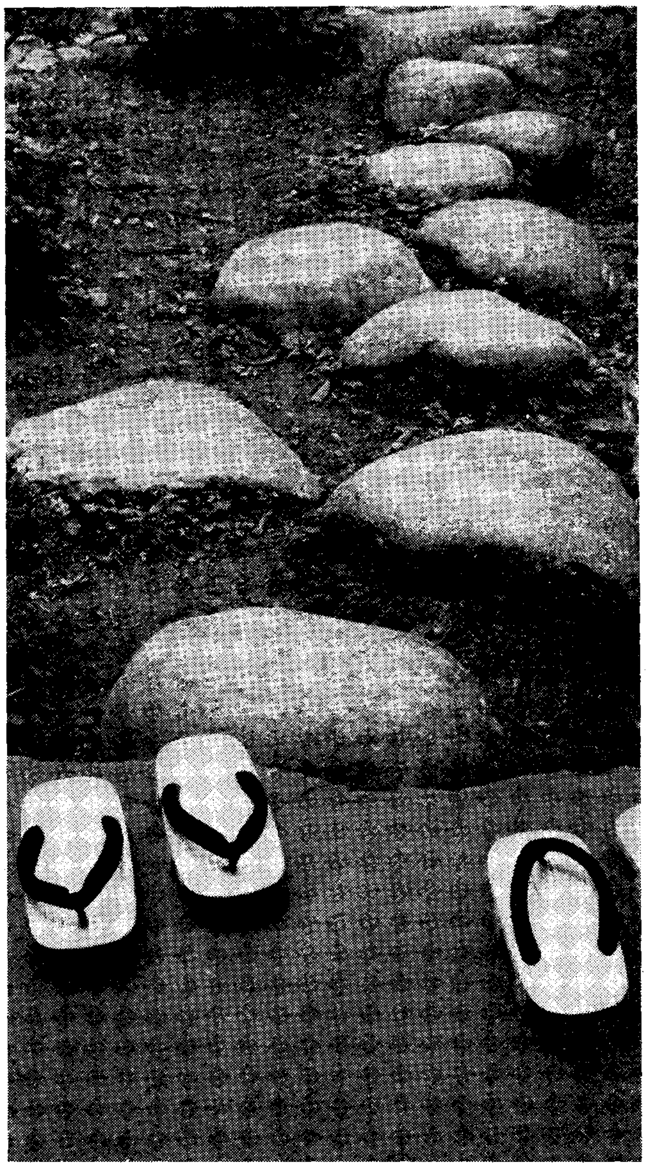
It was no easy matter spreading 250 watts among seven lights. (We had no domestic appliances except an iron and a radio.) Mother did her laundry during the day, so that the rest of us, all readers by inclination, could have lights at night. After weeks of trial and error, Father, who was a teacher, arrived at a fair distribution: living room, 75 watts; kitchen, 60; scullery, 45; hallway, 60; two bedrooms, 75 each; bathroom, 45. That gave a total of 435 watts—185 in excess of our allowance. But if certain rules were observed, we could avoid fusing the system and still make the greatest use of the available supply.

The first rule was Downstairs No Upstairs. By this we understood that if all the lights downstairs were on (240 watts), no light could be switched on upstairs, and, similarly, if all the lights upstairs were on (195 watts), no downstairs light, except that in the distant scullery, could be switched on. It was possible, of course, to go upstairs to the bathroom or to one's bedroom, provided one first switched off a downstairs light. This we called Compensating—another rule. If anyone wished to go to bed before the other members of the family, he would call from the head of the stairs, "Compensate!," at which someone below would switch off a downstairs light and so pacify the monster in the hall.

Apart from an occasional nose bumped in the dark or a rare careless mistake that extinguished the whole house, the arrangement worked reasonably well. With the watchful box on



Hong Kong at your balcony



Tokyo at your feet

And all the comforts of Hilton

The Hongkong Hilton and the Tokyo Hilton give you all the exotic atmosphere of oriental life—and all the cosmopolitan comforts that have made Hilton's international hotels world-famous.

In Hong Kong, the Kowloon ferry is at your doorstep—and the air-conditioning at your fingertips. In Tokyo, there's an exciting Japanese Night Club right in the hotel—and a magnificent swimming pool, too.

The decor in both hotels is authentically oriental—the service is emphatically Hilton. The food is delicious, whether you order Hong Shu Har Kew or ham and eggs, Teriyaki or turkey.

These great new hotels are guaranteed to give you the best of both worlds: an intriguing insight into the local way of life—and all the comforts of Hilton.

Send this coupon for rates and brochures. For reservations, see your travel agent, or phone any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

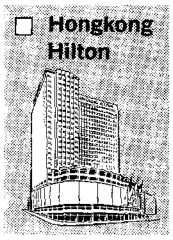
**In New York—LO 3-6900**

HB-2

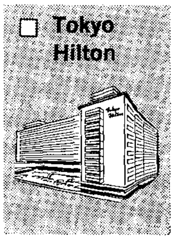
Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N.Y.

Please send me rates and brochures for

☐ **Hongkong Hilton**



☐ **Tokyo Hilton**



Name__________

Address__________

City__________Zone______State______

Everyone goes
back to school in WEEJUNS

BASS
WEEJUNS

will get you top marks as one in the know on any campus in the country. They're *the* accepted traditional casuals for both men and women . . . so right for sports, classes, and informal dating. And their casual elegance, moccasin comfort, and that firm, snug top line for lasting fit are right for you, too. Weejuns are sold in all good stores. For men and women.

Bass OUTDOOR FOOTWEAR

*Only Bass makes Weejuns®*

**G. H. BASS & CO.,** 82 Main Street, Wilton, Maine

the wall acting as a barometer of extravagance, we developed a sixth sense that told us when we put a hand on a switch whether this extra light was permissible. We came to know all the possible combinations (living room, hall, one bedroom; hall and two bedrooms; scullery, hall, bathroom, and one bedroom; and so on), so that our movements through the house required no mental arithmetic, and as time went on, the cries of "Compensate!" and "Downstairs No Upstairs!" became fewer.

Visitors, however, were an embarrassment. Our welcome to them had to be delivered in overhearty tones, and as they moved about, they had to be carefully shepherded. The sensible thing would have been to explain the limiter to guests and advise them of its pitfalls. But Father preferred to pretend that the growling meter was behaving abnormally—"Has yours been going on like this? I must report it in the morning to the Board"—rather than admit we were on the economy system. If a visitor suddenly rose from his seat and said, "I'll just pop out and wash my hands before supper," there was mild consternation in the family. People who roam about one's upstairs have a habit of trying all the lights before they get the right one. So Father would rise, too, and say, "Certainly. I'll show you where the bathroom is." On his way through the hall, he would reach into the kitchen and switch off the light there—leaving Mother, who was preparing supper, in the dark—and precede the guest up to the bathroom. He would then prowl around in the gloom of his own bedroom until the guest emerged, make sure that the bathroom light was off, nip down the stairs before him, and switch on the kitchen light again.

That is what Father intended doing the night Mr. Thompson came to discuss Father's impending promotion and reassignment to another school. He did escort the Inspector upstairs—having first left Mother in the dark—and was hanging about the unlit landing when Mr. Thompson heard him and called out to him from the bathroom, "Is that you, John?"

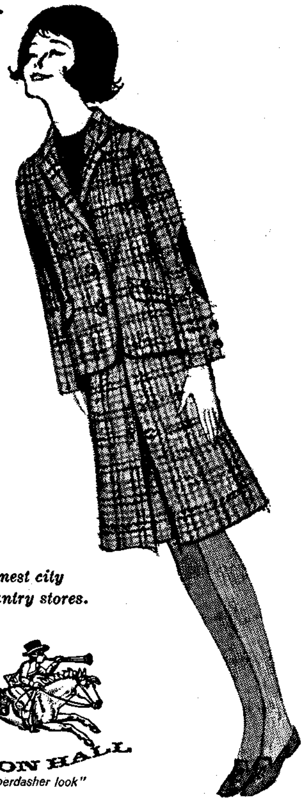
"Yes, Mr. Thompson."

"Carry on, old man. I'll be able to make my own way down."

Ordinarily, Father would have ignored this, but a request from his superior was an order. He came downstairs. In the kitchen, Mother heard the steps on the stairs and assumed that Father and Mr. Thompson were *both* coming down. So she switched on the kitchen light.

The meter roared. Father screamed,

**You'll Fall for Seaton Hall!** Who wouldn't get the fashion pitch of this dashing duo! Dapper hack pocketed boy jacket. Suede leather elbow patches. Action pleated "A" line skirt. Meticulously detailed in grey and gold wool check. Sizes 6 to 18 and 5 to 15. Your downfall at about $18.00 jacket, $12.00 skirt.



*At finest city and country stores.*

SEATON HALL
*"the haberdasher look"*

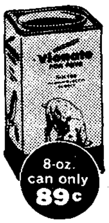
SEATON HALL • 1407 BROADWAY, N.Y. 18

Cool Summer Dishes!

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
*Since 1882*
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
*Air Conditioned*

How about Fido's
SUMMER COAT?
Give him
VIONATE®
for PETS

21 vitamins and minerals, high potency, appetizing taste



8-oz. can only 89c

Poor Fido can't put his fur in cold storage! But you can help keep him from scratching, keep his coat healthy and glossy all thru the hot dog-days, with Vionate for Pets. Just mix with food. Promotes pep and vigor, good appetite, sturdy bones. Wonderful for cats and birds, too.

Get from your veterinarian, pharmacy or pet supply dealer.

SQUIBB—A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

"Compensate! Compensate!" Mr. Thompson, hearing the commotion, came out of the bathroom and called, "Is there something the matter?" At that moment, the lights fused. Silence and darkness.

"Don't move!" Father called up to Mr. Thompson. "I'm coming up." But the Inspector, no doubt anxious to help, went to meet him. He would have fallen the full length of the stairs had Father not stopped him halfway down.

IT took us months to become accustomed to the silent, sneaky extravagance of the regular system. There was more light in our house, but more gloom, too, because there was no mention of Father's promotion for almost a year after Mr. Thompson was carried, groaning, to the hospital. The eerie quiet disturbed our reading, and Mother's removal to the kitchen, where she could now work at night without first checking on everybody's whereabouts, created a great gap in our family circle. The whole thing made me permanently suspicious of progress and efficiency. Even today, when my own children are romping through the house and I hear the heedless click of switches in other rooms, I sometimes get a momentary start, and the words "Downstairs No Upstairs!" come to my lips. But nothing perturbs this meter; he is merely an observer, not a commentator. I often think I would barter all—television, refrigerator, washing machine, tape recorder, and the other electric luxuries that have invaded our house—for the pleasant, dangerous gargle of the old limiter and for the family concord with which we fought him. And certainly I would trade them all for that honest £1/10/0 bill that used to come every quarter.

—BRIAN FRIEL

•

Sen. Javits was interviewed on a radio-TV program, "Senate News Conference." The senator was asked if he would "take a walk" if Sen. Goldwater won the nomination at the party's San Francisco convention.

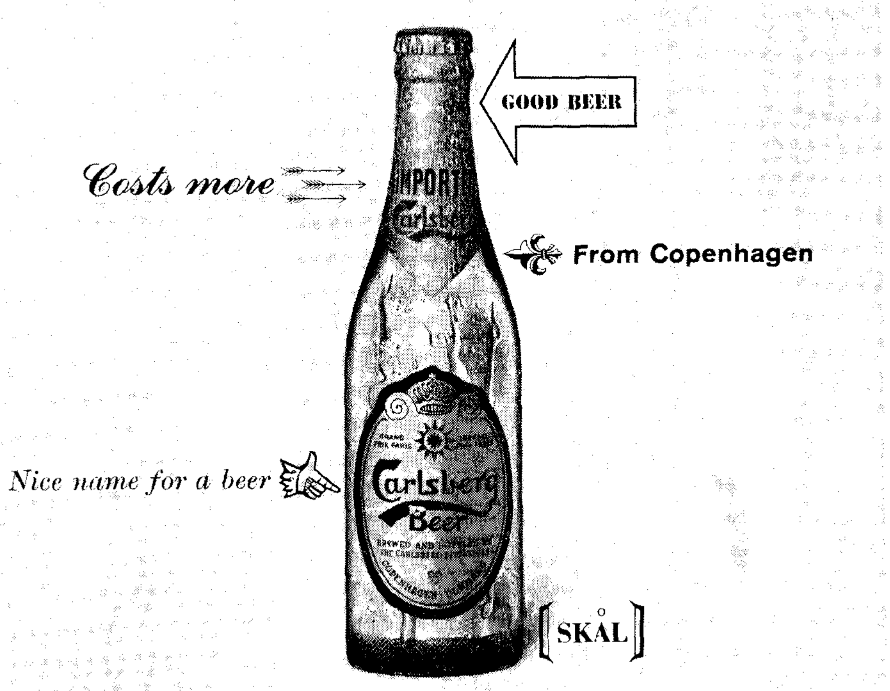
"I have never said that. At the same time, I have never said the converse. I think that accurately expresses my deep feelings on the matter."—*Boston Globe.*

And in limpid prose, too.

•

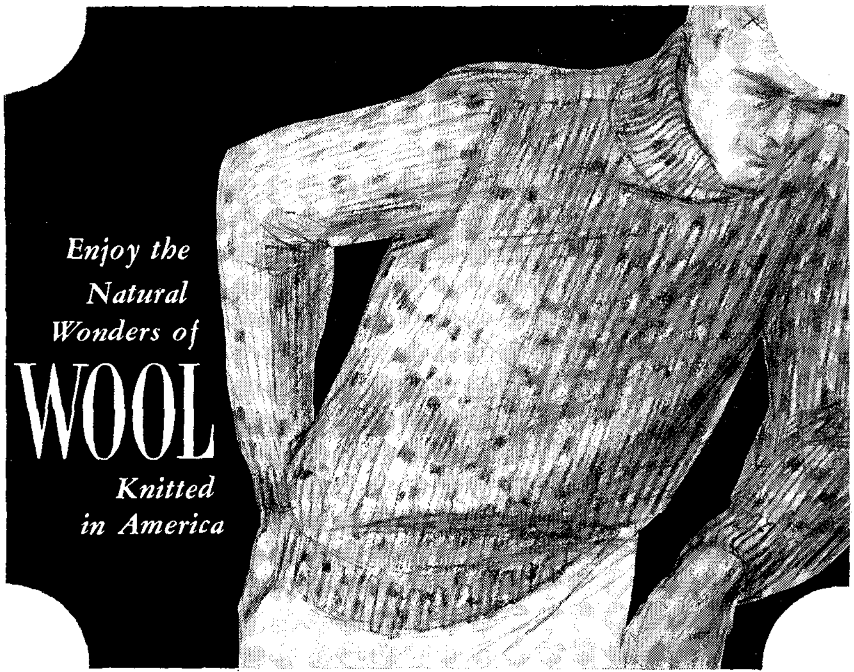
(5) TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy. The action filled story of a shanghaied crew on a trip around the Matterhorn in the 1880's. (1946) 9 P.M.—*Fort Lauderdale News.*

It wasn't easy then and it isn't easy now.



People in 159 countries enjoy Carlsberg—The Glorious Beer of Copenhagen, Denmark

Purveyors to the Royal Courts of Denmark, Greece and Sweden. Brewed and bottled by the Carlsberg Breweries, Copenhagen, Denmark. Carlsberg Agency, Incorporated, 104 East 40th Street. New York 16, New York



Sponsored jointly with the American Wool Council WJ 6863

himalaya
350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

He's determined. Self-reliant. Shows the wind-swept look of THE ISLANDERS. Hefty Turtleneck with all the character and inner resourcefulness of wool. In naturally-Weathered heather tones. About 27.50

*At these correct stores or write Himalaya:*

Bloomingdale's, New York, New York • De Voss, Los Angeles, Calif. • Sherm Swanson "For Men", Chicago, Ill. • MacNeil & Moore, Madison, Wisc. • Morville, Phila., Pa. • The Leatherstocking, Boulder, Colo. • Bob's Sports, New Canaan, Conn. • John Norman, Roanoke, Va. • Higbee & Co., Cleveland, Ohio • Fred Brown, Knoxville, Tenn.

Peck & Peck

The wool coatdress:
a fall first for
the Peck & Peck Jr.

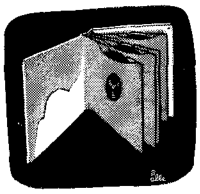
The "shirt-sleeve" look: very important this autumn. Demi-fitted, fully lined. Emerald, cranberry, or teal. 5 to 15,

35⁰⁰

*Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis Indianapolis • Atlanta • Twin Cities • Buffalo • Kansas City Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence*

# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Jazz Records*

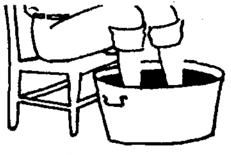


BY releasing "Billie Holiday: The Golden Years" (C3L 21) and "Mildred Bailey: Her Greatest Performances" (C3L 22), three-record sets, each containing forty-eight selections, the first made between 1933 and 1941 and the second between 1929 and 1946, Columbia, aside from doing a public service, has raised again the apparently permanent question of why there have been so few genuine jazz singers. (Taste largely decides who is and who isn't a jazz singer. To my ears, Ella Fitzgerald and Anita O'Day are not jazz singers, but Edith Piaf, who has nothing to do with jazz, is, and so are Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer.) Logically, there should be countless jazz singers. Jazz, which grew out of vocal music, primarily attacks the emotions, and the human voice conveys emotion more readily than any instrument. When instrumental jazz superseded vocal jazz, it copied its predecessor, and jazz singers suddenly sounded as if they were emulating their imitators. Of course, they weren't. Billie Holiday and Bessie Smith, the two greatest jazz singers, attained with nothing more than their voices a majesty and wit and emotion that no instrumentalist—not even Louis Armstrong in 1933—has matched. Indeed, they suggested the direction in which jazz singing might go, but the talents of their admirers and of their admirers' admirers have simply not been up to the task. And a change isn't likely; jazz, in its newest forms, has become unsingable. It is not too late, though, to ponder again the miraculous singing of Billie Holiday, which has not dated, and to ponder Mildred Bailey, who was just about unclassifiable. Perhaps some of the answers to the Jazz-Singing Problem lie in their differences.

In spite of these differences, the two women had strikingly similar careers and even personalities. Both attracted and held small, vociferous coteries, and both were to a degree unsuccessful commercially. Both had appearances that went against them—Mildred Bailey was fat and plain, and Billie Holiday was a Negro. Partly for these reasons, both were emotional cripples. Mildred Bailey was addicted to food and Billie

*"O.K., the view is just as good, but give me those air-conditioned rooms at The Castaways."*

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT ABOUT THE
Castaways
MIAMI BEACH, FLA.
*"America's Most FUNderful Resort-Motel"*
NEW YORK OFFICE
WI 7-4262



**HOUSEHUNTING?** *In an Unfamiliar City?* Tell us all your family's requirements and we'll find exactly your house—in any major city or prime suburb of the U.S., the Caribbean Islands, Europe or elsewhere. Acting as your deputy, Homerica safeguards your interests. Ask Clark de Lima for details.

HOMERICA INC.

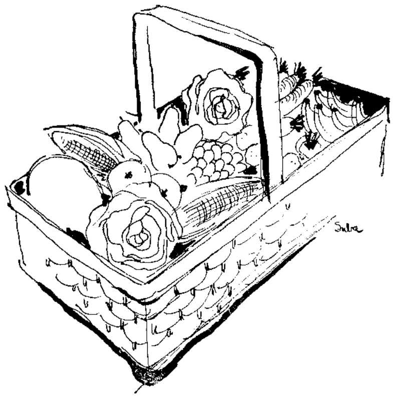
New York
200 Park Avenue
661-3111

Los Angeles
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
387-3111

JUST OPENED
NEW YORK'S UNIQUE
JAPANESE RESTAURANT
NIPPON
CLASSICAL JAPANESE CUISINE
TEMPURA & SUSHI BARS
INDOOR & OUTDOOR GARDENS
HEIAN STYLE TATAMI ROOMS
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
145 EAST 52ND STREET • EL 5-9020

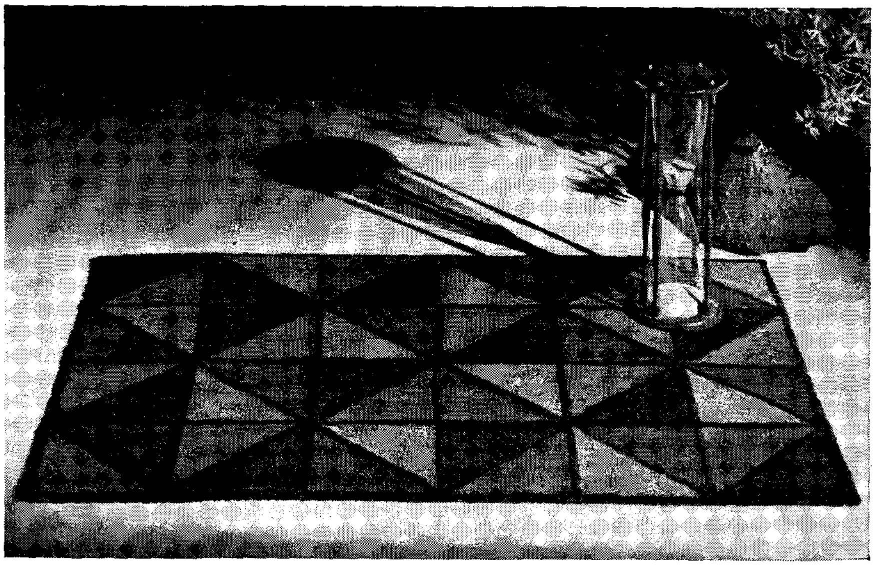
Holiday to drugs. Both made good money at times and died poor. Both had unsatisfactory relations with men and lavished their affections on pets. Both had sharp tongues and sharp tempers. Both had a sense of humor and delighted in kidding inferior material into superior material. Both lived to the age of forty-four, and both died puzzled, bitter women. And there their similarities stop.

MILDRED BAILEY's way of singing had set by the late twenties, and it never changed. She was already a sizable woman, and, like many fat people, she had a little voice, a trapped voice. It gave the impression of being a miniature one, with everything in scale. It was also pure and neat. She used her vibrato (which was quite pronounced in the twenties) sparingly, her diction was absolutely clear (she patted each word quickly and expertly into position), and she never went off pitch. She generally placed her notes on or a trifle behind the beat, and she always placed them perfectly. She never growled or allowed any huskiness in her voice, and she rarely indulged in blue notes. She had a finished, sweet, china-doll voice, and she sang as well at the end of her career as she did at the beginning. But Mildred Bailey had no real style. Her *voice* was unmistakable, but the conscious imbalances and flourishes and original colorations that are the marks of style were missing. She might have become a good comic singer. This is suggested by the queer, almost Betty Boop scat passages she sometimes slipped into and by her funny, bouncy handling of ridiculous lyrics. She sang the blues the way she sang "There's a Cabin in the Pines"—directly, discreetly, assuredly, and with small emotion. Indeed, the emotional content of her singing was turned inward. One had the feeling that if she let it out, she knew it would go amuck and shake her to pieces. So she was not emotional and she was not sentimental; a good jazz singer must be the first and



CONANT BALL'S FURNITURE MAKERS

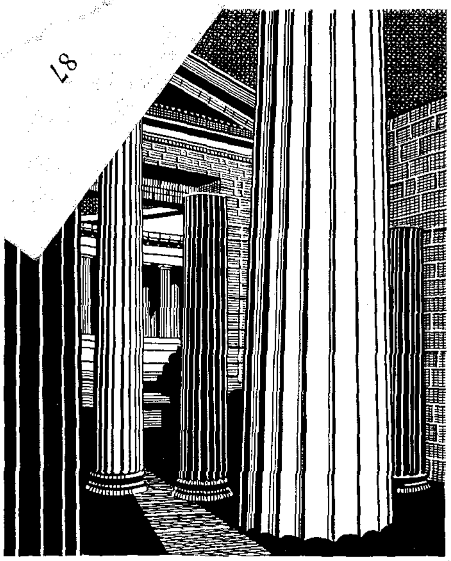
MAKERS OF MODERNMATES • **ROGER CONANT GROUP** • WALNUT HILL GROUP
ILLUSTRATED FOLDERS 10¢ EACH. CONANT BALL COMPANY, GARDNER 18, MASSACHUSETTS



*The Timeless Touch by Callaway*

Inspired by the bold design, the warm color, the informality of the Mediterranean Island, Minorca is at home anywhere. Its classic diamond pattern of rich brown, black and gold adds brilliance to both contemporary and traditional interiors. Minorca, from Callaway's exciting Mediterranean Odyssey Collection of area rugs, is so practical, too. Made of the finest yarn-dyed cotton, this "Label of Luxury"® rug is completely machine washable. See Minorca at fine stores everywhere, or send one dollar for a full color portfolio of the complete collection to Callaway Mills, Inc., La Grange, Georgia.

AUGUST 24, 1963



column

The term for a structure used to support a building may also refer—by extension—to anything that seems slender and upright. For instance, a column of figures.

And if the column of figures that represents your investment portfolio seems sometimes rather too slender (how ever upright) . . . perhaps we, as professional financial advisers, could show you how it could be strengthened.

We serve a wide variety of clients . . . individual investors, institutions, corporations, and governmental bodies. All of them tell us that they feel more secure when their own judgment about their financial structures is augmented by our *professional* assistance.

If you could use some sound, knowledgeable help with your investment problems . . . we'd be happy to show you how we could provide that help for you. Together, we can work to build your investment columns straight and sturdy.

**Smith, Barney & Co.**

*Members New York Stock Exchange*
*and other leading exchanges*

20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Philadelphia • Chicago
Boston • San Francisco
Albany • Allentown • Cleveland • Dallas
Hartford • Milwaukee • Minneapolis

a good popular singer the second. She was caught between.

This plight is clear all through the Columbia album. Again and again, on the fine sides made in 1935 with Bunny Berigan and Johnny Hodges, and on those made later with Mary Lou Williams, she inches up to the verge and seems about to tip over into jazz singing, but then she retreats into her neatness, into what she *knows* she can do. And there are many instances, in numbers like "Thanks for the Memory," "Heaven Help This Heart of Mine," and " 'Tain't What You Do," when she just misses a plain, rousing popular vocal. After a time the no man's land in which Mildred Bailey ran continually and hopelessly from side to side palls. Each vocal sounds like the last; not even material and tempo make a difference. One turns for relief to her accompanists, among them Red Norvo, Benny Goodman, the John Kirby band, a Basie contingent, Coleman Hawkins, Chu Berry, Roy Eldridge, and Teddy Wilson, but they, too, never rise past a predictable level. All is polite, polished, and, despite the frequent outward show of "swinging," a little dull. Poor Mildred Bailey!

BILLIE HOLIDAY had everything Mildred Bailey lacked. In fact, it was a superabundance, and when she discovered this she tried to control it, but with disastrous results. She simply hardened a marvellously intuitive style and almost overnight turned it into mannered, solemn torch singing, and when her voice gave out, around 1950, there was nothing left but a stylized skeleton. But it is always astonishing to return to the records she made before 1939. They are superb jazz recordings, and a few—"I Must Have That Man," "What a Night, What a Moon, What a Girl," "It's Too Hot for Words," "Miss Brown to You"—are possibly without peer. No matter how many times they are heard, they remain fresh, and even when one hums her melodic lines from memory they magically retain their surprise. This surprise comes from her effortless refashioning of the melody; her remarkable simultaneous stretching and reshaping of the lyrics, which nonetheless are never garbled (listen to the way she makes one long, bumpy word out of the first twelve words of "Them There Eyes" in the Columbia album: "Ifellinlovewithyouthefirsttimelookedinto—them there eyes;" once heard, never forgotten); her wit and humor; the continually changing colors in her voice, effected

our exclusive

a classically tailored
3 piece dacron and cotton
ensemble . . . easy care
perfect for traveling the
Americas and abroad
black and white
or brown and white . . .
sizes 10-18, $29.95
(add .35 for shipping)

available only through
Lisbeth Wolfe
1637 MAIN STREET, COLUMBIA, S.C.

EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
*John F. Shaw, Pres.*
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK-IN WINE CELLAR

FULL COLOR
MEXICAN
CHRISTMAS CARDS
REFLECTING ALL THE
COLOR AND CHARM OF
OLD MEXICO
FOR BROCHURE AND SAMPLE
CARD SEND 10¢ TO
ARTES de MEXICO, Dept. Y
1039 INCA ST., DENVER 4, COLORADO

OPEN 5 DAYS A WEEK
CLOSED SAT. AND SUN.
RESTAURANT
Laurent
111 East 56th St. • PLaza 3-2729

through her use of vibrato, huskiness, and bent notes, and by playing hob with the beat; and her steady, enclosing warmth. All these qualities are apparent on the first two records of the Columbia set, which begin with her extremely creditable 1933 début and which end in 1939. And the accompaniment, particularly when Teddy Wilson, Lester Young, and Buck Clayton are on hand, is as good as she is. (Such is not the case on three previously unreleased air shots made in 1937 at the Savoy Ballroom, when she was with the Basie band, which sounds like the rabble marching off to Quebec.) The rest of the album, though, distinctly falls off. Self-consciousness had set in, and many of the post-1938 numbers are heavy and strained. The tempos drag and the brilliant fun of the early sides is gone. Numbers like "Gloomy Sunday," "I Cover the Waterfront," "Time on My Hands," and "Body and Soul" are depressing. However, Columbia is considering another set of Holiday reissues, and one hopes it will include the 1935 recordings, which are not in this album.

BOTH the Bailey and Holiday albums come with booklets that have good photographs, complete discographies, and varyingly fulsome appreciations. The Bailey booklet, though, includes three sentences by Irving Townsend that amount to an epitaph: "I remember watching her late one night at her farm in upstate New York while she listened to a record of Duke Ellington's 'Black Butterfly.' She sat at the kitchen table with a single candle blowing in the wind from the open door. The shadows of the leaves on the maples outside the door danced all over the kitchen walls, and Mildred played the record over and over again as if afraid the trees might stop blowing if the band did."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Allan Seager of Tecumseh soon will have a new book added to his volumes at the Tecumseh Public Library.

It is the "Memoirs of a Tourist," by Stendhal, translated from the original by Mr. Seager after a visit to France in which he talked with Stendhal, or rather, Marie Henri Beyle, whose pen name is Stendhal.

—*Tecumseh (Mich.) Herald.*

Must have been over a bottle of wine.

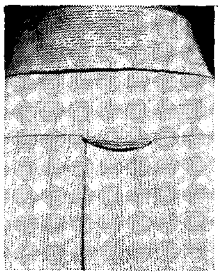
•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Philadelphia Inquirer*]

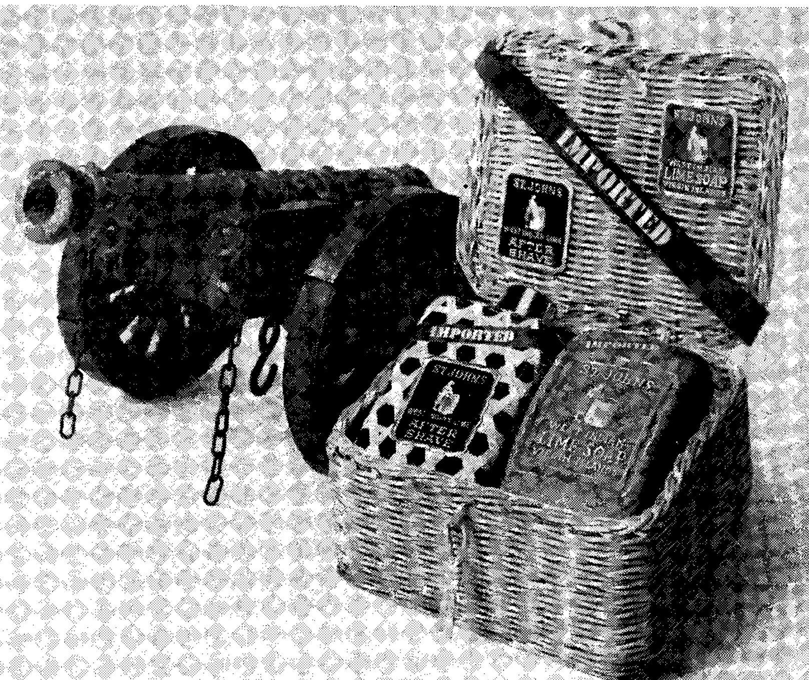
Sunday, a bureau forecaster said, would be less humid and fair with temperatures in the 80s. "Not really cooler," he explained, "but less hot."

natural
shoulder
spoken
here



**Deceptively quiet, well bred red**

Now—the first color news in traditional shirts since blue dominated the dress shirt scene. Not pink . . . not red, but a sophisticated breeding of color: the interweaving of white softens the red, creating our own exceptionally fine Andover Oxford. Tailored naturally, for the natural shoulder man. About $6.00 at selected stores. For one nearest you, write CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK



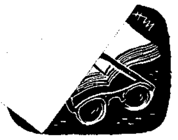
**At last a man's bath set worth fighting for**

Meet the double Lime Cooler: the bath set for men, fresh from the Virgin Islands. The essence of true West Indian Limes is laced liberally into hefty bar and bracing after shave. Mildly astringent. Insinuating but subliminal aroma. You *sense* the Island scent rather than smell it. Lime Soap and Lime After Shave come side-by-side in a native, handwoven hamper. *Note:* Use hasp to guard contents from wife. $7.50 plus U.S. tax.

West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. For name of nearest store, write our U.S. Agent, Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd., 292 Madison Ave., New York.

# BOOKS

## More Love in the Western World

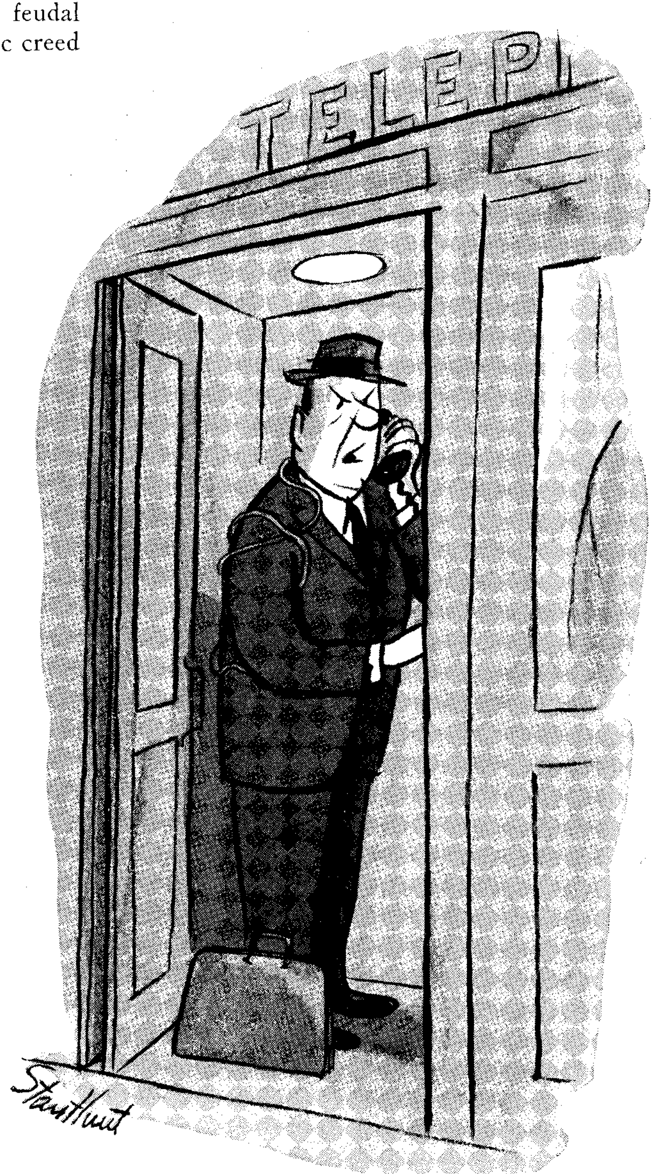


Denis de Rougemont, the Swiss theologian and essayist who is presently director of the Centre Européen de la Culture, in Geneva, is best known in this country as the author of "Love in the Western World," which was first published in France in 1939 and, considerably revised and augmented, again in 1954; a translation of the revised edition was published by Pantheon in 1956. The self-announced purpose of this famous book is "to describe the inescapable conflict in the West between passion and marriage." It begins with a detailed examination of the legend of Tristan and Iseult, and in the inconsistencies of the narrative discovers a furtive conflict between two religions: an exoteric creed of feudal honor and fealty, and an esoteric creed of unlimited passion. Tristan and Iseult are, de Rougemont concludes, in love not with one another but with love itself, with their own *being* in love; "their unhappiness thus originates in a false reciprocity, which disguises a twin narcissism." Hence their passion secretly wills its own frustrations and irresistibly seeks the bodily death that forever removes it from the qualifications of life, the disappointments and diminishments of actual possession. "Passionate love, the longing for what sears us and annihilates us in its triumph—there is the secret which Europe has never allowed to be given away; a secret it has always repressed—and preserved!"

This analysis—indeed, psychoanalysis—of the legend is but the center of an interwoven sequence of theses that in sum boldly blame the modern Occidental obsession with romantic love directly on Catharism, a neo-Manichaean heresy that, before being crushed by the Albigensian crusade, flourished in twelfth-century Provence. Manichaeanism, denying the Christian doctrines of the Divine Creation and the Incarnation, radically opposes the realms of spirit and matter. The material world is evil. Man is a spirit imprisoned in the darkness of the flesh. His only escape is through asceticism and mystical "knowing." Women are Devil's lures designed to draw souls down into bodies; on the other hand, each man aspires toward a female Form of Light who is *his own true spirit*, resident in Heaven, aloof from the Hell of matter. Moreover, in some permutations of Dualist mythology the Mother of Christ becomes Maria Sophia, *sophia aeterna*, an Eternal Feminine that preëxisted material creation. "Bernard Gui, in his 'Manuel de l'Inquisiteur,' shows that although the Cathars venerated the Blessed Virgin, she was not, in their belief, a woman of flesh and blood, the Mother of Jesus, *but their Church*." From such doctrines, de Rougemont maintains in his most strenuously and carefully argued chapters, it is a very short step to the erotic rhetoric of the troubadours of Languedoc, and from there to courtly love, epithalamian mysticism, Héloïse and Abelard, Tristan and Iseult, and all the romances, medieval and modern, that torment Western man with Gnostic longings.

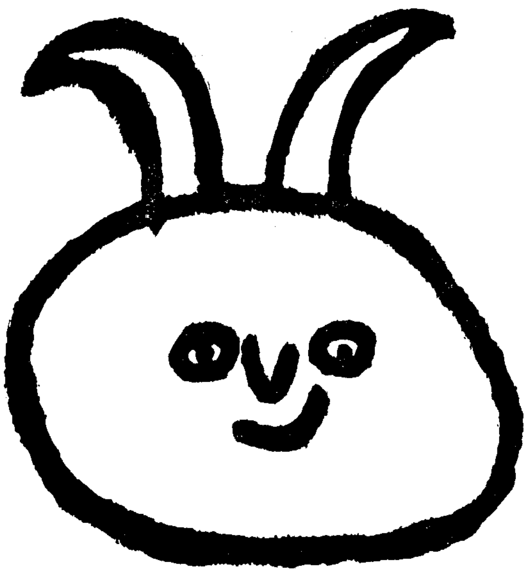
De Rougemont personifies the ramifying influence of the troubadours as a love-myth, a Venus born of the foam of Eastern religion and imported into Europe, like Cleopatra smuggled in rugs, wrapped in a cult of chastity. The love-myth, simply, is the daughter of a creed that holds Creation in contempt. She stands in the same relation to fruitful marriage as does Dualism to the Christian Monism precariously hinged on the dogma of the God-Man. Her essence is *passion itself;* her concern is not with the possession, through love, of another person but with the prolongation of the lover's state of mind. Eros is allied with Thanatos rather than Agape; love becomes not a way of accepting and entering the world but a way of defying and escaping it. Iseult is the mythical prototype of the Unattainable Lady to whom the love-myth directs our adoration, diverting it from the attainable lady (in legal terms, our "wife;" in Christian terms, our "neighbor") who is at our side. Passion-love feeds upon denial; hence Tristan and Iseult, alone together in the woods of Morois, place the "sword of chastity" between them, foreshadowing the equally artificial devices of the countless playwrights, novelists, and scenarists who so wearilessly have obstructed the natural union of lovers and whose pathetic inventions continue to propagate, all unwittingly, a heresy inimicable to marriage, social stability, and international peace.

Such a summary of "Love in the Western World" cannot do justice to the elegance and interest of the original. For over three hundred pages the book sustains an aphoristic crackle. The section wherein de Rougemont traces the love-myth's prog-

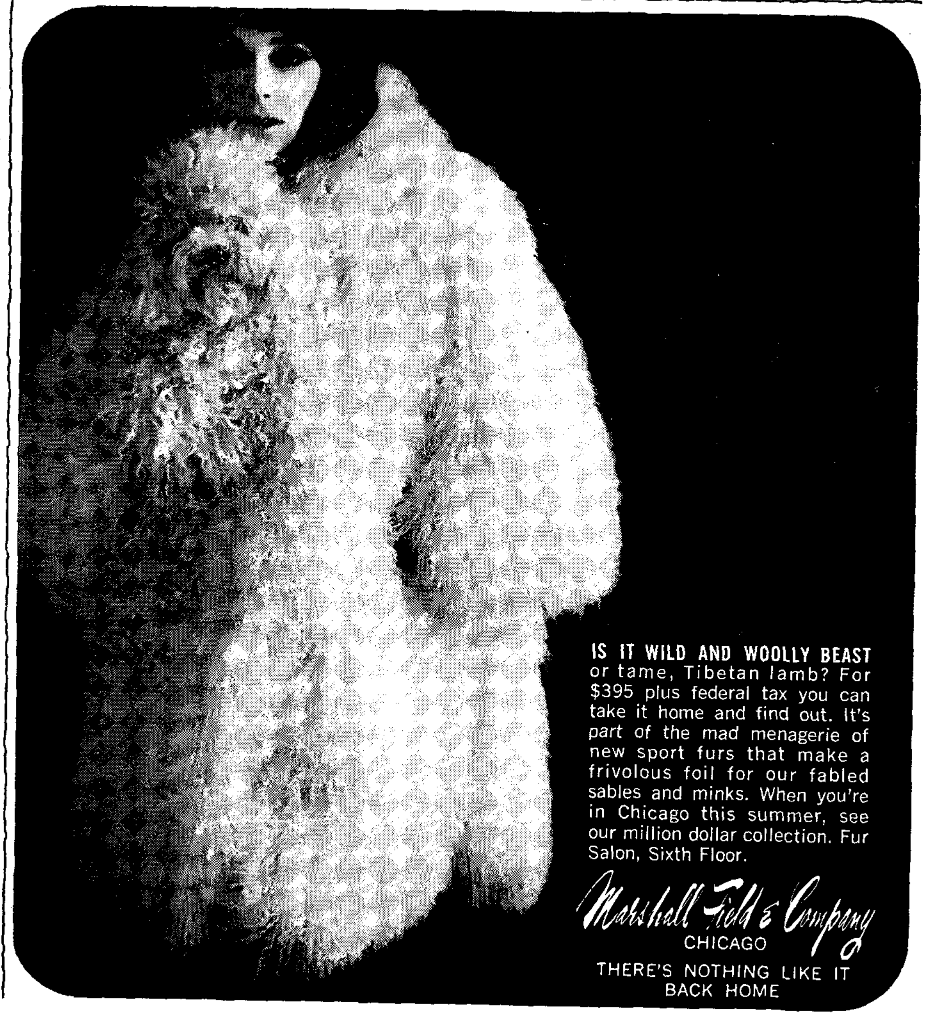


*"No, no, I said I was caught in a ticker-tape parade. I didn't say it was for me."*

ress through Western literature from Dante to Baudelaire is literary high adventure pursued with unflagging energy and assurance. The section discussing passion in politics and war opens with an insight—"inasmuch as our notion of love enfolds our notion of woman, it is linked with a theory of the *fruitfulness of suffering* which encourages or obscurely justifies in the recesses of the Western mind a liking for war"—that is worth a volume in itself. Unlike most accretions of learning and intelligence, "Love in the Western World" has the unity of an *idea*, an idea carried through a thousand details but ultimately single and simple, and an idea that, however surprising its route of arrival, strikes home. Love as we experience it *is* love for the Unattainable Lady, the Iseult who is "ever a stranger, the very essence of what is strange in woman and of all that is eternally fugitive, vanishing, and almost hostile in a fellow-being, that which indeed incites to pursuit, and rouses in the heart of a man who has fallen a prey to the myth an avidity for possession so much more delightful than possession itself. She is the woman-from-whom-one-is-parted; to possess her is to lose her." There is even a weird congruence between our romantic dispositions and the strict terms of the Manichaean myth: a man in love, confronting his beloved, seems to be in the presence of *his own spirit*, his self translated into another mode of being, a Form of Light greeting him at the gate of salvation. A man in love ceases to fear death. In the chapter titled "Marrying Iseult?"—the question mark is intentional and may be taken as the capstone of M. de Rougemont's entire discourse—a phrase identifies a man's Iseult as "the woman . . . of his most intimate nostalgia." The hint is provocative. While nostalgia does not create women, perhaps it does create Iseults. What is it that shines at us from Iseult's face but our own past, with its strange innocence and its strange need to be redeemed? What is nostalgia but love for that part of ourselves which is in Heaven, forever removed from change and corruption? A woman, loved, momentarily eases the pain of time by localizing nostalgia; the vague and irrevocable objects of nostalgic longing are assimilated, under the pressure of libidinous desire, into the details of her person. Freud says she is our mother. But the images we hoard in wait for the woman who will seem to body them forth include the inhuman—a certain slant of sunshine, a delicate flavor of dust, a kind of rasping tune that is reborn in her voice; they are



**Until now only walls wore Picassos.**
Now you can put a Picasso on your very own frame. Because White Stag secured exclusive rights to reproduce his works as fabric designs for apparel. And did. In the original colors. In a unique collection of fall sportswear. Shown: "Triptych" fleece-back knitted cotton pullover. S-M-L, $9.
*you're right, it's White Stag*



**IS IT WILD AND WOOLLY BEAST** or tame, Tibetan lamb? For $395 plus federal tax you can take it home and find out. It's part of the mad menagerie of new sport furs that make a frivolous foil for our fabled sables and minks. When you're in Chicago this summer, see our million dollar collection. Fur Salon, Sixth Floor.

Marshall Field & Company
CHICAGO
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT
BACK HOME

e Story on
ed-by" Bourbon

by
n P. Van Winkle
President
**Old Fitzgerald
Distillery**

Louisville, Kentucky
*Established 1849*

On his way to court one morning our county judge heard a passel of bad language coming from a sharecropper's cabin.

"What's going on in there?" the judge asked a boy sitting on the front stoop.

"Pa and ma's afightin'," the boy replied. "Who is your father?" asked the judge.

"That's what they's fightin' about!" said the boy.

Also open to question, seems to me, is the paternity of the many "bottled-by" bourbons on today's retail shelf.

Now anyone with a funnel can pour bourbon into a bottle. The important thing is—*who fathered the whiskey?*

And if the same man did *both*, wouldn't you think he'd say so proudly on his label? Next time your present bottle is in hand, check its label to see.

At our 114-year-old family distillery we bottle every drop we sell and we make every drop we bottle. Nary a label of ours but reads "*Distilled and* Bottled by . . .".

For reasons best known to ourselves we have purposely refused to skyrocket our sales of Bonded OLD FITZGERALD to a point where we might require "alien" stocks to piece out our demand.

Rather, our famous OLD FITZGERALD is reserved, unchanged and constant through the years, for the favored few who recognize, appreciate and demand a bourbon of enduring character and authentic fullness of flavor.

If you are one who wisely judges a bourbon more by its sire than by its seller, we invite you to join an inner circle of discriminating hosts who have come to rely on the everlasting goodness of OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

*100 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Made in U. S. A.*

*(Advertisement)*

nameless, these elusive glints of original goodness that a man's memory stores toward an erotic commitment. Love tends to be patriotic. If Iseult is Tristan's boyhood, his boyhood is also his native land; an American will probably fall in love with a woman who is for him, somehow, America. Perhaps it is to the degree that the beloved crystallizes the lover's past that she presents herself to him, alpha and omega, as his Fate.

HOWEVER suggestive, "Love in the Western World" is in sum imperfectly convincing. Its exposition of "mysteries" in the Tristan legend seems at times farfetched—nowhere more so than in the incident of the "sword of chastity" laid between the lovers, which de Rougemont takes as the exemplar of those obstacles that passion-love, lacking external obstructions, imposes on itself. In the synoptic text collated by Joseph Bédier (translated into English by Hilaire Belloc), the relevant passage occurs after Tristan, who is living in the wood of Morois with Iseult and his servant Gorvenal, has returned from hunting:

> When Tristan came back, broken by the heat, he embraced the Queen.
>
> "Friend, where have you been?"
>
> "Hunting a hart," he said, "that wearied me. I would lie down and sleep."
>
> So she lay down, and he, and between them Tristan put his naked sword. To their good fortune they had kept on their clothes. On the Queen's finger was that ring of gold with emeralds set therein, which Mark had given her on her bridal day; but her hand was so wasted that the ring hardly held. Thus they slept, one of Tristan's arms beneath the neck of his friend, the other stretched over her fair body, close together; only their lips did not touch.

King Mark, seeking to kill the lovers, enters the hut and finds them thus asleep.

> Then he said to himself: "My God, I may not kill them. For all the time they have lived together in this wood, had it been with a mad love that they loved each other, would they have placed this sword between them? Does not all the world know that a naked sword separating two bodies is the proof and the guardian of chastity? If they loved each other with mad love, would they lie here so purely?"

A sunbeam falls on the white face of Iseult. Mark inserts his ermined gloves, which she lately gave him, into the crevice admitting the sunlight. He withdraws his ring from her finger, replaces it with one she gave him, replaces Tristan's sword with his own, and leaves.

> Then in her sleep a vision came to Iseult. She seemed to be in a great wood and two lions near her fought for her, and

"EXCITING AND STUNNINGLY BEAUTIFUL MUSICAL."—Watts, N. Y. Post

CLIVE REVILL GEORGIA BROWN
in
LIONEL BART'S
OLIVER!
HOL. MAT. MON. SEPT. 2
MAIL ORDERS: Evgs.: $9.30, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Sat. Mat.: $5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90.
IMPERIAL THEATRE 249 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

"A BRILLIANT TOUR-DE-FORCE." —WATTS, POST
ANTHONY NEWLEY in
STOP THE WORLD—
I WANT TO GET OFF
with ANNA QUAYLE
a New-Style Musical
MAIL ORDERS: Evgs.: $8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Sat. Mat.: $5.40, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. HOL. MAT. MON. SEPT. 2
SHUBERT THEATRE. 225 W. 44 ST., N. Y. C.

"NEW YORK'S FINEST HOUR!"—Boe, Cue
RETURNS TUES. SEPT. 10
THE ESTABLISHMENT
LONDON'S SATIRICAL REVUE
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY—9:00 & 11:30 PM
COCKTAILS, DINNER, SUPPER FROM 7.00
MAIL & PHONE RESERVATIONS NOW: PL 2-4711
STROLLERS THEATRE-CLUB 154 EAST 54 ST.

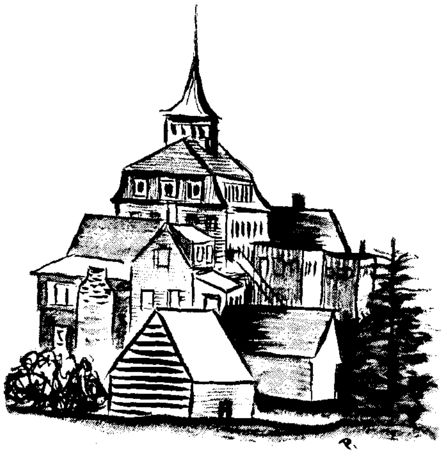
"Furiously funny." N.Y. Times
♠♠♠
THE LIVING PREMISE
♡♡
AIR-CONDITIONED
LF 3-5020 • 154 BLEECKER ST.

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

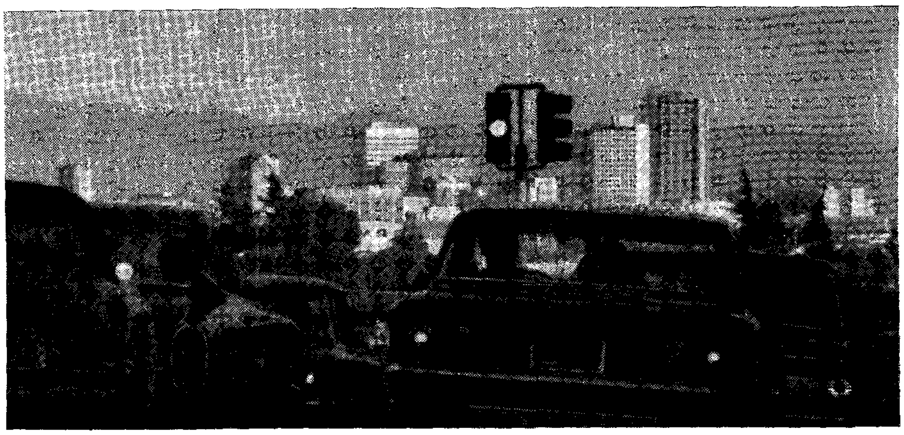
MARIO'S
Villa D'ESTE
*Open Seven Days Weekly*
58 E. 56 ST. PL 9-4025
VILLA Borghese
*Open Six Days, Closed Sun*
65 E. 55 ST. PL 1-2990
SUPERB FRENCH AND ITALIAN CUISINE
FOR LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
*Lavish* CONTINENTAL DINNERS *from* $5.75

she gave a cry and woke, and the gloves fell upon her breast; and at the cry Tristan woke, and made to seize his sword, and saw by the golden hilt that it was the King's.

De Rougemont appears to accept King Mark's reasoning that the sword between them proves chastity. Yet the chapter makes abundantly clear that they are not living chastely: "No lovers ever loved so much." On this occasion, the heat of the day and Tristan's weariness are emphasized. They keep on their clothes *implicitly as an exception*. They sleep so that "only their lips did not touch." Iseult's wedding ring is, symbolically, about to slip from her hand. Why the sword? The answer is given when Iseult's cry wakens Tristan; he seizes it to defend them. The passage, read without presuppositions, describes a *fortuitous* escape from the King's revenge. His interpretation of the sword is obviously mistaken. The proper focus of psychological explication is not the sword but the King's mind; honor-bound to kill his wife, he seizes on a flimsy appearance of innocence to excuse himself from this dreadful duty. Superficially an anecdote of The Cuckold Deceived Again, the episode under the surface subtly portrays a triumph of merciful instinct over brutal custom. Neither level supports de Rougemont's interpretation. The telling detail is the mote of sunlight that Mark shades from Iseult's sleeping face, not the sword, which has been placed between the lovers not so much by Tristan as by the anonymous bard, as an excuse for the King to relent and as an excuse for the story to continue. Indeed, de Rougemont's frequent complaint that in Western literature "happy love has no history" seems willfully naïve in regard to the exigencies of narrative. The essence of a story is conflict—obstruction, in his term. Happy love, unobstructed love, is the possibility that animates all romances; their plots turn on obstruction because they are plots. One might



**The truth of the matter is...**



**AUTOMOTIVE STORE SALES** in San Diego, California, totaled more than $269 million last year. That figure places San Diego 23rd among all the nation's Metropolitan County Areas. Note these comparative totals:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| San Diego, California | $269,687,000 | Columbus, Ohio | $224,682,000 |
| Seattle, Washington | $268,668,000 | Fort Worth, Texas | $178,569,000 |

San Diego is best reached and sold by two daily newspapers. Here's why: 85% of San Diego County families live in an urban area which accounts for over 85% of the total retail sales. **80% of these families regularly read The San Diego Union/Evening Tribune, unduplicated.***

SALES ESTIMATES: 1963 Sales Management Survey of Buying Power
*Facts Consolidated, A Division of C-E-I-R Inc. Market Survey

The San Diego Union | EVENING TRIBUNE

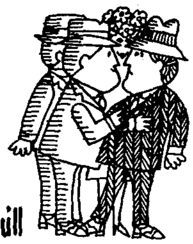
'THE RING OF TRUTH' Copley Newspapers

15 HOMETOWN DAILY NEWSPAPERS COVERING SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA – GREATER LOS ANGELES – SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS – AND NORTHERN ILLINOIS. SERVED BY THE COPLEY NEWS SERVICE WITH A WASHINGTON BUREAU AND BUREAUS IN OTHER MAJOR CENTERS OF THE WORLD. REPRESENTED NATIONALLY BY NELSON ROBERTS & ASSOCIATES, INC.

Fascinating experiment:

1. Get away from people.

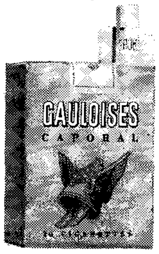
2. Now light a Gauloises Cigarette.



3. In five minutes you'll find people at your elbow asking, "What the hell are you smoking?"

What you're smoking is the best selling cigarette in France. The flavor is as French as the name and the package. The aroma is provocative.

Gauloises is blended in France and is now sold in America at American prices. Ask for Gauloises ("Goal-waz") at cigarette counters. And don't give up easily. Not everyone carries it.



as well complain that "easy success has no history." Too frequently de Rougemont seems to sight his metaphysical conclusions by gazing over the heads, as it were, of explanations closer to hand.

Again, the charge of narcissism that de Rougemont levels against lovers of the Tristan-and-Iseult type seems dubiously fair, for, as Freud in his essay on narcissism points out, "the human being has originally two sexual objects: *himself and the woman who tends him*." That is, in feeling or making love, the lover shares in the glorification—the "overestimation"—of the beloved; his own person becomes itself lovely. The selfish and altruistic threads in these emotions are surely inseparable. More important, the book creaks at its central joint—the connection between Catharism and courtly love. The evidence, however persuasively reinforced by analogy, remains circumstantial: courtly love and Catharism flourished side by side in southern France in the twelfth century. But no troubadour ever confessed to being a Cathar. And, in his search for "Manichaean esotericism" in later literature, de Rougemont verges on a kind of Rosicrucian absurdity. For example:

> So long as the life and even the identity of Shakespeare remain matters of speculation, it is futile to inquire whether or not he was privy to the secret traditions of the troubadours. But it may be noted that Verona [the site of "Romeo and Juliet"] was a main center of Catharism in Italy. According to the monk Ranieri Saccone—for seventeen years a heretic—Verona contained nearly five hundred Perfect, not to mention the far more numerous Believers.

After such a titillating piece of scholarly gossip, de Rougemont unhesitatingly caps Romeo's tomb soliloquy with this triumphant gloss—"Death's *consolamentum* has sealed the one kind of marriage that Eros was ever able to wish for." *Consolamentum*, it should be explained, is the specific term for a Gnostic sacrament.

To be fair, post-medieval writers breathed an atmosphere still saturated with notions now forgotten, and de Rougemont, in the revised edition, meets manfully the scholarly objections to his principal hypothesis. The nagging implausibility of the book has less to do with its details of evidence than with its ground of assumptions. De Rougemont seems captivated by a rather Thomistic faith in the apparatus of cause-and-effect, and he religiously insists on the supremacy of mind over matter:

> The time has come for us to be arbitrary in this way and to decide the question in favor of the mental—that is to say, in

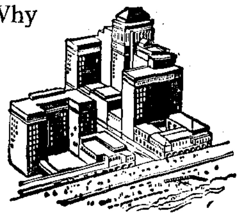
UKEE • NASHVILLE • PROVIDENCE • ROCHESTER • SILVER SPRING • SPRINGFIELD • SYRACUSE • WACO • WASHINGTON • WEST HARTFORD • WORCESTER

STORES IN: ABILENE • ARLINGTON • ATLANTA • CORPUS CHRISTI • DECATUR • FORT WORTH • HOUST

CATCH OF THE SEASON

. . our two piece knit dress, the top nonchalantly designed after a French fisherman's blouse, with shirt sleeves and a deep-V collar. By Glasgo in cranberry, woodland green, or cinnamon; sizes 8-16, $40.00. Please add 35¢ for mail order from Casual Corner, 566 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.

CASUAL CORNER



PREDICTION

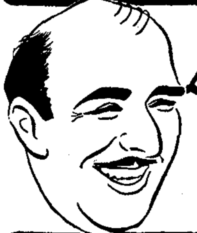
The day will come when you will come. Why not hasten that day by making a reservation now.

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co. . . . Progressive Innkeepers for 73 Years
For Reservations: Ask operator for 609-344-5131 collect

William Golding's Shocking Best-Selling Novel Now On The Screen!

LORD OF THE FLIES
A WALTER READE-STERLING RELEASE

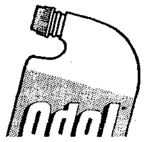
LOEW'S TOWER EAST
72nd St. & 3rd Ave., TR 9-1313



in Washington, D.C.

Dining at "Dukes" Is Better Than Ever!

DUKE ZEIBERT'S
Newly Enlarged and Completely Redecorated
RESTAURANT / 1722 L ST. N. W.



Mrs. Van O______met Odol® in Paris and rediscovered it in Akron

THE SUBTLY FLAVORED SUPER CONCENTRATED MOUTHWASH THAT'S INTERNATIONAL

magnificent prints, sumptuously framed, devastatingly hung

Rhoda Sande Gallery
23 East 67th Street, New York, New York
(212) LE 5-2093
Write for illustrated folder.

AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY

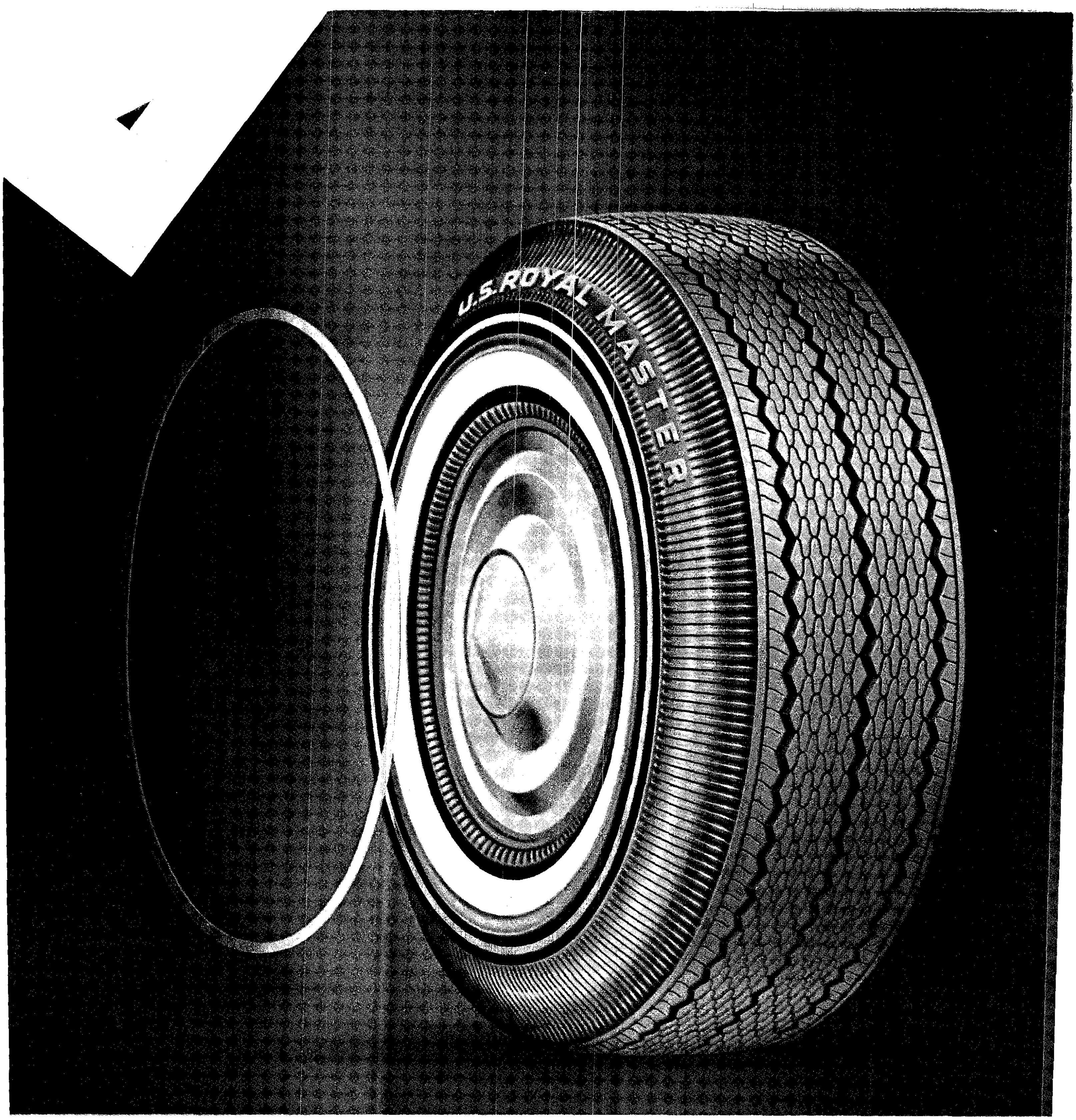
ABLISHED IN
XVII CENTURY
RO! & RUDD
LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON S.W.1
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION. NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

86 PROOF

*From Scotland's Best Distilleries*

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.



## Why did they ever put a red circle on a tire?

To mark it as the ultimate tire. Newly designed with the strength, the stopping power, and the wear that give you and your family the margin of protection you need. The "red circle of security" doesn't add to these qualities. But it does enable you to recognize at a glance the tires that deliver them. They are the ultimate premium tires—the very best you can buy.

ENGINEERED TO MEET THE UNEXPECTED

**U.S. ROYAL MASTER®**

Product of United States Rubber Company

IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

*A Renaissance of Graciousness*

A luxury hotel in the great European Tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled — never a convention.

Single rooms from sixteen dollars.

*P. S. During the summer months the single rate will prevail for the executive who chooses to have his wife accompany him to Washington.*

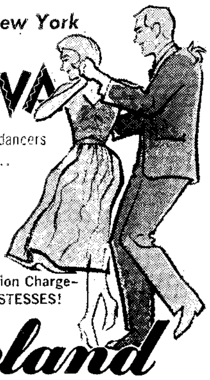
THE MADISON

*Washington's Correct Address*

15th & M Streets, N.W. • Washington 5, D.C.

In New York ask operator for ENterprise 6402 or see your travel agent.

FREE INDOOR PARKING



*The smartest place in New York to practice your*

**BOSSA NOVA**

Learn by watching the world's finest dancers do the world's smartest new dance... then enjoy practicing it yourself on the world's smartest dance floor.

**FREE LESSONS** *every Tuesday night, 8 to 9.*

All Included In One Modest Admission Charge—NO EXTRAS! NO TICKETS! NO HOSTESSES!

**Roseland**

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM · DANCE CITY · TERRACE RESTAURANT ROSE ROOM BAR

CONTINUOUS DANCING TO 2 GREAT BANDS NIGHTLY EXCEPT MONDAY
MATINEES THURSDAY & SATURDAY • SUNDAY CONTINUOUS FROM 3:30 P.M.

**52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY**

Le Restaurant Par Excellence · LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS · DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY

**QUO VADIS**

26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT **L'Aiglon**

CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER

PRE-THEATRE DINNER · PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES

13 E. 55TH · PL 3-7296

OPEN SUNDAYS

*The finest in Italian Food*

**ITALIAN PAVILION**

daily except Sunday · luncheon · cocktails · dinner

24 W. 55 ST. · JU 6-5950

favor of the primacy of the mind. Whether arbitrary *ante* or *post rem*—and in this case there is no real difference—the decision can nevertheless be justified by arguments. In the first place, it seems to me that the language of passion can be accounted for on the view that mind comes before matter because it expresses, not the triumph of nature over mind, but an encroachment of mind over instinct.

But might not this "encroachment of mind over instinct" be an instinctive response to the encroachments of matter, in the form of practical social law, upon the lawless libido? In relating, as cause to effect, the *sophia aeterna* of Dualist mysticism to the idealized woman to whom the troubadours addressed their songs, and in deriving modern man's romantic malaise from the ubiquitous popularizations of the love-myth stemming from these songs, the author has possibly confused the fruit with the branch. Of course, literature and life interact, but de Rougemont, in his zeal to equate the doctrines of Rome with the decrees of Nature, seems to mislocate the *point de départ* of the interaction. In the French fashion, he claims too much for literature. His thesis at bottom grants "myths" a ghostly vitality independent of the men who create them, and ascribes to the mirror a magical shaping power.

"LOVE DECLARED: ESSAYS ON THE MYTHS OF LOVE," translated from the French by Richard Howard and recently published by Pantheon, is a somewhat unified collection of essays in which de Rougemont elaborates and clarifies his theory of "myths." The book, titled in French "Comme Toi-Même," begins with a long introductory chapter reframing the argument of "Love in the Western World." Gnosticism is an attempt to make the "transition from Eros to the Spirit" without passing through the paradox of the Incarnation. Eroticism is "a lyrical or reflective transcendence of biological sexuality." Love is "linked more than any other behavior, impulse, sentiment, or ambition to its literary, musical, or plastic expression; that is, to *language* in general, but in those forms most richly endowed with popular and suggestive turns, clichés, metaphors, and accepted symbols." There exists an "eternal debate between a passionate Gnosticism and the moderating wisdom of the Church, between the personal adventure and the collective orthodoxy, which the rising tide of Eros is now renewing among us." The arena of this debate is neither the mind nor the body but the third human constituent, which

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for
☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS
My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions
1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00

Canada, Latin America and Spain
1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00

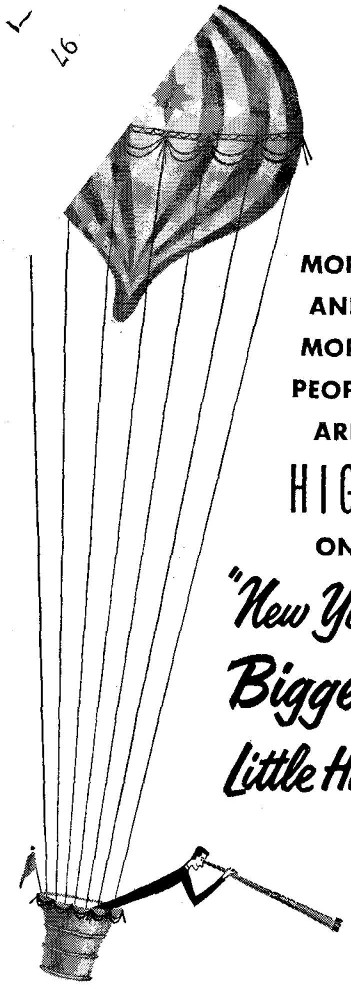
Other Foreign
1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME

ADDRESS

*(Please include postal zone number)*



Here are a few of The Tuscany's inspiring innovations: Every room has COLOR TV and FM radio, BarcaLounger Chair, bathroom extension phone, butler's pantry and every conceivable luxury. Air-conditioning, of course. Restaurants: extraordinary. Location: ideal (Just around the corner from Grand Central and Airline Terminals).

*May we send you a brochure?*

THE Tuscany

39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 16
*Bertram Weal, General Manager*
MU 6-1600, Teletype 212-867-6585

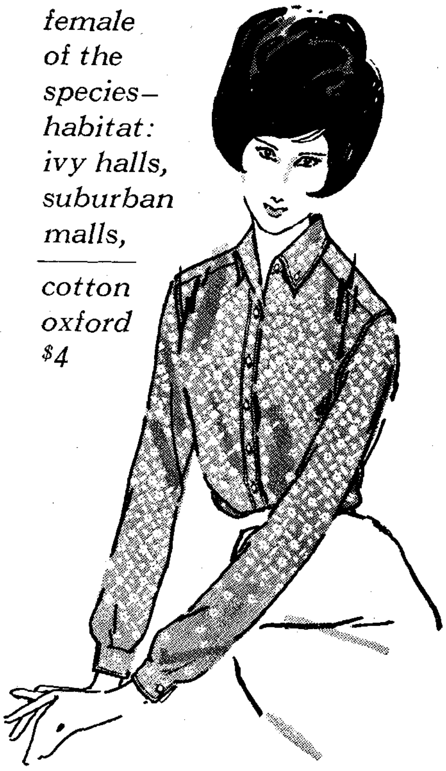
LITTLE PICTURE! BIG BROCHURE!

SEE BIG PICTURES in our brochure, "Furniture for Gracious Living" ■ Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. ■ Also at leading stores everywhere ■ For brochure send 30¢, Department N, UNION-NATIONAL, INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

animates them both and which de Rougemont calls "the soul." "The soul is the realm of the impulses that transcend the demands of instinct and conflict with the decrees of society . . . which counteract the 'programs' of physiological life recorded by our chains of chromosomes, which contradict the anticipations of economy and disturb our systems of rational and spiritual communications, in the manner of solar explosions." These solar storms that ravage the hypothetical ether between mind and body are, of course, myths. "Between the sciences of the body and of the mind, between biology and theology, beyond the necessities of the species but this side of good and evil, without laws or dogmas, but not without symbols governing our emotive life, mythology performs its function—which is a function of the soul." De Rougemont proposes to himself, then, a "mythanalysis of culture," which will "*make explicit* religious elements generally repressed or quite simply unrealized." The method, he states, is "exactly the inverse of Freud's, but thereby comparable to his;" the myths are compared to the forces of Nature, which man can control only by understanding.

After handing the reader so grand a menu, de Rougemont serves up seven consecutive snacks: (1) An examination of three modern novels—Nabokov's "Lolita," Musil's "The Man Without Qualities," and Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago"—as latter-day variants on the Tristan myth in which the necessary complication of passion has been intensified beyond mere adultery, (2) an ingenious comparison of Hamlet and Kierkegaard in which the two Danes are described as struggling with the cruel demands of "vocation," (3) an abrupt indictment of Don Juan and Nietzsche as "cheats," (4) a four-cornered "meditation" on Kierkegaard, Don Juan, Tristan, and Nietzsche, (5) a memoir of André Gide, who schizophrenically disassociated the Tristan and Don Juan within him, (6) a contrasting of Western and Eastern mysticism and eroticism, centering upon a somewhat elusive concept of "the person," (7) five beautiful pages of natural theology lyrically evoking Man's cosmic position in a Void that is "colorful, accessible, dense, and stable" and made actual by Love.

The fare is delicious but not filling. Freud extracted from the testimony of anonymous patients psychic principles of general application; it is not clear what application to our lives the "mythanaly-



Ship'n Shore®

**HOT DOG!** It's a foot long. A Feature of our suppers now being served from 3 p.m. to 1 a.m. Also famous omelets, casseroles, Texas chili, and the Frozen Hot chocolate. Sumptuous lunch starts at 11:30 a.m. Closed Sundays. 225 East 60th Street, New York City. TE 8-3531

serendipity 3

OLD·DROVERS·INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N.Y.

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED WED.

EVERYTHING IN NEW ORLEANS IS NEAR THE ROOSEVELT . . . the French Quarter — theatres — smart shops. Home of the famous Blue Room. 900 rooms. 100% air-conditioned. FREE GARAGE for registered guests.

R
SEYMOUR WEISS
President and Mgn. Dir.
A. C. BELLANDE, Mgr.

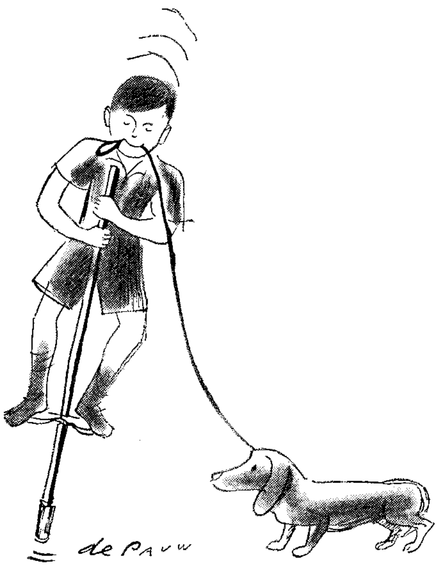
sis" of a few singular thinkers and artists possesses. Further, in de Rougemont's culture-laden mind, myths and men seem to have whimsically equal status: Shakespeare's Hamlet and Denmark's Kierkegaard are put on the same plane, and Casanova and Don Giovanni appear interchangeable. The effect is less to make myths real than to make men unreal. While Kierkegaard's rejection of Regine Olsen is aptly described as a form of Tristanian "possession by loss" and while this characterization can be extended to Kierkegaard's religious thought, the fact remains that in all his voluminous work, which includes hundreds of pages on Don Juan, Tristan is never mentioned. Conversely, to make of Nietzsche a "Don Juan of knowledge" who "wanted to *violate* the secret of each idea, of each belief, of each value" is to confuse a metaphor with an influence.

These essays, for all their cunning, do not make "myths" palpable; we remember chiefly, after this excursion through so many intellectual terrains, the incidents of wit and insight. In a hilarious footnote, General de Gaulle is revealed as the Tristanian politician:

> His Iseult is France. . . . For years he loved her from afar, in his exile. He restored her to her legitimate Husband, represented by the Legality of the State, after having delivered her in battle from the giant who held her captive and who demanded his tribute of young men (Minotaur-Morholt-Hitler). Then he was obliged to withdraw again, disgusted by the plotting of the felonious barons.

And on the same page, discussing Don Juan's "nomadism," de Rougemont almost casually plunges into the European subconscious:

> To the question of a woman whom he is trying to seduce: "Ah, Heaven! Man, who art thou?" Tirso de Molina's Don Juan



Cole Haan

*Found only in fine traditional shops*

TRADITIONAL SADDLE

The saddle shoe favored by admirers of the traditional look. Custom detailed with unique round double sole. Style 7111 deep burgundy genuine shell cordovan with black cordovan saddle. Style 7112 all black cordovan.
Most styles from $23. to $35.

COLE-HAAN, DEPT. C-6, AUGUSTA, MAINE

*A subtle suggestion for an Autumn to remember! simply...*

COLORADO

The subtlety, of course, ends with the suggestion. Then the *fun* begins. Colorado at brilliant aspentime fairly stands up and waves vividly colorful reasons why you should *be here!* Alpine wonderlands come alive in green and gold and scarlet. Almost shocking. Fat rainbow trout spoil for a fight. Fascinating ghost towns awake a little, just for you. There's distant music of a happy fiesta, wind sighing through ancient cliff dwellings, churning hoofbeats of the rodeo, and the active social hum of gracious, cosmopolitan resorts. Now that we mention it, isn't this *your* song?

*The music is set to words and pictures in a FREE literature kit. Send for yours right now!*

COLORADO DEPT. OF PUBLIC RELATIONS
566 State Capitol, Denver, Colorado 80203

Please send
☐ 52-page, full-color Vacation Guide
☐ List of Statewide events for Fall
☐ Full-color State Highway Map Folder
☐ Hotel, Motel, Resort, Dude Ranch Information, with Prices

Name
Address
City State Zip

answers "Who am I? A man without a name." This *man without a name*, without a past, without a future, is one of the riders from the times when the nomad hordes suddenly appeared on the lands of the first settlers, pillaged, raped their women, taught them pleasure in the keenness of dread, and galloped back to their wasteland. And he is also the priest of the divine hero in the ancient primitive religions: the man who is holy or strong enough to dare to assume the supposed dangers of the act of defloration—perils of the soul, loss of *mana*.

Such an aside (the one phrase "taught them pleasure in the keenness of dread" compresses volumes of female psychology) has the kind of concreteness and resonance that the book as a whole lacks. Since "Love in the Western World," the theory of "myths," in being expanded, has lost seriousness. Tristan is spoken of rather indulgently, as the personification of a possible erotic style, whereas in the earlier book he was given the dignity of a Luciferian heretic, guilty of the supreme blasphemy of preferring death to life. Don Juan, originally considered an inverse illusion projected by the momentary eclipse (in the eighteenth century) of Tristan, now emerges as a full-fledged rival entitled to equal time. Both are degraded from active thought forms to passive name tags. Oedipus does not become a myth by having a complex named after him. Tristan and Don Juan, as their semblances are sought in this philosophy and that life history, become mere *descriptive terms*, puppets in the play of ingenuity.

De Rougemont reminds me of another international European, the Spaniard Salvador de Madariaga, who has written with such suspect brilliance and fluency (in "Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards" and "Portrait of Europe") about national characters. The two men have the same debonairly borne learning, the same acute worldly wisdom, the same poetic weakness for heightened parallels, the same agility at painting their way out of awkward corners. I can envision a collaboration between them that would enchantingly show Tristan and Don Juan, Faust and Don Quixote to be the national myths of, respectively, France, Italy, Germany, and Spain. I can even glimpse the possibility that each myth represents the *bad conscience* of its nation, the defect of the national psyche magnified and propelled forward into a logical doom—Spain confessing its insanity and passing into apathy, Germany industriously draining swamps after its holiday on the Witches' Mountain, Italy operatically descending into a Hell in

*CLEARLY the BEST*

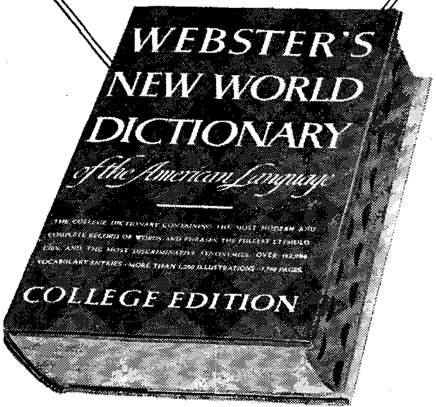
The "Total-Information" Desk Dictionary

Here's why:

- *Clearly* answers everyday questions such as: How fast is a knot? How high is the Eiffel Tower? How long is the Alaska Highway?
- *Clearly* and fully defines words in such specialized fields as space technology, medicine, politics.
- *Clearly* labels slang, colloquial, obsolete, archaic, poetic, dialect words.
- Lists names of people and places, foreign expressions, and abbreviations in the main text for fast reference.
- Includes irregular forms of verbs, plurals, comparatives, superlatives.
- Features 1200 drawings illustrating 3100 terms...showing objects in use, making their functions *clear*, identifying main parts.
- Has 130 spot maps—*clearly* locates critical spots in the world news.
- Contains more entries than any other leading college dictionary—142,000.

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY *of the American Language*, COLLEGE EDITION, is *the* up-to-date, easy-to-use, easy-to-understand dictionary. It belongs in every home and office and on every student's desk.

$5.75 (thumb-indexed, $6.75).



THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Cleveland and New York

BESTSELLER

"Anne Boleyn comes alive. The Concubine brings us a new Norah Lofts, who, without losing any of her old exciting gifts, takes her place with the finest contempory writers of historical fiction." —Chicago Tribune

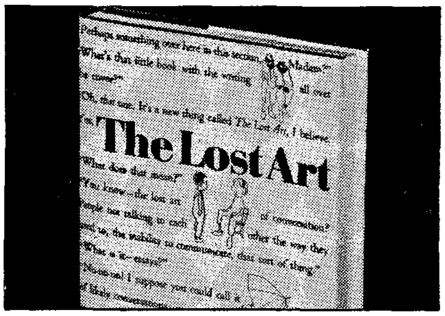
THE CONCUBINE

A novel about Anne Boleyn by

Norah Lofts

$4.95 at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY



Conversations—sardonic, satiric, accurate, pathetic, witty, painful, funny —by **BURTON BERNSTEIN**
Drawings by *James Stevenson.*
"I—," says S. N. Behrman, "enjoyed it."

WORLD $3.95

PLAY IT COOL

Get away from the boiling city to the cool, cool Adirondacks. Something cooking all the time at Crystal Lake Lodge. 1500 breezy woodland acres, 60 acre private lake, water-skiing, fishing, boating. 11 top pro tennis courts, all sports. New Playhall, entertainment, dancing, folk dancing. Chef cuisine. An adult resort owned and operated by the Slutsky family.

CRYSTAL LAKE LODGE
Chestertown, N.Y.
Phones: 3830 N.Y.C. DE 2-4578

The house of quality food for the Epicurean
1341 THIRD AVE.
at 77th St., N. Y. C.
BU 8-2886
Carte Blanche, Diner's and American Express
SUN YAH

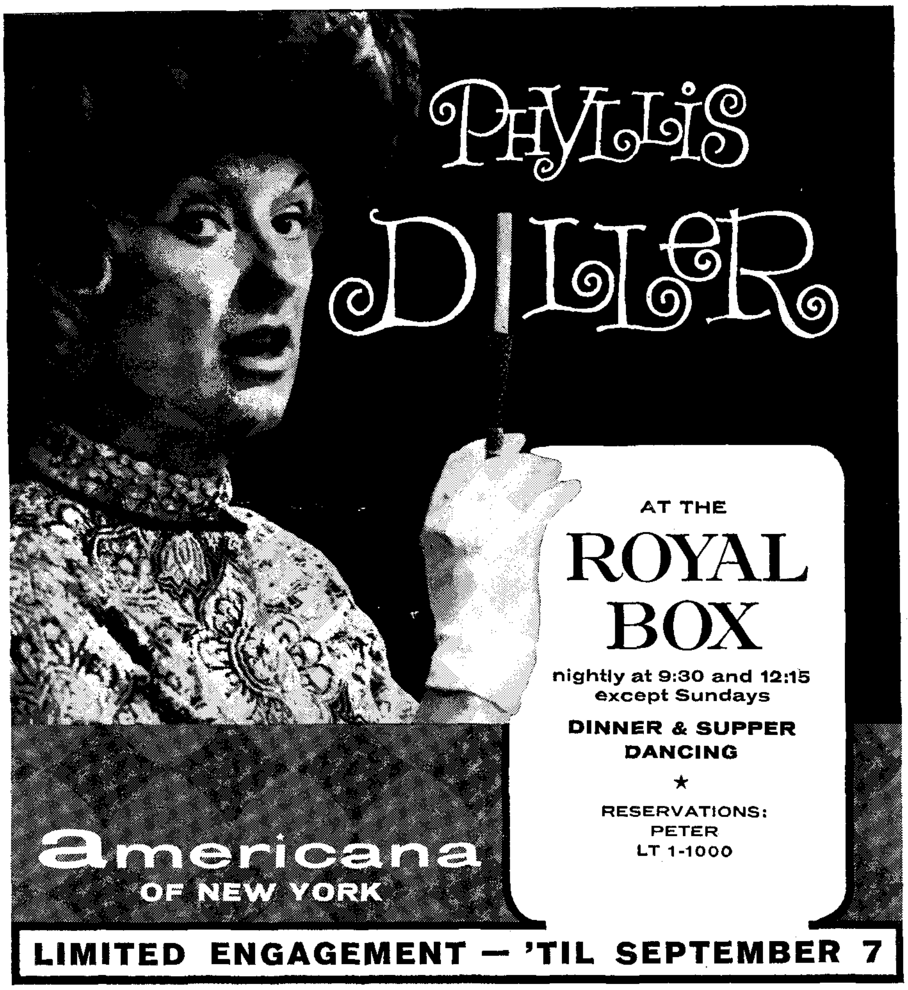
which it does not believe, France repining to its death in love of an Ideal from which it is perpetually exiled. England has no comparable myth because England does not have a bad conscience—unless Hamlet is taken to personify that historical moment when medieval Albion wavered before embarking upon the course of dynamic pragmatism that has ever since determined its national character.

Certainly Tristan is more specifically French than de Rougemont seems to realize. Not only the legend itself but the parent troubadours and the preponderant majority of the literary descendants that de Rougemont cites—"Le Roman de la Rose," "L'Evangile des Femmes," "L'Astrée," "La Princesse de Clèves," "La Place Royale," "Phèdre," "La Nouvelle Héloïse," "Le Lys dans la Vallée," "Fleurs du Mal," "Madame Bovary," "La Porte Etroite," "Un Amour de Swann"—are French; de Rougemont's analysis of Western culture is virtually a supplemented discussion of French literature. Might it not be that the French are especially prone to Tristanian renunciation? Nancy Mitford, an Englishwoman who has long lived in Paris, states in the introduction to her translation of "La Princesse de Clèves":

> Indeed the whole book is intensely French, in atmosphere, in point of view, and in the virtues and vices of the characters. *Specially so is the curious shrinking from happiness of Madame de Clèves herself.* [Italics mine.]

The reasons Mme. de Clèves gives, at the end of this classic tale of obstructed love, for not marrying the man she loves and who loves her are twofold. On the one hand, there is a scruple of honor: the Duc de Nemours has unwittingly caused the death of her husband. But, she confesses, "The duty I owe to M. de Clèves's memory would, in itself, be too weak, were it not reinforced by considerations of my own peace of mind." These considerations steal strength from her very love of the man she renounces:

> It is quite possible that the reasons for what seems to be my duty would not be so insuperable were it not that I do so distinguish you. That is what makes me feel that loving you can only end in unhappiness for me. . . . The fact is that I dare not expose myself to the misery of seeing your love grow cold. It is sure to happen, it seems to me the most terrible of fates, and, since it is not my duty to risk it, I feel that I cannot do so. . . . In these eternal relationships does any man preserve his original passion? Can I expect a miracle in my case? And dare I put myself in a position whence I shall be obliged to witness the



PHYLLIS DILLER

AT THE
ROYAL BOX
nightly at 9:30 and 12:15
except Sundays
DINNER & SUPPER
DANCING
★
RESERVATIONS:
PETER
LT 1-1000

americana
OF NEW YORK

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT — 'TIL SEPTEMBER 7

*He Needs Help

*Save the Children Federation is registered with the U. S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid and is a member of the International Union for Child Welfare.*

The walls of Demetrios' house in the slums of Athens are cracked. Icy winds blow right on his face while he sleeps. His blanket is threadbare. He eats one meal a day—bread dipped in oil.

Demetrios' mother has tuberculosis and is hospitalized. His father, a rag man, earns $13 a month. Demetrios does not pray for a blanket or more food. He prays to grow up quickly so that he can help his parents.

ΧΡΕΙΑΖΕΤΑΙ ΒΟΗΘΕΙΑ*

Through Save the Children Federation, you or your group can bring hope and help to a child like Demetrios. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and immediately begin a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters.

Your sponsorship may also enable the child's family and community to initiate self-help plans and provide small grants or loans to help put them into effect. Please fill in the coupon below so that a needy child in Greece, Korea, Lebanon, France, Italy, Finland, West Germany or Austria can look at the world with hope again.

Serving Children for 30 Years
**SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION**
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help a ☐ girl ☐ boy in ________ or where the need is greatest ☐. (countries listed above)
Enclosed is my first payment: $12.50 a month ☐ $37.50 a quarter ☐ $75 semi-annually ☐ $150 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child; enclosed is contribution of $______
Name________
Address________
City________ Zone____ State____
Contributions are income tax deductible. NY 8-24-3

THE RARE SMALL SIDEBOARD

From Our Collection of Dining Room Furniture

Most unusual . . . this bow front sideboard that meticulously follows every graceful line of the treasured antique which inspired it. Fashioned in old mahogany with delicate tulipwood inlays, with all the rich warmth and mellow color of the original. Easily one of the finest pieces we have ever made. Length 46", height 40", depth 19", with wine drawer on one side. $395

*Shipped F.O.B. New York City. Add $20 crating beyond normal delivery area.*

A visit to Lloyds is a rare shopping experience. For here, unhurried, you can browse through an exceptional collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and many pieces from fine estates. See the things that reflect your own good taste . . . and your desire for unusual values. No other shop in town is quite like it.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

Is there some of Bluebeard in every man?

No one, for instance, would call Fred, the oh-so-nice London clerk, a Bluebeard, not even the baffled girl he holds captive. But *you* may think differently when you read John Fowles' novel, THE COLLECTOR.

LITTLE, BROWN

WEEKEND GUESTS
From "We're So Glad You Could Come" to "We're So Sorry You Have to Go," and Vice-Versa
Words by WILLIAM K. ZINSSER
Drawings by JAMES STEVENSON
At all bookstores • $3.95 hardbound, $1.95 paper
HARPER & ROW, *Publishers*

death of a love in which lies all my joy? There was perhaps one man and one man only capable of being in love with his wife, and that was M. de Clèves. It was my bad luck that this brought me no happiness—possibly this passion of his would not have continued so strong if I had requited it, but I cannot use that means for keeping yours. Then I have an idea that it was the obstacles which kept you so true to me; there were enough of them to rouse your mettle, while my involuntary actions and the various things you found out by chance gave you the necessary amount of hope to sustain you.

No italics are needed to emphasize how perfectly this *practical* reasoning illustrates the mystical motifs de Rougemont discovers in the legend of Tristan and Iseult. Though the Duc de Nemours cries out, "You have put yourself between me and my happiness, inventing a law which neither virtue nor sense would have imposed upon you," the Princesse enters a nunnery, and as for the Duc: "At last, after the passage of whole years, his love and his grief became less acute."

It fell to the French—that strange race neither northern nor southern, both sensual and ascetic, the epitome in turn of chivalry and the bourgeoisie—it fell to the French to invent what "neither virtue nor sense would have imposed," the Tristanian technique of containing Man's biological rage. The body's chronic appetites can be satisfied by repetition, but, merged with the mind's quest for new knowledge, they become insatiable. Fickleness is the price we pay for individualizing one another. Don Juan and Tristan are alternate answers to the question the Princesse de Clèves poses: "In these eternal relationships does any man preserve his original passion?" Don Juan loves Woman under the guise of many women, exhaustingly. To seduce a thousand and three women in Spain alone!—this is not a diversion but a consuming career, a career, furthermore, for which Society does not thank him, because its effects are all disruptive. Whereas to love Woman under the guise of one woman who repeatedly escapes leaves the social fabric intact, conserves physical energy, and induces a possibly creative private pain.

De Rougemont, in his haste to deplore a heresy, does not sufficiently admire the practical advantages of Tristanism—though he does notice the tormented West's unique material accomplishments as against the technological torpor of the sexually sane East. Tristanism is in effect an economy of the person, an economy prodigal Nature compels. A Tristan (*the* Tristan, of

to be more

to know...to understand...to appreciate...to accomplish...all help us to **be** more in the true and most important sense. And today, the chances to **be** more are unprecedented.

Columbia University's School of General Studies offers a rigorous and challenging program in the liberal and administrative arts. Daytime, evening, and Saturday classes —full-time or part-time.

New students should apply before Sept. 1st. The Office of the Dean of Students will be available to counsel those interested.

For Information: Office of Information, School of General Studies, New York 27, N.Y. RIverside 9-2800.
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
SCHOOL OF GENERAL STUDIES

Be an angel to your hostess. Give her Occupation: Angel

By MARGUERITE CULLMAN. "A zestful book about a glamorous world."—Boston Herald. $3.95 NORTON

*Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?*
STRAPARAMA®
Has 25,000 watchstraps! Luxurious leathers—soft, supple, Swiss made. Imported madras, linens, shantungs, braided nylons.
All colors and sizes for men and women attached in one minute. Prices $2.50 to $10.00.
*Who says a watchstrap has to be ordinary?*
TIME MART PL 3-9284
425 MADISON AVE. Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

PETER'S BACKYARD RESTAURANT
STEAKS • CHOPS SEAFOOD
*Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.*
Open Every Day
DINNER-SUPPER
Daily 4 pm-Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N.Y.C.
GR 3-4476

course, is an impure case, as athletic on occasion as Don Juan) enjoys the exquisite and fructifying sensations of love without external inconvenience. On the most meagre diet of echoes and glimpses he nourishes his passion. In the image of Iseult he has supplied himself with a focus for the efforts of his sublimated energy. In addition, he has obtained an honorable exemption from the distracting claims of accessible women. Clinchingly, Don Juans are born and not made, whereas any man can elect to be a Tristan. The puzzling quality—a certain fine indifference, perhaps, that both relaxes and challenges the female sex—that makes a few men inexhaustibly seductive is a gift as arbitrary in its bestowal as an artistic talent. And, as with a possessed artist, Don Juan is as much to be pitied as envied. It is his heroic fate to project into the treacherous realm of the actual the fantasies that most of us suffer in safety. The sanctioned joys of commerce and domesticity, work and play are forbidden him. Envy, rather, the busy bourgeois Tristan who inwardly nurtures a chivalrous secret—he eats of this world while tasting the next.

Yes, but . . . But what of that thunderous congestion in the chest, that suffusion of emotion as harsh as a blow, which Tristan endures at the sight of the Unattainable Lady, or even at the mention of her name? It would seem that, however arguable the construction he has put upon it, de Rougemont is dreadfully right in asserting that love in the Western world has by some means acquired a force far out of proportion to its presumed procreative aim. Do we need a heresy, or even a myth, to explain it? Might it not simply be that sex has become involved in the Promethean protest forced upon Man by his paradoxical position in the universe as a self-conscious animal? Our fundamental anxiety is that we do not exist—or will cease to exist. Only in being loved do we find external corroboration of the supremely high valuation each ego secretly assigns itself. This exalted arena, then, is above all others the one where men and women will insist upon their freedom to choose—to choose that other being in whose existence their own existence is confirmed and amplified. Against the claims of this mighty self-assertion, the arguments embodied in law and stricture for self-preservation appear trivial and base. The *virtus* of the choice is diminished if others would also have chosen it for us. The heart *prefers* to move against the grain of circumstance; perversity is the soul's

IT'S OLD—
IT'S NEW—
IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!
CAMPARI
ITALY'S MOST VERSATILE APERITIF
CAMPARI
ITALY
Bitter
**Enjoy—Enjoy—Enjoy Campari** 1—on the rocks, 2—with quinine water or the new bitter lemon, 3—with equal parts gin and sweet or dry vermouth. A golden recipe booklet is attached to each bottle. **Enjoy—**

48 PROOF—IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY **AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC.** NEW YORK, N. Y.

Fight Mental Illness

MH

National Association for Mental Health

GAY-SMART ADIRONDACK VACATIONS

Everything in recreation, entertainment, good food, accommodations. Heated pool, superb horses. Informal, congenial. Reserve now. Code 518—696-4900.

AMERICA'S FINE RANCH RESORT

**HIDDEN VALLEY**

Lake Luzerne 25, N.Y.

*distinctive and unusual*

**CHRISTMAS CARDS**

A new group of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards. Paintings from early Italian and Flemish masters to Renoir and Van Gogh, medieval tapestries and ivories, Persian manuscripts, Byzantine gold and enamels, primitive woodcuts, prints and drawings by Rembrandt, Dürer, and Tiepolo, and a festive variety of designs from ancient Greece, China, India, Japan, and pre-Inca Peru. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions under supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The 40 page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September 1.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
*255 Gracie Station, New York 28*

*Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed* N 13

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

MAIN COURSE

"There are people," said the late Spanish philosopher Jose Ortega y Gasset, "who so arrange their lives that they feed themselves only on side dishes." And who—except perhaps a vegetarian—wants to live on string beans and carrots when he might be enjoying lobster and filet mignon?

Of course, Ortega y Gasset was using *side dishes* metaphorically—but that doesn't make the idea any more attractive. Who, after all, would choose mere subsistence when a degree of comfort might be his?

And yet, strangely enough, there are many people who might be better off than they are if they would do something about it—if they would take their surplus funds, for example, and put them to work in good common stocks.

Not that investing is a foolproof way of making money. There's a risk of loss, of course, as well as a possibility of gain. But don't most worthwhile things involve some risk-taking? And isn't the possibility of a higher standard of living worth some risk?

If it seems to you that you've had too many side dishes and not enough main courses and if you think you'd like to risk some of your surplus funds in the hope of possible reward, ask for a copy of our booklet called *"How to Invest in Stocks and Bonds."* It's available—free—from any of our offices.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC**

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

very life. For this reason, then, the enforced and approved bonds of marriage, restricting freedom, weaken love. Since de Rougemont derives our erotic attitudes from the religion of courtly love, it is just to let a Court of Love have the last word. The favorite question proposed in those courts was "Can true love exist between married people?" ("*Utrum inter conjugatos amor possit habere locum?*") Here is the verdict delivered by the Comtesse de Champagne in 1174:

> We state and affirm, by the tenor of these presents, that love cannot extend its rights over two married persons. For indeed lovers grant each other all, mutually and freely, without being constrained by any motive of necessity, whereas husband and wife are holden, by their duty, to submit their wills to each other and to refuse each other nothing.
>
> May this judgment, which we have delivered with extreme caution, and after consulting with a great number of other ladies, be for you a constant and unassailable truth.

—John Updike

•

> Your visit to Gettysburg isn't complete until you tour the battlefield in an air-conditioned bus equipped with realistic recordings in stereophonic sound.
>
> The National Heritage Association has produced a tour which places you in the heart of the Battle of Gettysburg.
>
> You sit there, in air-conditioned comfort, peering out the wide window as your mind's eye re-forms the battle lines of the North. The South is preparing an attack. Suddenly the bus comes alive, cannon ball scream by, grape shell burst shedding their fragments on the hallowed soil about you. You see and hear Pickett and his men charging across the fields, as you are there, at the High Water Mark of the Confederacy.
>
> When the bus approaches the spot where President Lincoln stood, your mind's eye pictures the scene of a century ago as you hear the words, "Four score and seven years ago. . . ."
>
> Chills run up and down your spine. . . .

*—From a tour-agency booklet.*

It's that damned air-conditioning.

•

### STATUS IN THE WOODS

[*Note received by the parents of a child in a girls' camp in Maine*]

Chewing Gum

> Once again we are going to try to limit the chewing gum habit of the Woodlands girls—we are aware that it would be too difficult to eliminate gum chewing completely, but we would appreciate your cooperation in not sending quantities of gum to camp—the number of pieces of gum a child possesses has become a "status symbol" and this is not conducive to happy group living. Will you please show this request to your daughter (if she is a gum chewer) so that we may have her cooperation also? Thank you for your help.

DRY FLY SHERRY

Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests

IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE

*Sole property of and bottled by Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London*

*U.S. Agent*

ROBERT F. PHILIPP, STAMFORD, CONN.

SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER: "I'll go deep six for a nip of the Wanderer's Saturday night bottle in this lolly and gale".

Whaler Bar

HOTEL LANCASTER

*(formerly Midston House)*

MADISON AVE. AT 38th ST.

BOOK HUNTING?

Any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:

BOOKS-ON-FILE
DEPT. NY-16 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

FANNY'S

WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

Style 56703. Montina and Corlon are registered trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co. Floor design copyrighted by Armstrong.

# The maze of styles and how a Montina Corlon floor can help you through it.

This new Armstrong vinyl floor has a nice way of emphasizing the qualities of good furniture in any style. The vinyl chips in Montina Corlon are flecked with different colors. They form random patterns in their translucent vinyl setting and give Montina a nubbly surface texture.

Go modern—and Montina's crisp beauty is a handsome asset to today's straightforward, clean designs. Go traditional—and the warm colorings and textured surface of Montina Corlon complement rich patinas and elaborate patterns.

Or mix different styles. A floor of Montina Corlon provides a single sweep of color and pattern from wall to wall that harmonizes different kinds of furniture.

For a free sample of this new Armstrong vinyl floor and a folder showing its range of fashionable, decorator colorings, write Armstrong, 6308 Payne Rd., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 83-R, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q.

Montina Corlon is one of the famous Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

GB
UGK 1791
NO PARKING
Distilled + Bottled by The Booth's Distillery (U.S.A.) Linden, N.J.
HIGH & DRY
under the supervision of Booth's Distilleries Ltd. London, England
BOOTH'S
100% Neutral Spirits – Distilled from Grain
Est. 1740
Contents 4/5 Quart – 90 Proof
Distilled London Dry Gin

**Ask the man who's been to London!**

He'll tell you Booth's is a great gin wherever you drink it—and a great value everywhere, especially over here. It is the only London Dry gin distilled in U.S.A. under the supervision of the famous Booth's Distilleries, Ltd., London, England—following the same formula as the Booth's that is sold for more money in Great Britain. Booth's High & Dry is well worth a try!

*IN LONDON*

**$5.57**

4/5 QUART—80 PROOF
Distilled in England. Based on London price of 1:19s:9d and recent rate of exchange.

*IN NEW YORK*

**$4.59**

4/5 QUART—90 PROOF
Distilled in U.S.A.
Price elsewhere higher or lower depending on local taxes, etc.

**BOOTH'S HIGH & DRY GIN**

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN · 90 PROOF · 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y., N.Y.